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KING'S AUSTRALIA.*

THE spirit of adventure, the love of distant enterprise, the thirst of strange sights, and the contempt of hardship and danger, which distinguish the British mariner of the right breed, give also a kindred charm to the narrative of his proceedings. The pleasantest of books is the description of a voyage to unknown lands. The love of novelty, which inspires the young Crusoe to roam, equally animates the reader of the fireside, with feet on fender, and back reclining on red morocco; he is agitated by reefs, breakers, and a lee-shore, and discovers a leak with breathless fear; a fair wind sets his heart bounding with enjoyment, and a secure anchorage and good watering seem to lull him into a delicious repose. Uncouth natives and strange customs are examined with surprise and curiosity; and all the humour, as well as all the danger of communication between the barbarous savages on land, with their paint, nose-rings, nakedness, spears, clubs, and caprice; and the civilized savages of the ship, with their slang, fun, looking-glasses, ribbons, biscuits, hatchets, and nails, are both fully felt, understood, and enjoyed by the gentleman, who, in all this variety of sympathy, never wanders above three yards from his bell-rope. The moment we lay hold of a book of voyages, the most agreeable train of associations takes possession of us. Robinson Crusoe, of course, forms a warm back-ground, and then the Buccaneers, Dampier, Biron, and Cook, and many, many others, from Purchas and his Pilgrims, down to Parry and Lyon, crowd the gay and alluring picture. Captain King is one of the right kind—a true English naval officer: bold and cool; firm and mild; dauntless in danger and ready in difficulty; persevering, adventurous, generous, and, like all his brethren, pious. His book, too, though not exactly a book of dis-

covery, is a survey of what was so imperfectly known, that it possesses all the charm of novelty. The service he was sent upon demanded scientific acquirements of a superior cast; moral qualities of a high order; it was highly dangerous, very important, and very trying, both to health, temper, and talent. In all respects he seems to have acquitted himself well. We have read many works which have contained rarer and pleasanter matter, but none more uniformly sensible, unpretending, and to the point. His voyages possess a charm which more formal outfits do not possess; a North Pole discovery ship is so carefully studied, arranged, and provided, that her very completeness and perfection detract somewhat from our interest in the accidents of her crew. Captain King was sent out alone; in Port Jackson he bought his vessel, such as it was, a cutter; he collected his crew himself, and set out almost as independent, and nearly as ill-found as a buccaneer of old.

A voyage of survey is, of course, less likely to abound in subjects of a popular interest than a voyage of discovery. The objects of scientific observers must lead them slowly over the ground; and the ascertaining the extent of a shoal, or the position of a rock, though a most anxious and useful employment, is a tedious affair in description. The chart which is covered with soundings is a scene of delight to the mariner, for it speaks to him of security and repose, but to the general eye we do not know a more barren or unpicturesque object. The coasts of Australia have been, however, so rarely visited, and still retain so much of the character of the former appendage to their name of incognita, that though the labour of the surveyor is chiefly confined to the business of taking observations, which only end in numerals, still figures of a more curious kind are constantly flitting before his glass. It is true that Captain King's book is chiefly a book of business; it will be a most valued companion to all whose affairs lead them round the coasts of this vast continent, though to the voyager at home it does not afford all the amusement he might be led to expect; at the same time, so rich is Australia in all the productions of nature, and so remarkable is it for the character of its inhabitants, and so manifest are the indications of future greatness, wealth, and power, in its colonies and intended settlements, that it would be impossible for any man, much

* Narrative of a Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coasts of Australia, performed between the years 1818 and 1822, by Captain Philip Parker King, R.N., F.R.S., F.L.S., and Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London; with an Appendix, containing various subjects relating to Hydrography and Natural History, in two volumes; illustrated by Plates, Charts, and Woodcuts. Murray, London. 1827.

less the author of these volumes, to visit its shores without discovering numerous topics of interest. It should be remembered, though we have flourishing colonies in this Australia, that it must be a very long time before these colonies can contribute to make the continent, in a nook of which they are settled, much better known. The space from the northern to its southern shore is twice the breadth of the continent that lies between the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Of the interior of this vast territory, nothing seems to be ascertained; and how little was accurately known of the coasts may be quickly seen by any one who will take the trouble to compare Captain King's chart with any former one. It is nearly three centuries since we became acquainted with the existence of the Great South Land, or Terra Australis Incognita, and until the last century very little had been done towards an accurate knowledge of its coasts. Dampier, in his celebrated *Buccaneer's Voyages* in 1688, visited the north-west coast, and gives a faithful and circumstantial account of Cygnet Bay. He afterwards visited the west and north-west coasts in his Majesty's ship *Roebeuck*; and in his description of them, Captain King states "that he has not only been very minute and particular, but, as far as he could judge, exceedingly correct. Within the last fifty years, Cook, Vancouver, Bligh, D'Entrecasteur, Flinders, and Baudin, have gradually thrown a considerable light upon this extraordinary continent. The whole, however, of the north, north-west, and western shores remained to be explored. For this purpose, in 1817, Lieutenant King was sent to New South Wales. The governor had orders to procure him a vessel, which, after much delay and some vexation, was found and fitted up for the purpose; and in December, 1817, he left Port Jackson in the *Mermaid* cutter, eighty-four tons, with two mates, two young men to assist in the survey, a botanical collector, Mr. Allen Cunningham, and twelve seamen and five boys, making altogether a crew of eighteen. Three voyages were made in the cutter, after which she was found to be so much damaged, and so thoroughly out of repair, that a brig, the *Bathurst*, was purchased, and the fourth and last voyage performed in it.

After having given this general idea of the nature of the expedition, we shall certainly not attempt to follow the navigator in his different tracks about the continent, but confine ourselves merely to the anecdotes of popular interest to be found in the work. These almost entirely relate to the natives, the irredeemable savages of Australia, whom no kindness, no severity, no instruction can improve; the wily, capricious, intemperate, and ill-natured fish-spearer of New Holland. Of all the attempts made by the crew of the *Mermaid* to establish communication with these savages, and they were most numerous, persevering, and indefatigable, only one succeeded. Anecdote after anecdote shows that these creatures are made of the most impracticable materials, and seems to verify the scale of humanity which has placed them at the very lowest link which connects the brute and the man. The anecdotes which we shall extract from the *Survey* will,

altogether, form an instructive chapter in anthropology.

The first traces of natives the navigators meet with are some huts. The description of a New Hollander's palace shows that he is very little removed from the brute creation; a beaver makes a better house. In his grave the savage of Australia occupies more room than during his life.

"Upon further search we found their encampment; it consisted of three or four dwellings of a very different description from any that we had before, or have since seen; they were of a conical shape, not more than three feet high, and not larger than would conveniently contain one person; they were built of sticks, stuck in the ground, and being united at the top supported a roof of bark, which was again covered with sand, so that the hut looked more like a sand hillock than the abode of a human creature: the opening was at one side, and about eighteen inches in diameter; but even this could be reduced when they were inside, by heaping the sand up before it. In one of the huts were found several strips of bamboo, and some fishing-nets, rudely made of the fibres of the bark of trees."

The first interview with the natives ends in the loss of a theodolite.

"The day being Sunday, our intention was, after taking bearings from the summit of Luxmore Head, to delay our further proceeding until the next morning, but the circumstance that occurred kept us so much on the alert, that it was any thing but a day of rest. Having landed at the foot of the hill we ascended its summit, but found it so thickly wooded as to deprive us of the view we had anticipated; but, as there were some openings in the trees through which a few distant objects could be distinguished, we made preparations to take their bearings, and while the boat's crew were landing the theodolite, our party were amusing themselves on the top of the hill.

"Suddenly however, but fortunately before we had dispersed, we were surprised by natives, who, coming forward armed with spears, obliged us very speedily to retreat to the boat; and in the *saute qui peut* sort of way in which we ran down the hill, at which we have frequently since laughed very heartily, our theodolite stand and Mr. Cunningham's insect-net were left behind, which they instantly seized upon. I had fired my fowling-piece at an iguana just before the appearance of the natives, so that we were without any means of defence; but, having reached the boat without accident, where we had our muskets ready, a parley was commenced for the purpose of recovering our losses. After exchanging a silk-handkerchief for a dead bird, which they threw into the water for us to pick up, we made signs that we wanted fresh water, upon which they directed us to go round the point, and upon our pulling in that direction, they followed us, skipping from rock to rock with surprising dexterity and speed. As soon as we reached the sandy beach, on the north side of Luxmore Head, they stopped and invited us to land, which we should have done, had it not been that the noises they made soon collected a large body of natives, who came running from all

directions to their assistance; and, in a short time, there were twenty-eight or thirty natives assembled. After a short parley with them, in which they repeatedly asked for axes by imitating the action of chopping, we went on board, intimating to them our intention of returning with some, which we would give to them upon the restoration of the stand, which they immediately understood and assented to. The natives had three dogs with them.

"On our return to the beach, the natives had again assembled, and shouted loudly as we approached. Besides the whale-boat, in which Mr. Bedwell was stationed with an armed party ready to fire if any hostility commenced, we had our jolly-boat, in which I led the way with two men, and carried with me two tomahawks and some chisels. On pulling near the beach the whole party came down and waded into the water towards us; and, in exchange for a few chisels and files, gave us two baskets, one containing fresh water and the other was full of the fruit of the sago-palm, which grows here in great abundance. The basket containing the water was conveyed to us by letting it float on the sea, for their timidity would not let them approach us near enough to place it in our hands; but that containing the fruit, not being buoyant enough to swim, did not permit of this method, so that, after much difficulty, an old man was persuaded to deliver it. This was done in the most cautious manner, and as soon as he was sufficiently near the boat he dropped or rather threw the basket into my hand, and immediately retreated to his companions, who applauded his feat by a loud shout of approbation. In exchange for this I offered him a tomahawk, but his fears would not allow him to come near the boat to receive it. Finding nothing could induce the old man to approach us a second time, I threw it towards him, and upon his catching it the whole tribe began to shout and laugh in the most extravagant way. As soon as they were quiet we made signs for the theodolite stand, which, for a long while, they would not understand; at one time they pretended to think by our pointing towards it, that we meant some spears that were lying near a tree, which they immediately removed: the stand was then taken up by one of their women, and upon our pointing to her, they feigned to think that she was the object of our wishes, and immediately left a female standing up to her middle in the water, and retired to some distance to await our proceedings. On pulling towards the woman, who, by the way, could not have been selected by them either for her youth or beauty, she frequently repeated the words "Ven aca, Ven aca," accompanied with an invitation to land; but, as we approached, she retired towards the shore; when suddenly two natives, who had slowly walked towards us, sprang into the water, and made towards the boat with surprising celerity, jumping at each step entirely out of the sea, although it was so deep as to reach their thighs. Their intention was evidently to seize the remaining tomahawk which I had been endeavouring to exchange for the stand, and the foremost had reached within two or three yards of the boat, when I found it necessary, in order to prevent his approach, to threaten to strike

him with a wooden club, which had the desired effect. At this moment one of the natives took up the stand, and upon our pointing at him, they appeared to comprehend our object; a consultation was held over the stand, which was minutely examined; but, as it was mounted with brass, and, perhaps, on that account, appeared to them more valuable than a tomahawk, they declined giving it up, and gradually dispersed: or, rather, pretended so to do, for a party of armed natives was observed to conceal themselves under some mangrove bushes near the beach, whilst two canoes were plying about near at hand to entice our approach; the stratagem, however, did not succeed, and we lay off upon our oars for some time without making any movement. Soon afterwards the natives, finding that we had no intention of following them, left their canoes, and performed a dance in the water, which very conspicuously displayed their great muscular power: the dance consisted chiefly of the performers leaping two or three times successively out of the sea, and then violently moving their legs, so as to agitate the water into foam for some distance around them, all the time shouting loudly and laughing immoderately; then they would run through the water for eight or ten yards and perform again: and this was repeated over and over as long as the dance lasted. We were all thoroughly disgusted with them, and felt a degree of distrust that could not be conquered. The men were more muscular and better formed than any we had before seen; they were daubed over with a yellow pigment, which was the colour of the neighbouring cliff; their hair was long and curly, and appeared to be clotted with a whitish paint. During the time of our parley the natives had their spears close at hand, for those who were in the water had them floating near them, and those who were on the beach had them either buried in the sand, or carried them between their toes, in order to deceive us and to appear unarmed; and in this they succeeded, until one of them was detected, when we were pulling towards the woman, by his stooping down and picking up his spear.

"Finding that we had no chance of recovering our loss, we returned on board, when the natives also withdrew from the beach, and did not afterwards show themselves."

Savages are generally thieves, but the New Hollander by nature far outshines all that art has done for the sojourner at Botany Bay. The first thing a native does is to attempt to get behind high grass or a bush, and spear you with his *boomerang*; if he fails, he puts his spear between his toes, and trails it along the ground, to escape observation, then comes forward, and commences by asking in detail for every thing he sees; being, of course, disappointed, he gets furious; tries to use his spear; is terrified by the sight of a musket; *civilizes*; thrusts his hands into all your pockets, and ends with going off with your hat or hatchet under his arm.

"At daylight the following morning I was much surprised by being told that five canoes were paddling off to the cutter, four of which only held each one native, but the fifth, being rather larger, contained two.

"On approaching the cutter they laid off until invited to come alongside; when they approached without the least alarm or hesitation, and made signs for something to eat; some biscuit was given to them, which they ate, and, unlike all other Australian savages, appeared to relish its taste. Some little persuasion was necessary to induce them to venture on board; but as soon as one mounted the ladder the others followed. Their astonishment was considerably excited at every thing that they saw, particularly at our poultry and live stock. Fishing hooks and lines were gladly received by them; and, in return, they gave us their baskets and turtle pegs; they remained with us for half an hour; upon leaving the vessel, they pointed out their huts, and invited us, by signs, to return their visit.

"As soon as they had left us, Mr. Bedwell and Mr. Cunningham went to the islet off the west end of Gould Island, and on their way met two other canoes, containing three men, coming to the cutter from another part of the bay; after a short communication with our party they paid us the intended visit, and were soon induced to come on board, where they remained for half an hour, without betraying the least fear or anxiety for their safety: before they took their leave we had clothed them with some damaged slops; and, in order to give each something, the feet of a pair of worsted stockings were cut off to make socks for one, whilst the legs were placed on another's arms; a leathern cap was given to each of them, and thus accoutred, and making a most ridiculous appearance, they left us, highly delighted with themselves and with the reception they had met with.

"As soon as they reached a little distance they began to divest themselves of their attire, and we had much amusement in witnessing the difficulty under which the wearer of a shirt laboured to get it off.

"Their canoes were not more than five feet long, and generally too small for two people; two small strips of bark, five or six inches square, serves the double purpose of paddling and for baling the water out, which they are constantly obliged to do to prevent their canoe from sinking; in shoal water the paddles are superseded by a pole, by which this fragile bark is propelled. We endeavoured to persuade them to bring off some spears to barter, for they had no weapon of any description with them, but they evidently would not understand our meaning. In the evening our gentlemen proceeded to return these visits, at the spot which was pointed out by our morning guests: on landing they were met by the natives and conducted to their huts, where they saw the whole of the male part of this tribe, which consisted of fifteen, of whom two were old and decrepit, and one of these was reduced to a perfect skeleton by ulcerated sores on his legs, that had eaten away the flesh, and left large portions of the bone bare; and this miserable object was wasting away without any application or covering to his sores.

"No teeth were deficient in their jaws; all had the septum-narium perforated, but without wearing any appendage in it. The only ornament they appeared to possess, was a bracelet

of plaited hair, worn round the upper arm. An open wicker basket, neatly and even tastefully made of strips of the *flagellaria indica*, was obtained from one of them by Mr. Roe, in which they carry their food and fishing lines; besides which, each native has his gourd, the fruit of the *cucurbita lagenaria*, which grows plentifully on all parts of the beach, and furnishes a very useful vessel to these simple savages, for the purpose of carrying water."

The next interview with the natives is marked by a curious incident, the effect of a looking glass upon these savages.

"In order to divert them, and obtain as much information as we could, whilst the boat's crew were filling the water-casks, we seated ourselves on the grass, and commenced a conversation that was perfectly unintelligible to each other, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, a species of buffoonery that is always acceptable to the natives of this part of the world, and on more than one occasion has been particularly useful to us. An attempt was made to procure a vocabulary of their language, but without success, for we were soon obliged, from their impatience, to give it up. Not so easily, however, were they diverted from their object, for every article of our dress, and every thing we carried, they asked for with the greatest importunity; our refusal disappointed them so much, that they could not avoid showing the hostile feelings they had evidently begun to entertain towards us. Seeing this, I took an opportunity of convincing them of our power; and, after some difficulty, persuaded the native that carried the spear, to throw it at a paper-mark, placed against a bush, at the distance of twelve yards. He launched it twice, but, much to his mortification, without striking the object. Mr. Hunter then fired, and perforated the paper with shot, which increased the shame that the native and his companions evidently felt upon the occasion: Mr. Hunter then killed a small bird that was skipping about the branches of an overhanging tree; upon the bird being given to them, they impatiently and angrily examined it all over, and particularly scrutinized the wound that caused its death.

"We now found that the proved superiority of our weapons, instead of quieting them, only served to inflame their anger the more; and we were evidently on the point of an open rupture. One of them seized the theodolite stand, which I carried in my hand, and I was obliged to use force to retain it. They then made signs to Mr. Hunter to send his gun to the boat; this was of course refused, upon which one of them seized it, and it was only by wrenching it from his grasp, that Mr. Hunter repossessed himself of it.

"Many little toys were now given to them, on receiving which, their countenances relaxed into a smile; and peace would perhaps have been restored, had we not unfortunately presented them with a looking-glass, in which they were, for the first time witnesses of their hideous countenances, which were rendered still more savage from the ill-humour they were in. They now became openly angry; and, in very unequivocal terms, ordered us away. Fortunately, the Indian that carried the spear was

the least ill-tempered of the party, or we should not perhaps have retreated without being under the necessity of firing in self-defence.

"We retired, however, without any further rupture, and left them seated on the bank, whence they continued to watch our movements until the boat was loaded and we left the shore. They then came down to the beach, and searched about for whatever things we might accidentally have left behind; and, after examining with great attention some marks that, for amusement, some of our party had scratched upon the sand, they separated. The old man and the two boys embarked in a canoe, and paddled round the point towards the Cape, in which direction also the other two natives bent their steps.

"The tall, slender form of the Port Jackson natives, and their other peculiarities of long curly hair, large heads, and spare limbs, are equally developed in the inhabitants of this part. The bodies of these people are, however, considerably more scarified than their countrymen to the southward, and their teeth are perfect. One of our visitors had a fillet of plaited grass, whitened by pigment, bound round his head, and this was the only ornament worn by them.

"The spear was of very rude form, and seemed to be a branch of the mangrove-tree made straight by the effect of fire: it did not appear that they used the throwing-stick."

Again the natives show their evil temper—the following is an account of an affair with them.

"On the following day, when our people resumed their occupation, they were again cautioned not to trust to the apparent absence of the natives. In the afternoon Mr. Roe walked along the beach with his gun in quest of birds: on his way he met Mr. Hunter returning from a walk, in which he had encountered no recent signs of the Indians. This information emboldened Mr. Roe to wander farther than was prudent, and in the mean time Mr. Hunter returned to our party in order to go on board; he had however scarcely reached our station when the report of a musket and Mr. Roe's distant shouting were heard. The people immediately seized their arms and hastened to his relief, and by this prompt conduct probably saved his life.

"It appeared that, after parting from Mr. Hunter, he left the beach and pursued his walk among the trees; he had not proceeded more than fifty yards when he fired at a bird: he was cautious enough to reload before he moved from the spot in search of his game, but this was scarcely done before a boomerang whizzed past his head, and struck a tree close by with great force. Upon looking round towards the verge of the cliff, which was about twenty yards off, he saw several natives; who, upon finding they were discovered, set up a loud and savage yell, and threw another boomerang and several spears at him, all of which providentially missed. Emboldened by their numbers and by his apparent defenceless situation, they were following up the attack by a nearer approach, when he fired amongst them, and, for a moment, stopped their advance. Mr. Roe's next care was to reload, but to his extreme

mortification and dismay he found his cartridge box had turned round in the belt, and every cartridge had dropped out: being thus deprived of his ammunition, and having no other resource left but to make his escape, he turned round, and ran towards the beach; at the same time shouting loudly, to apprise our people of his danger. He was now pursued by three of the natives, whilst the rest ran along the cliff to cut off his retreat.

"On his reaching the edge of the water, he found the sand so soft that at every step his feet sunk three or four inches, which so distressed him and impeded his progress, that he must soon have fallen overpowered with fatigue, had not the sudden appearance of our people, at the same time that it inspired him with fresh hopes of escape, arrested the progress of the natives, who, after throwing two or three spears without effect, stopped, and gave him time to join our party, quite spent with the extraordinary effort he had made to save his life.

"Whilst this event occurred, I was employed on board in constructing my rough chart; but upon Mr. Roe's being seen from the deck in the act of running along the beach pursued by the Indians, I hastened on shore, determined, if possible, to punish them for such unprovoked hostility. Upon landing, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Roe, and one of the men joined me in pursuit of the natives; but, from our comparatively slow movements, and our ignorance of the country, we returned after an hour, without having seen any signs of them; in the evening, before our people left off work, we made another circuitous walk, but with the same bad success. The natives had taken the alarm, and nothing more was seen of them during the remainder of our stay, excepting the smoke of their fires, which appeared over the trees at the back of the island."

These extraordinary beings appear to know something of the nature of British sailors, by the singular species of decoy which on one occasion they used.

"Among the natives was a young woman, whom they repeatedly offered us by using the most significant signs; which she also endeavoured to strengthen by appropriate gestures on her part; but our inclinations were not consonant with the opportunity so pressing, but so suspiciously, offered. After our declining this honour, they occasionally laid their hands upon our clothes to detain us, but it did not require much force to make them quit their hold. One of the men having seized my gun, I drew it out of his hand rather roughly; but, accompanied at the same moment with the friendly gesture of patting his breast, the recovery was happily effected without exciting his anger."

In another attempt at communication, the surgeon who joined Captain King in his fourth voyage, was wounded in the back severely; however, they do not seem to be good marksmen—not better than our men with the muskets, who proved themselves such bad shots, that Captain King, on one occasion, absolutely regrets ("except for the sake of humanity") that he had not killed one of them for the honour of our arms—(see vol. ii. p. 24.) The savages had begun to think that the discharge

of a musket laden with balls was attended by nothing but a very big noise.

"While our people were employed the next morning in washing the decks, they heard at a distance the voices of natives; at eight o'clock they were again heard, and at ten o'clock they were close by: shortly afterwards three, of whom one was a woman, were seen standing on the rocks waving their arms. Being curious to communicate with the inhabitants of this part of the coast, since we had not seen any between this and Vansittart Bay, a party, consisting of the surgeon, Mr. Bedwell, Mr. Baskerville, and myself, went on shore to the place where the natives were seated waiting for us. Bundell, who generally accompanied us on these occasions divested of his clothes, stood up in the bow of the boat, and, as we approached the shore, made signs of friendship, which the natives returned, and appeared quite unconcerned at our approach. On landing, we climbed the rocks on which the two men were standing, when we found that the woman had walked away: upon our approach, they retired a few paces, and evidently eyed us in a distrustful manner; but, as they had dropped their spears, and repeated the sign of peace that we had made to them, we did not hesitate to walk towards them unarmed, desiring the boat's crew to be prepared with the muskets, if called. When we joined them they had their spears poised ready to throw, but on our presenting them with some of the fish that we had caught the preceding evening, they dropped their spears, and immediately returned us something in exchange; one gave a belt made of opossum fur, to Bundell; and the other, the tallest of the two, gave me a club that he carried in his hand, a short stick about eighteen inches long, pointed at both ends. This exchange of presents appeared to establish a mutual confidence between us, and, to strengthen it, I presented my friend with a clasped knife, after showing him its use, the possession of which appeared to give him great pleasure.

"By this time Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Bedwell joined us; the latter gentleman was unarmed, but the former had a pistol concealed under his coat, and carried a fish which he held out for them to take; but, as they would not approach us nearer than two or three yards, he threw it towards them, when the shortest native picked it up. Upon this accession to our numbers, they began to talk to each other, and, at the same time, picked up their spears; but, as the latter appeared only to be a cautionary movement, we did not anticipate their mischievous intentions. I then, with a view to amuse them, made signs to my friend for the knife, which he put into my hands without showing the least reluctance, upon which he was again instructed how to open and shut it; but as this, instead of pacifying, only served to increase their anger, the knife was thrown at his feet, which he instantly picked up, and then both retired a few paces in a very suspicious manner.

"We were at this time about three or four yards from the natives, who were talking to each other in a most animated way, and evidently intent upon some object; and, as it appeared probable that if we remained any longer

a rupture would ensue, it was proposed that our party should retire to the boat, under the idea that they would follow us down; no sooner, however, had we waved to them our farewell, and turned our backs to descend the rocks, than they unexpectedly, and in the most treacherous manner, threw their spears; one of which, striking a rock, broke and fell harmless to the ground, but the other, which was thrown by the tallest man, wounded Mr. Montgomery in the back; the natives then, without waiting to throw their second spears, made off, closely pursued by Bundell, who had armed himself with the broken spear; but they were out of sight in a moment, and, by the time that the muskets were brought to our assistance, were doubtless out of gun-shot. A pursuit was, however, commenced, but our progress was so much impeded by the rugged and rocky nature of the ground, and by the abundance and intricate growth of the shrubs and trees, that we very soon desisted, and returned to the boat, to which Mr. Montgomery had been in the mean time carried, complaining of great weakness from loss of blood.

"Upon examining Mr. Montgomery's wound, which unfortunately was in such a part of his body that he could not himself inspect it, it appeared that the spear had penetrated about three inches; and, from the quantity of extravasated blood, great fears were entertained that he had received a very serious internal injury. The wound, from which he was suffering very great pain, was dressed according to his instructions, but it was several days before he considered himself out of danger."

A successful attempt was made to establish a friendly intercourse with the savages about Oyster Bay, in King George's Sound; and, in one instance, an individual was found who seemed to be capable of something like attachment. The sailors actually established a friendship with a gentleman, whom they endued with ancient trowsers, shaved, and christened "Jack." This is the solitary piece of humanity found by Captain King in four long voyages, lasting from the year 1817 to 1822.

"On returning on board, we desired the native who had remained behind to go ashore to his companions, but it was with great reluctance that he was persuaded to leave us. Whilst on board, our people had fed him plentifully with biscuit, yams, pudding, tea, and grog, of which he ate and drank as if he was half famished; and after being crammed with this strange mixture, and very patiently submitting his beard to the operation of shaving, he was clothed with a shirt and a pair of trowsers, and christened "Jack," by which name he was afterwards always called, and to which he readily answered. As soon as he reached the shore, his companions came to meet him, to hear an account of what had transpired during their absence, as well as to examine his new habiliments, which, as may be conceived, had effected a very considerable alteration in his appearance, and at the same time that the change created much admiration on the part of his companions, it raised him very considerably in his own estimation. It was, however, a substitution that did not improve his appearance; in fact, he cut but a sorry figure, in our

eyes, in his chequered shirt and tarry trowsers, when standing amongst his companions, with their long beards and kangaroo-skin mantles thrown carelessly over their shoulders.

"Upon being accosted by his companions, Jack was either sullen with them, or angry with us for sending him on shore, for without deigning to reply to their questions, he separated himself from them, and after watching us in silence for some time, walked quietly and slowly away, followed at a distance by his friends, who were lost in wonder at what could have happened to their sulky companion. The grog that he had been drinking had probably taken effect upon his head, and, although the quantity was very trifling, he might have been a little stupefied.

"At daylight the following morning the natives had again collected on both sides, and upon the jolly-boat's landing the people to examine the wells, Jack, having quite recovered his good humour, got into the boat and came on board. The natives on the opposite side were vociferous to visit us, and were holding long conversations with Jack, who explained every thing to them in a song, to which they would frequently exclaim in full chorus the words—'*Cai, cai, cai, caigh*,' which they always repeated when any thing was shown that excited their surprise. Finding we had no intention of sending a boat for them, they amused themselves in fishing. Two of them were watching a small seal that, having been left by the tide on the bank, was endeavouring to waddle towards the deep water; at last one of the natives, fixing his spear in its throwing-stick, advanced very cautiously, and, when within ten or twelve yards, lanced it, and pierced the animal through the neck, when the other instantly ran up and struck his spear into it also, and then beating it about the head with a small hammer, very soon despatched it.

"This event collected the whole tribe to the spot, who assisted in landing their prize, and washing the sand off the body; they then carried the animal to their fire at the edge of the grass, and began to devour it even before it was dead. Curiosity induced Mr. Cunningham and myself to view this barbarous feast, and we landed about ten minutes after it had commenced. The moment the boat touched the sand, the natives, springing up and throwing their spears away into the bushes, ran down towards us; and, before we could land, had all seated themselves in the boat ready to go on board, but they were obliged to wait whilst we landed to witness their savage feast. On going to the place we found an old man seated over the remains of the carcass, two-thirds of which had already disappeared; he was holding a long strip of the raw flesh in his left hand, and tearing it off the body with a sort of knife; a boy was also feasting with him, and both were too intent upon their breakfast to notice us, or to be the least disconcerted at our looking on. We, however, were very soon satisfied, and walked away perfectly disgusted with the sight of so horrible a repast, and the intolerable stench occasioned by the effluvia that arose from the dying animal, combined with that of the bodies of the natives, who had daubed themselves from head to foot with a

pigment made of a red ochreous earth mixed up with seal-oil.

"We then conveyed the natives, who had been waiting with great patience in the boat for our return, to the vessel, and permitted them to go on board. Whilst they remained with us, Mr. Baskerville took a man from each mess to the oyster-bank; here he was joined by an Indian carrying some spears and a throwing-stick, but on Mr. Baskerville's calling for a musket that was in the boat, (to the use of which they were not strangers,) he laid aside his spears, which probably were only carried for the purpose of striking fish, and assisted our people in collecting the oysters. As soon as they had procured a sufficient quantity, they returned on board, when as it was breakfast time, our visitors were sent on shore, highly pleased with their reception, and with the biscuit and pudding which the people had given them to eat. They were very attentive to the mixture of a pudding, and a few small dumplings were made and given to them, which they put on the bars of the fire-place, but, being too impatient to wait until they were baked, ate them in a doughy state with much relish.

"Three new faces appeared on the east side, who were brought on board after breakfast, and permitted to remain until dinner time: one of them, an old man, was very attentive to the sail-maker's cutting out a boat's sail, and at his request was presented with all the strips which were of no use. When it was completed, a small piece of canvass was missing, upon which the old man, being suspected of having secreted it, was slightly examined, but nothing was found upon him: after this, while the people were looking about the deck, the old rogue assisted in the search, and appeared quite anxious to find it; he, however, very soon walked away towards another part of the deck, and interested himself in other things. This conduct appeared so suspicious, that I sent the sail-maker to examine the old man more closely, when the lost piece was found concealed under his left arm, which was covered by the cloak he wore of kangaroo-skin. This circumstance afforded me a good opportunity of showing them our displeasure at so flagrant a breach of the confidence we had reposed in them; I therefore went up to him, and, assuming as ferocious a look as I could, shook him violently by the shoulders. At first he laughed, but afterwards, when he found I was in earnest, became much alarmed: upon which, his two companions, who were both boys, wanted to go on shore; this, however, was not permitted until I had made peace with the old man, and put them all in good humour by feeding them heartily upon biscuit. The two boys were soon satisfied; but the old man appeared ashamed and conscious of his guilt; and although he was frequently afterwards with us, yet he always hung down his head, and sneaked into the back-ground."

We have the pleasure of meeting with our friend "Jack" once more.

"They were now quite tractable and never persisted in doing any thing against our wishes. The words 'bye and bye' were so often used by us in answer to their *cauwh*, or 'come

here, that their meaning was perfectly understood, and always satisfied the natives, since we made it a strict rule never to disappoint them of any thing that was promised, an attention to which is of the utmost importance in communicating with savages. Every evening that they visited us they received something, but as a biscuit was the most valuable present that could be made, each native was always presented with one upon his leaving the vessel: during the day they were busily occupied in manufacturing spears, knives, and hammers, for the evening's barter; and when they came in the morning, they generally brought a large collection, which their wives had probably made in their absence.

"On the 29th, we had completed our holds with wood and water, and prepared to leave the harbour. In the morning there was thirteen feet water at the buoy, which had been moored on the deepest part of the bar, the depth of which, during the two preceding days, had been frequently sounded.

"In the evening we were visited by twenty-four natives, among whom was our friend Jack. When they found us preparing to go away, they expressed great sorrow at our departure, particularly Jack, who was more than usually entertaining, but kept, as he always did, at a distance from his companions, and treated them with the greatest disdain. When the time came to send them on shore, he endeavoured to avoid accompanying them, and, as usual, was the last to go into the boat; instead, however, of following them, he went into a boat on the opposite side of the brig, that was preparing to go for a load of water, evidently expecting to be allowed to return in her.

"This friendly Indian had become a great favourite with us all, and was allowed to visit us whenever he chose, and to do as he pleased; he always wore the shirt that had been given to him on the first day, and endeavoured to imitate every thing that our people were employed upon; particularly the carpenter and sail-maker at their work: he was the only native who did not manufacture spears for barter, for he was evidently convinced of the superiority of our weapons, and laughed heartily whenever a bad and carelessly-made spear was offered to us for sale: for the natives, finding we took every thing, were not very particular in the form or manufacture of the articles they brought to us. He was certainly the most intelligent native of the whole tribe, and if we had remained longer, would have afforded us much information of this part of the country; for we were becoming more and more intelligible to each other every day: he frequently accompanied Mr. Cunningham in his walks, and not only assisted him in carrying his plants, but occasionally added to the specimens he was collecting.

"The next morning (30th), the anchors were weighed, and the warps laid out, but from various delays we did not reach a birth sufficiently near the bar to make sail from, until the water had fallen too much to allow our passing it: the brig was therefore moored in the stream of the tide."

On a subsequent visit made to this spot by the "Bathurst," various inquiries were made

for "Jack," of the individuals who had been in the habit of seeing him with the crew, but no one did understand, or would acknowledge that he understood, the meaning of the demand. Specimens are given of the language spoken by the different natives, as collected from various parts of the continent, but not in sufficient quantity to form any very rational theory on their difference or resemblance. The character of the people is so unvaried, that they are, beyond a doubt, of the same race. It is the opinion of Forster, that they are not an original people, but of a Malay stock. In spite of this authority, we are strongly inclined to entertain a contrary opinion. Lieutenant Roe, formerly one of Captain King's mates, and now employed on the same coast in a further survey, in a letter written to his late captain, describes another interview he had had with the natives. He was struck by the presence among them of an individual who was clearly not of them, but, as he imagined, originally Malay. He marks the difference by a trait which indicates the entire absence of any relationship between the New Holland and the Malay races.

"On the second day of their visit, I was greatly astonished to see amongst them a young man of about twenty years of age, not darker in colour than a Chinese, but with perfect Malay features, and like all the rest, entirely naked: he had daubed himself all over with soot and grease, to appear like the others, but the difference was plainly perceptible. On perceiving that he was the object of our conversation, a certain archness and lively expression came over his countenance, which a native Australian would have strained his features in vain to have produced: the natives appeared to be very fond of him. It seems probable that he must have been kidnapped when very young, or found while astray in the woods."

The principal part of the second volume is occupied by memoirs of very considerable scientific value. With the very small means possessed by Captain King, we are really surprised that he should have collected so much valuable scientific material. The most has been made of it by the able hands into which it has been put. Of the entomological department, it is sufficient to say, that the description of Captain King's collection is by Mr. Macleay, the man who has carried genius into the science of which he is the undoubted master.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE FAR HOME.

I LOOK'D on the bright and burning sun,
When he set beneath the wave,
And red clouds o'er the dark earth hung,
Like banners o'er a grave:
The ocean, in its farthest bound,
Had a wild and fiery hue;
And I thought I heard a living sound
From the lands I might not view.—

It spoke not to my inward thought,
As if on land or sea
There lay the home my heart had sought,
Or where its rest could be;
And I felt as if the hopes were gone,
That sooth'd my heart before,
When I thought the sense of wo and wrong
Might be lost on some far shore.

I watch'd till the stars of ev'ning shone
In the blue vault of the sky—
But I felt my spirit dark and lone,
'Mid their infinity;
For, in that vast and glorious shrine,
Where a thousand bright worlds hung,
Could I single out that world of mine,
To which my thought had clung?

I turn'd me to the earth again—
To a lone and silent dell,
Where a fountain hush'd the sleepless brain,
As its gushing waters fell:
A quiet grave was at my feet,
Where one I had cherish'd slept;
And the calm of that resting-place was sweet
As the thoughts of him I wept.

And where then found my heart its home?—
'Mid the bright isles of the main?—
Or, was it where whate'er may roam,
Hath now no mark of pain?
Oh! was it not in that quiet place,
Where the suffering heart might see
The repose of that which bore the trace
Of its own mortality?

H. S.

THE LAST DAYS OF KANT.

(Continued from p. 474.)

In the spring of this year, 1802, I advised Kant to take the air. It was very long since he had been out of doors;* and walking was now out of the question. But I thought the motion of a carriage and the air would be likely to revive him. On the power of vernal sights and sounds I did not much rely; for these had long ceased to affect him. Of all the changes that spring brings with it, there was one only that now interested Kant; and he longed for it with an eagerness and intensity of expectation, that it was almost painful to witness: this was the return of a hedge-sparrow that sang in his garden, and before his window. This bird, either the same, or one of the next generation, had sung for years in the same situation; and Kant grew uneasy when the cold weather, lasting longer than usual, retarded its return. Like Lord Bacon, indeed, he had a childlike love for birds in general, and in particular, took pains to encourage the sparrows to build above the windows of his study; and when this happened, (as it often did, from the silence which prevailed in his study,) he watched their pro-

ceedings with the delight and the tenderness which others give to a human interest. To return to the point I was speaking of, Kant was at first very unwilling to accede to my proposal of going abroad. "I shall sink down in the carriage," said he, "and fall together like a heap of old rags." But I persisted with a gentle importunity in urging him to the attempt, assuring him that we would return immediately if he found the effort too much for him. Accordingly, upon a tolerably warm day of early* summer, I, and an old friend of Kant's, accompanied him to a little place which I rented in the country. As we drove through the streets, Kant was delighted to find that he could sit upright, and bear the motion of the carriage, and seemed to draw youthful pleasure from the sight of the towers and other public buildings, which he had not seen for years. We reached the place of our destination in high spirits. Kant drank a cup of coffee, and attempted to smoke a little. After this, he sat and sunned himself, listening with delight to the warbling of birds, which congregated in great numbers about this spot. He distinguished every bird by its song, and called it by its right name. After staying about half an hour, we set off on our homeward journey, Kant still cheerful, but apparently satiated with his day's enjoyment.

I had on this occasion purposely avoided taking him to any public gardens, that I might not disturb his pleasure by exposing him to the distressing gaze of public curiosity. However, it was known in Königsberg that Kant had gone out; and accordingly, as the carriage moved through the streets which led to his residence, there was a general rush from all quarters in that direction, and, when we turned into the street where the house stood, we found it already choked up with people. As we slowly drew up to the door, a lane was formed in the crowd, through which Kant was led, I and my friend supporting him on our arms. Looking at the crowd, I observed the faces of many persons of rank, and distinguished strangers, some of whom now saw Kant for the first time, and many of them for the last.

As the winter of 1802-3 approached, he complained more than ever of an affection of the stomach, which no medical man had been able to mitigate, or even to explain. The winter passed over in a complaining way; he was weary of life, and longed for the hour of dismission. "I can be of service to the world no more," said he, "and am a burden to myself." Often I endeavoured to cheer him by the anticipation of excursions that we would make together when summer came again. On these he calculated with so much earnestness, that he had made a regular scale or classification of them—1. Airings; 2. Journeys; 3. Travels. And nothing could equal the yearning impa-

* Wasianski here returns thanks to some unknown person, who, having observed that Kant in his latter walks took pleasure in leaning against a particular wall to view the prospect, had caused a seat to be fixed at that point for his use.

* Mr. Wasianski says—late in summer: but as he elsewhere describes by the same expression of "late in summer," a day which was confessedly before the longest day, and as the multitude of birds which continued to sing will not allow us to suppose that the summer could be very far advanced, I have translated accordingly.

tience expressed for the coming of spring and summer, not so much for their own peculiar attractions, as because they were the seasons for travelling. In his memorandum-book, he made this note:—"The three summer-months are June, July, and August"—meaning that they were the three months for travelling. And in conversation he expressed the feverish strength of his wishes so plaintively and affectingly, that every body was drawn into powerful sympathy with him, and wished for some magical means of ante-dating the course of the seasons.

In this winter his bedroom was often warmed. This was the room in which he kept his little collection of books, of about 450 volumes, chiefly presentation-copies from the authors. It may seem singular that Kant, who read so extensively, should have no larger library; but he had less need of one than most scholars, having in his earlier years been librarian at the Royal Library of the Castle; and since then having enjoyed from the liberality of Hartknoch, his publisher, (who, in his turn, had profited by the liberal terms on which Kant had made over to him the copyright of his own works,) the first sight of every new book that appeared.

At the close of this winter, that is in 1803, Kant first began to complain of unpleasant dreams, sometimes of very terrific ones, which awakened him in great agitation. Oftentimes melodies, which he had heard in earliest youth sung in the streets of Königsberg, resounded painfully in his ears, and dwelt upon them in a way from which no efforts of abstraction could release him. These kept him awake to unseasonable hours; and often when, after long watching, he had fallen asleep, however deep his sleep might be, it was suddenly broken up by terrific dreams, which alarmed him beyond description. Almost every night the bell-rope, which communicated with a bell in the room above his own, where his servant slept, was pulled violently, and with the utmost agitation. No matter how fast the servant might hurry down, he was almost always too late, and was pretty sure to find his master out of bed, and often making his way in terror to some other part of the house. The weakness of his feet exposed him to such dreadful falls on these occasions that at length (but with much difficulty) I persuaded him to let his servant sleep in the same room with himself.

The morbid affection of the stomach began now to be more and more distressing; and he tried various applications which he had formerly been loud in condemning, such as a few drops of rum upon a piece of sugar, naphtha,* &c. But all these were only palliatives; for his advanced age precluded the hope of a radical cure. His dreadful dreams became continually more appalling: single scenes, or passages in these dreams, were sufficient to compose the whole course of mighty tragedies, the impression from which was so profound as to stretch far into his waking hours. Amongst other

phantasmata more shocking and indescribable, his dreams constantly represented to him the forms of murderers advancing to his bed-side; and so agitated was he by the awful trains of phantoms that swept past him nightly, that in the first confusion of awaking he generally mistook his servant, who was hastening to his assistance, for a murderer. In the day-time we often conversed upon these shadowy illusions; and Kant, with his usual spirit of stoical contempt for nervous weaknesses of every sort, laughed at them; and to fortify his own resolution to contend against them, he wrote down in his memorandum-book, "There must be no yielding to panics of darkness." At my suggestion, however, he now burned a light in his chamber, so placed as that the rays might be shaded from his face. At first he was very averse to this, though gradually he became reconciled to it. But that he could bear it at all, was to me an expression of the great revolution accomplished by the terrific agency of his dreams. Heretofore, darkness and utter silence were the two pillars on which his sleep rested: no step must approach his room; and as to light, if he saw but a moonbeam penetrating a crevice of the shutters, it made him unhappy; and, in fact, the windows of his bed-chamber were barricaded night and day. But now darkness was a terror to him, and silence an oppression. In addition to his lamp, therefore, he had now a repeater in his room; the sound was at first too loud, but, after muffling the hammer with cloth, both the ticking and the striking became companionable sounds to him.

At this time (spring of 1803) his appetite began to fail, which I thought no good sign. Many persons insist that Kant was in the habit of eating too much for health. I however cannot assent to this opinion; for he ate but once a-day, and drank no beer. Of this liquor (I mean the strong black beer) he was indeed the most determined enemy. If ever a man died prematurely, Kant would say—"He has been drinking beer, I presume." Or, if another were indisposed, you might be sure he would ask, "but does he drink beer?" And, according to the answer on this point, he regulated his anticipations for the patient. Strong beer, in short, he uniformly maintained to be a slow poison. Voltaire, by the way, had said to a young physician who denounced coffee under the same bad name of a "slow poison," "You're right there, my friend, however; slow it is, and horribly slow; for I have been drinking it these 70 years, and it has not killed me yet;" but this was an answer which, in the case of beer, Kant would not allow of.

On the 22d of April, 1803, his birth-day, the last which he lived to see, was celebrated in a full assembly of his friends. This festival he had long looked forward to with great expectation, and delighted even to hear the progress made in the preparations for it. But when the day came, the over-excitement and tension of expectation seemed to have defeated itself. He tried to appear happy; but the bustle of a numerous company confounded and distressed him; and his spirits were manifestly forced. He seemed first to revive to any real sense of pleasure at night, when the company had de-

* For Kant's particular complaint, as described by other biographers, a quarter of a grain of opium, every twelve hours, would have been the best remedy, perhaps a perfect remedy.

parted, and he was undressing in his study. He then talked with much pleasure about the presents which, as usual, would be made to his servants on this occasion; for Kant was never happy himself, unless he saw all around him happy. He was a great maker of presents; but at the same time he had no toleration for the studied theatrical effect, the accompaniment of formal congratulations, and the sentimental pathos with which birth-day presents are made in Germany. In all this, his masculine taste gave him a sense of something *fade* and ludicrous.

The summer of 1803 was now come, and, visiting Kant one day, I was thunderstruck to hear him direct me in the most serious tone, to provide the funds necessary for an extensive foreign tour. I made no opposition, but asked his reasons for such a plan: he alleged the miserable sensations he had in his stomach, which were no longer endurable. Knowing what power over Kant a quotation from a Roman poet had always had, I simply replied—"Post equitem sedet atra cura," and for the present he said no more. But the touching and pathetic earnestness with which he was continually ejaculating prayers for warmer weather, made it doubtful to me whether his wishes on this point ought not, partially at least, to be gratified; and I therefore proposed to him a little excursion to the cottage we had visited the year before. "Any where," said he, "no matter whither, provided it be far enough." Towards the latter end of June, therefore, we executed this scheme: on getting into the carriage, the order of the day with Kant was, "Distance, distance. Only let us go far enough," said he: but scarcely had we reached the city-gates before the journey seemed already to have lasted too long. On reaching the cottage, we found coffee waiting for us; but he would scarcely allow himself time for drinking it, before he ordered the carriage to the door; and the journey back seemed insupportably long to him, though it was performed in something less than twenty minutes. "Is this never to have an end?" was his continual exclamation; and great was his joy when he found himself once more in his study, undressed, and in bed. And for this night he slept in peace, and once again was liberated from the persecution of dreams.

Soon after, he began again to talk of journeys, of travels in remote countries, &c. and, in consequence, we repeated our former excursion several times; and though the circumstances were pretty nearly the same on every occasion, and always terminating in disappointment as to the immediate pleasure anticipated, yet, undoubtedly they were, on the whole, salutary to his spirits. In particular, the cottage itself, standing under the shelter of tall alders, with a valley stretched beneath it, through which a little brook meandered, broken by a water-fall, whose pealing sound dwelt pleasantly on the ear, sometimes on a quiet sunny day, gave a lively delight to Kant: and once, under accidental circumstances of summer clouds and sun-lights, the little pastoral landscape suddenly awakened a lively remembrance which had been long laid asleep,

of a heavenly summer morning in youth, which he had passed in a bower upon the banks of a rivulet that ran through the grounds of a dear and early friend, Gen. Von Lossow. The strength of the impression was such, that he seemed actually to be living over that morning again, thinking as he then thought, and conversing with those that were no more.

His very last excursion was in August of this year, (1803.) not to my cottage, but to the garden of a friend. But on this day he manifested great impatience. It had been arranged that he was to meet an old friend at the gardens; and I, with two other gentlemen, attended him. It happened that *our* party arrived first; and such was Kant's weakness, and total loss of power to estimate the duration of time, that after waiting a few moments, he insisted that some hours had elapsed—that his friend could not be expected—and went away in great discomposure of mind. And so ended Kant's travelling in this world.

In the beginning of autumn the sight of his right eye began to fail him; the left he had long lost the use of. This earliest of his losses, by the way, he discovered by mere accident, and without any previous warning. Sitting down one day to rest himself in the course of a walk, it occurred to him that he would try the comparative strength of his eyes; but, on taking out a newspaper which he had in his pocket, he was surprised to find that with his left eye he could not distinguish a letter. In earlier life he had two remarkable affections of the eyes: once, on returning from a walk, he saw objects double for a long space of time; and twice he became stone blind. Whether these accidents are to be considered as uncommon, I leave to the decision of oculists. Certain it is, they gave very little disturbance to Kant; who, until old age had reduced his powers, lived in a constant state of stoical preparation for the worst that could befall him. I was now shocked to think of the degree in which his burthensome sense of dependence would be aggravated if he should totally lose the power of sight. As it was, he read and wrote with great difficulty: in fact, his writing was little better than that which most people can produce as a trial of skill with their eyes shut. From old habits of solitary study, he had no pleasure in hearing others read to him; and he daily distressed me by the pathetic earnestness of his entreaties that I would have a reading glass devised for him. Whatever my own optical skill could suggest, I tried; and the best opticians were sent for to bring their glasses and take his directions for altering them; but all was to no purpose.

In this last year of his life Kant very unwillingly received the visits of strangers; and unless under particular circumstances, wholly declined them. Yet, when travellers had come a very great way out of their road to see him, I confess that I was at a loss how to conduct myself. To have refused too pertinaciously could not but give me the air of wishing to make myself of importance. And I must acknowledge, that among some instances of inopportunities and coarse expressions of low-bred curiosity, I witnessed on the part of many

people of rank a most delicate sensibility to the condition of the aged recluse. On sending in their cards, they would generally accompany them by some message, expressive of their unwillingness to gratify their wish to see him at any risk of distressing him. The fact was, that such visits *did* distress him much; for he felt it a degradation to be exhibited in his helpless state, when he was aware of his own incapacity to meet properly the attention that was paid to him. Some, however, were admitted,* according to the circumstances of the case, and the state of Kant's spirits at the moment.—Amongst these I remember that we were particularly pleased with M. Otto, the same who signed the treaty of peace between France and England with the present Lord Liverpool (then Lord Hawkesbury). A young Russian also rises to my recollection at this moment, from the excessive (and I think unaffected) enthusiasm which he displayed. On being introduced to Kant, he advanced hastily, took both his hands, and kissed them. Kant, who, from living so much amongst his English friends, had a good deal of the English dignified reserve about him, and hated any thing like *scenes*, appeared to shrink a little from this mode of salutation, and was rather embarrassed. However, the young man's manner, I believe, was not at all beyond his genuine feelings; for next day he called again, made some inquiries about Kant's health, was very anxious to know whether his old age were burdensome to him, and above all things entreated for some little memorial of the great man to carry away with him. By accident the servant had found a small cancelled fragment of the original MS. of Kant's "*Anthropologie*:" this, with my sanction, he gave to the Russian; who received it with rapture, kissed it, and then gave him in return the only dollar he had about him; and, thinking that not enough, actually pulled off his coat and waistcoat and forced them upon the man. Kant, whose native simplicity of character very much indisposed him to sympathy with any extravagances of feeling, could not, however, forbear smiling good-humouredly on being made acquainted with this instance of *nature* and enthusiasm in his young admirer.

I now come to an event in Kant's life, which ushered in its closing stage. On the 8th of October, 1803, for the first time since his youth, he was seriously ill. When a student at the University, he had once suffered from an ague, which, however, gave way to pedestrian exercise; and in later years, he had endured some pain from a contusion on his head; but, with these two exceptions (if they can be considered such,) he had never (properly speaking) been ill. The cause of his illness was this: his appetite had latterly been irregular, or rather I should say depraved; and he no longer took pleasure in any thing but bread and butter, and English cheese.† On the 7th of Oc-

tober, at dinner, he ate little else, in spite of every thing that I and another friend then dining with him, could urge to dissuade him.—And for the first time I fancied that he seemed displeased with my importunity, as though I were overstepping the just line of my duties. He insisted that the cheese never had done him any harm, nor would now. I had no course left me but to hold my tongue; and he did as he pleased. The consequence was what might have been anticipated—a restless night, succeeded by a day of memorable illness. The next morning all went on as usual, till nine o'clock, when Kant, who was then leaning on his sister's arm, suddenly fell senseless to the ground. A messenger was immediately despatched for me; and I hurried down to his house, where I found him lying in his bed, which had now been removed into his study, speechless and insensible. I had already summoned his physician; but, before he arrived, nature put forth efforts which brought Kant a little to himself. In about an hour he opened his eyes, and continued to mutter unintelligibly till towards the evening, when he rallied a little, and began to talk rationally. For the first time in his life, he was now, for a few days, confined to his bed, and ate nothing. On the 12th October he again took some refreshment, and would have had his favourite food; but I was now resolved, at any risk of his displeasure, to oppose him firmly. I therefore stated to him the whole consequences of his last indulgence, of all which he manifestly had no recollection. He listened to what I said very attentively, and calmly expressed his conviction that I was perfectly in the wrong; but, for the present, he submitted. However, some days after, I found that he had offered a florin for a little bread and cheese, and then a dollar, and even more. Being again refused, he complained heavily; but gradually he weaned himself from asking for it, though at times he betrayed involuntarily how much he desired it.

On the 13th of October, his usual dinner parties were resumed, and he was considered convalescent; but it was seldom indeed that he recovered the tone of tranquil spirits which he had preserved until his late attack. Hitherto he had always loved to prolong this meal, the only one he took—or, as he expressed it in classical phrase, "*coenam ducere*;" but now it was difficult to hurry it over fast enough for his wishes. From dinner, which terminated about two o'clock, he went straight to bed, and

take of confounding the cause and the occasion, and would leave the impression, that Kant (who from his youth up had been a model of temperance) died of sensual indulgence. The cause of Kant's death was clearly the general decay of the vital powers, and in particular the atony of the digestive organs, which must soon have destroyed him under any care or abstinence whatever. This was the cause. The accidental occasion, which made that cause operative on the 7th of October, might or might not be what Mr. W. says. But in Kant's burdensome state of existence, it could not be a question of much importance whether his illness were to commence in an October or a November.

* To whom it appears that Kant would generally reply, upon their expressing the pleasure it gave them to see him, "In me you behold a poor superannuated, weak, old man."

† Mr. W. here falls into the ordinary mis-

at intervals, fell into slumbers; from which, however, he was regularly awoken by phantasmas or terrific dreams. At seven in the evening came on duly a period of great agitation, which lasted till five or six in the morning—sometimes later; and he continued through the night alternately to walk about and lie down, occasionally tranquil, but more often in great distress.

It now became necessary that somebody should sit up with him, his man-servant being wearied out with the toils of the day. No person seemed to be so proper for this office as his sister, both as having long received a very liberal pension from him, and also as his nearest relative, who would be the best witness to the fact that her illustrious brother had wanted no comforts or attention in his last hours, which his situation admitted of. Accordingly she was applied to, and undertook to watch him alternately with his footman—a separate table being kept for her, and a very handsome addition made to her allowance. She turned out to be a quiet, gentle-minded woman, who raised no disturbances amongst the servants, and soon won her brother's regard by the modest and retiring style of her manners; I may add, also, by the truly sisterly affection which she displayed towards him to the last.

The 6th of October had grievously affected Kant's faculties, but had not wholly destroyed them. For short intervals the clouds seemed to roll away that had settled upon his majestic intellect, and it shone forth as heretofore. During these moments of brief self-possession, his wonted benignity returned to him; and he expressed his gratitude for the exertions of those about him, and his sense of the trouble they underwent, in a very affecting way. With regard to his man-servant in particular, he was very anxious that he should be rewarded by liberal presents; and he pressed me earnestly on no account to be parsimonious. Indeed Kant was nothing less than princely in his use of money; and there was no occasion on which he was known to express the passion of scorn very powerfully, but when he was commenting on mean and penurious acts or habits. Those who knew him only in the streets, fancied that he was not liberal; for he steadily refused, upon principle, to relieve all common beggars. But, on the other hand, he was liberal to the public charitable institutions; he secretly assisted his own poor relations in a much simpler way than could reasonably have been expected of him; and it now appeared that he had many other deserving pensioners upon his bounty; a fact that was utterly unknown to any of us, until his increasing blindness and other infirmities devolved the duty of paying these pensions upon myself. It must be recollected also, that Kant's whole fortune, which amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, was the product of his own honourable toils for nearly threescore years; and that he had himself suffered all the hardships of poverty in his youth, though he never once ran into any man's debt,—circumstances in his history, which, as they express how fully he must have been acquainted with the value of money, greatly enhanced the merit of his munificence.

In December, 1803, he became incapable of

signing his name. His sight, indeed, had for some time failed him so much, that at dinner he could not find his spoon without assistance; and, when I happened to dine with him, I first cut in pieces whatever was on his plate, next put it into a spoon, and then guided his hand to find the spoon. But his inability to sign his name did not arise merely from blindness: the fact was, that, from irretentia of memory, he could not recollect the letters which composed his name; and, when they were repeated to him, he could not represent the figure of the letters in his imagination. At the latter end of November, I had remarked that these incapacities were rapidly growing upon him, and in consequence I prevailed on him to sign beforehand all the receipts, &c. which would be wanted at the end of the year; and, afterwards, on my representation, to prevent all disputes, he gave me a regular legal power to sign on his behalf.

Much as Kant was now reduced, yet he had occasionally moods of social hilarity. His birth-day was always an agreeable subject to him: some weeks before his death, I was calculating the time which it still wanted of that anniversary, and cheering him with the prospect of the rejoicings which would then take place: "all your old friends," said I, "will meet together, and drink a glass of champagne to your health." "That," said he, "must be done upon the spot:" and he was not satisfied till the party was actually assembled. He drank a glass of wine with them, and with great elevation of spirit celebrated this birth-day which he was destined never to see.

In the latter weeks of his life, however, a great change took place in the tone of his spirits. At his dinner table, where heretofore such a cloudless spirit of joviality had reigned, there was now a melancholy silence. It disturbed him to see his two dinner companions conversing privately together, whilst he himself sat like a mute on the stage with no part to perform. Yet to have engaged him in the conversation would have been still more distressing; for his hearing was now very imperfect; the effort to hear was itself painful to him; and his expressions, even when his thoughts were accurate enough, became nearly unintelligible. It is remarkable, however, that at the very lowest point of his depression, when he became perfectly incapable of conversing with any rational meaning on the ordinary affairs of life, he was still able to answer correctly and distinctly, in a degree that was perfectly astonishing, upon any question of philosophy or of science, especially of physical geography,* chemistry, or natural history. He talked satisfactorily, in his very worst state, of the gases, and stated very accurately different propositions of Kepler's, especially the law of the planetary motions. And I remember in particular, that upon the very last Monday of his life, when the extremity of his weakness moved a circle of his friends to tears, and he sat amongst us insensible to all we could say to him, cowering down, or rather I might say collapsing into a shapeless heap upon his chair,

* Physical Geography in opposition to Political.

deaf, blind, torpid, motionless,—even then I whispered to the others that I would engage that Kant should take his part in conversation with propriety and animation. This they found it difficult to believe. Upon which I drew close to his ear, and put a question to him about the Moors of Barbary. To the surprise of every body but myself, he immediately gave us a summary account of their habits and customs; and told us by the way, that in the word *Algiers*, the *g* ought to be pronounced hard (as in the English word *gear*).

During the last fortnight of Kant's life, he busied himself unceasingly in a way that seemed not merely purposeless but self-contradictory. Twenty times in a minute he would unloose and tie his neck handkerchief—so also with a sort of belt which he wore about his dressing-gown, the moment it was clasped, he unclasped it with impatience, and was then equally impatient to have it clasped again. But no description can convey an adequate impression of the weary restlessness with which from morning to night he pursued these labours of Sisyphus—doing and undoing—fretting that he could not do it, fretting that he had done it.

By this time he seldom knew any of us who were about him, but took us all for strangers. This happened first with his sister, then with me, and finally with his servant. Such an alienation distressed me more than any other instance of his decay: though I knew that he had not really withdrawn his affection from me, yet his air and mode of addressing me gave me constantly that feeling. So much the more affecting was it, when the sanity of his perceptions and his remembrances returned; but these intervals were of slower and slower occurrence. In this condition, silent or babbling childishly, self-involved and torpidly abstracted, or else busy with self-created phantoms and delusions, what a contrast did he offer to that Kant who had once been the brilliant centre of the most brilliant circles for rank, wit, or knowledge, that Prussia afforded! A distinguished person from Berlin, who had called upon him during the preceding summer, was greatly shocked at his appearance, and said, "This is not Kant that I have seen, but the shell of Kant!" How much more would he have said this, if he had seen him now!

Now came February, 1804, which was the last month that Kant was destined to see. It is remarkable that, in the memorandum-book which I have before mentioned, I found a fragment of an old song, (inserted by Kant, and dated in the summer about six months before the time of his death,) which expressed that February was the month in which people had the least weight to carry, for the obvious reason that it was shorter by two and by three days than the others; and the concluding sentiment was in a tone of fanciful pathos to this effect—"Oh, happy February! in which man has least to bear—least pain, least sorrow, least self-reproach!" Even of this short month, however, Kant had not twelve entire days to bear; for it was on the 12th that he died; and in fact he may be said to have been dying from the first. He now barely vegetated; though

there were still transitory gleams flashing by fits from the embers of his ancient intellect.

On the 3d of February the springs of life seemed to be ceasing from their play, for, from this day, strictly speaking, he ate nothing more. His existence henceforward seemed to be the mere prolongation of an impetus derived from an eighty years' life, after the moving power of the mechanism was withdrawn. His physician visited him every day at a particular hour; and it was settled that I should always be there to meet him. Nine days before his death, on paying his usual visit, the following little circumstance occurred, which affected us both, by recalling forcibly to our minds the ineradicable courtesy and goodness of Kant's nature. When the physician was announced, I went up to Kant and said to him, "Here is Dr. A——." Kant rose from his chair, and, offering his hand to the Doctor, murmured something in which the word "posts" was frequently repeated, but with an air as though he wished to be helped out with the rest of the sentence. Dr. A——, who thought that, by *posts*, he meant the stations for relays of post horses, and therefore that his mind was wandering, replied that all the horses were engaged, and begged him to compose himself. But Kant went on, with great effort to himself, and added—"Many posts, heavy posts—then much goodness—then much gratitude." All this he said with apparent incoherence, but with great warmth, and increasing self-possession. I meantime perfectly divined what it was that Kant, under his cloud of imbecility, wished to say, and I interpreted accordingly. "What the Professor wishes to say, Dr. A——, is this, that, considering the many and weighty offices which you fill in the city and in the university, it argues great goodness on your part to give up so much of your time to him," (for Dr. A—— would never take any fees from Kant;) "and that he has the deepest sense of this goodness."—"Right," said Kant, earnestly, "right!" But he still continued to stand, and was nearly sinking to the ground. Upon which I remarked to the physician, that I was so well acquainted with Kant, that I was satisfied he would not sit down, however much he suffered from standing, until he knew that his visitors were seated. The Doctor seemed to doubt this—but Kant, who heard what I said, by a prodigious effort confirmed my construction of his conduct, and spoke distinctly these words—"God forbid I should be sunk so low as to forget the offices of humanity."

When dinner was announced, Dr. A—— took his leave. Another guest had now arrived, and I was in hopes, from the animation which Kant had so recently displayed, that we should to-day have a pleasant party, but my hopes were vain—Kant was more than usually exhausted, and though he raised a spoon to his mouth, he swallowed nothing. For some time every thing had been tasteless to him; and I had endeavoured, but with little success, to stimulate the organs of taste by nutmeg, cinnamon, &c. To-day all failed, and I could not even prevail upon him to taste a biscuit, rusk, or any thing of that sort. I had once heard him say that several of his friends, who had died of *marasmus*, had closed their illness by four or

five days of entire freedom from pain, but totally without appetite, and then slumbered tranquilly away. Through this state I apprehended that he was himself now passing.

Saturday, the 4th of February, I heard his guests loudly expressing their fears that they should never meet him again; and I could not but share these fears myself. However, on

Sunday the 5th, I dined at his table in company with his particular friend Mr. R. R. V. Kant was still present, but so weak that his head drooped upon his knees, and he sank down against the right side of the chair. I went and arranged his pillows so as to raise and support his head; and, having done this, I said—"Now, my dear sir, you are again in right order." Great was our astonishment when he answered clearly and audibly in the Roman military phrase—"Yes, *testudine et facie*;" and immediately after added, "ready for the enemy, and in battle array." His powers of mind were (if I may be allowed that expression) smouldering away in their ashes; but every now and then some lambent flame, or grand emanation of light, shot forth to make it evident that the ancient fire still slumbered below.

Monday the 6th, he was much weaker and more torpid: he spoke not a word, except on the occasion of my question about the Moors, as previously stated, and sate with sightless eyes, lost in himself, and manifesting no sense of our presence, so that we had the feeling of some mighty shade or phantom from some forgotten century being seated amongst us.

About this time, Kant had become much more tranquil and composed. In the earlier periods of his illness, when his yet unbroken strength was brought into active contest with the first attacks of decay, he was apt to be peevish, and sometimes spoke roughly or even harshly to his servants. This, though very opposite to his natural disposition, was altogether excusable under the circumstances. He could not make himself understood: things were therefore brought to him continually which he had not asked for; and often it happened that what he really wanted he could not obtain, because all his efforts to name it were unintelligible. A violent nervous irritation, besides, affected him from the unsettling of the equilibrium in the different functions of his nature; weakness in one organ being made more palpable to him by disproportionate strength in another. But now the strife was over; the whole system was at length undermined, and in rapid and harmonious progress to dissolution. And from this time forward, no movement of impatience, or expression of fretfulness, ever escaped him.

I now visited him three times a-day; and on Tuesday, Feb. 7th, going about dinner-time, I found the usual party of friends sitting down alone; for Kant was in bed. This was a new scene in his house, and increased our fears that his end was now at hand. However, having seen him rally so often, I would not run the risk of leaving him without a dinner-party for the next day; and accordingly, at the customary hour of 1, we assembled in his house on

Wednesday, Feb. 8th. I paid my respects to him as cheerfully as possible, and ordered

dinner to be served up. Kant sat at the table with us; and, taking a spoon with a little soup in it, put it to his lips; but immediately put it down again, and retired to bed, from which he never rose again except during the few minutes when it was re-arranged.

Thursday the 9th he had sunk into the weakness of a dying person, and the corpse-like appearance had already taken possession of him. I visited him frequently through the day; and, going at 10 o'clock at night, I found him in a state of insensibility. I could not draw any sign from him that he knew me, and I left him to the care of his sister and his servant.

Friday the 10th, I went to see him at 6 o'clock in the morning. It was very stormy, and a deep snow had fallen in the night-time. And, by the way, I remember that a gang of house-breakers had forced their way through the premises in order to reach Kant's next neighbour, who was a goldsmith. As I drew near to his bed-side, I said, "Good morning." He returned my salutation by saying, "Good morning," but in so feeble and faltering a voice that it was hardly articulate. I was rejoiced to find him sensible, and I asked him if he knew me.—"Yes," he replied; and, stretching out his hand, touched me gently upon the cheek. Through the rest of the day, whenever I visited him, he seemed to have relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Saturday the 11th, he lay with fixed and rayless eyes; but to all appearance in perfect peace. I asked him again, on this day, if he knew me. He was speechless, but he turned his face towards me and made signs that I should kiss him. Deep emotion thrilled me, as I stooped down to kiss his pallid lips; for I knew that in this solemn act of tenderness he meant to express his thankfulness for our long friendship, and to signify his affection and his last farewell. I had never seen him confer this mark of his love upon any body, except once, and that was a few weeks before his death, when he drew his sister to him and kissed her.—The kiss which he now gave to me, was the last memorial that he knew me.

Whatever fluid was now offered to him passed the oesophagus with a rattling sound, as often happens with dying people; and there were all the signs of death being close at hand.

I wished to stay with him till all was over; and, as I had been witness of his life, to be witness also of his departure; and therefore I never quitted him except when I was called off for a few minutes to attend some private business. The whole of this night I spent at his bed-side. Though he had passed the day in a state of insensibility, yet in the evening he made intelligible signs that he wished to have his bed put in order; he was therefore lifted out in our arms, and the bedclothes and pillows being hastily arranged, he was carried back again. He did not sleep; and a spoonful of liquid, which was sometimes put to his lips, he usually pushed aside; but about one o'clock in the night he himself made a motion towards the spoon, from which I collected that he was thirsty; and I gave him a small quantity of wine and water sweetened; but the muscles of his mouth had not strength enough to retain it, so that to prevent its flowing back he raised

his hand to his lips, until with a rattling sound it was swallowed. He seemed to wish for more; and I continued to give him more, until he said in a way that I was just able to understand—"It is enough." And these were his last words. At intervals he pushed away the bedclothes, and exposed his person; I constantly restored the clothes to their situation, and on one of these occasions I found that the whole body and extremities were already growing cold, and the pulse intermitting.

At a quarter after three o'clock on Sunday morning, February 12, Kant stretched himself out as if taking a position for his final act, and settled into the precise posture which he preserved to the moment of death. The pulse was now no longer perceptible to the touch in his hands, feet, or neck. I tried every part where a pulse beats, and found none any where but in the left hip, where it beat with violence, but often intermitted.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, he suffered a remarkable change; his eye was rigid, and his face and lips became discoloured by a cadaverous pallor. Still, such was the effect of his previous habits, that no trace appeared of the cold sweat which naturally accompanies the last mortal agony.

It was near eleven o'clock, when the moment of dissolution approached. His sister was standing at the foot of the bed, his sister's son at the head. I, for the purpose of still observing the fluctuations of the pulse in his hip, was kneeling at the bed-side; and I called his servant to come and witness the death of his good master. Now began the last agony, if to him it could be called an agony, where there seemed to be no struggle. And precisely at this moment, his distinguished friend, Mr. R. R. V., whom I had summoned by a messenger, entered the room. First of all, the breath grew feebler; then it missed its regularity of return; then it wholly intermitted, and the upper lip was slightly convulsed; after this there followed one slight respiration or sigh; and after that no more; but the pulse still beat for a few seconds—slower and fainter, till it ceased altogether; the mechanism stopped; the last motion was at an end; and exactly at that moment the clock struck eleven.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE THINGS THAT CHANGE.

Know'st thou that seas are sweeping
Where domes and towers have been?
When the clear wave is sleeping,
Those piles may yet be seen;
Far down below the glossy tide,
Man's dwellings where his voice hath died!

Know'st thou that flocks are feeding
Above the tombs of old,
Which kings, their armies leading,
Have linger'd to behold?
A short smooth greensward o'er them spread,
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Know'st thou, that now the token
Of cities once renown'd,

Is but some pillar broken,
With grass and wall-flowers crown'd;
While the lone serpent rears her young
Where the triumphant lyre hath rung?

Well, well I know the story
Of ages pass'd away,
And the mournful wrecks that glory
Hath left to dull decay;
But thou hast yet a tale to learn,
More full of warnings, sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges
Thro' ruin'd fane and hall—
Oh! the deep soul hath changes
More sorrowful than all!
Talk not, while *these* before thee throng,
Of silence in the place of song.

See scorn, where Love hath perish'd,
Distrust, where Friendship grew;
Pride, where once Nature cherish'd,
All tender thoughts and true;
And shadows of oblivion thrown
O'er every trace of idols gone.

Grieve not for tombs far-scatter'd,
For temples prostrate laid;
In thine own heart lie shatter'd
The altars it had made!
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear—
Heap up no more its treasures *here*!

F. H.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

—*γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἔστιν.*—HOM.

HAVE you ever wandered into the bright fairy land of dreams? Has your mind ever risen from its dark ashes of wearisomeness into that glorious atmosphere of ideal magnificence? How many of the dull cold hours of midnight have sullenly flitted on, while you lay steeped in all the wild witcheries of dreamy romance! But who equipt you with your plumes? I would fain discourse a little on this subject.

Causaubon informs us, that the word *dream* is derived from *δρᾶμα τῆ ζωῆς*; i. e. the "comedy of life." But this seems rather fanciful than correct. He appears to contend, that the ideas of dreams have no archetypes in actual life. With him they are wonderful and fantastic combinations of unreal scenery: he would needs assign to them a distinct province from the ordinary realities of every-day existence. But here his hypothesis fails: for who knows not that, in a vast majority of instances, the aspect of dreams is on the past occurrences of life? And there are many extraordinary and well-attested narratives of dreams, which have even anticipated the course of human events, and met with a most marvellous corroboration.

"Dreaming," says Locke, "is the having ideas while the outward senses are stopped—not suggested by any external objects, or known occasion, nor under the rule or conduct of the understanding." This last seems the

distinguishing characteristic of dreams—freedom from the control of judgment. In the day-time, all the faculties of the mind are exactly balanced: at night, the equipoise is destroyed. Judgment slumbers on its lofty throne, while imagination makes head against it, and carries away captive all its fellow-faculties. Assuming the general fact—that the majority of dreams are of a pleasing character—I have often thought, that as the body requires repose after its physical exhaustion, so the mind seeks a respite from its severer duties, by wandering, unfettered, amidst the unbounded latitude of dreams. It is a well-known fact, that men are often visited with the most enchanting dreams, after suffering a complete prostration of their mental and physical energies. I remember it was said of the murderer Thurtell, that, on the morning of his execution, to a person who inquired whether he had not been dreaming about his death, he replied, "Far from it; I have dreamed very pleasantly of past times;" or words to that effect.

Many of the phenomena of dreaming are very obscure and difficult to be accounted for. This interesting branch of mental philosophy is too generally neglected. Men commonly will not think twice on a subject, whose apparently irreconcilable anomalies occasioned them, at first thought, perplexity and disappointment. Who can tell what parts of a human body are exercised in dreaming? Why do we sometimes, but not always, dream? In short, why do we dream at all?

I go, at midnight, into a bed-chamber, where all is silent except the ticking of a watch; I gently draw aside the dusky drapery of the bed—and there is disclosed to me the figure of a man—pale, noiseless, motionless—closely hugged in the embraces of death's mimic—in a word, asleep. I examine him more narrowly; it is evident that his senses—those inlets to the understanding—are closed; and, consequently, can convey to the mind no information from without. I touch him—rather roughly; but he is insensible of the contact. I whisper—I speak loudly: he hears me not. The light of my candle flares on his eye-ball, through the half-opened lid; but his powers of vision are not roused into exertion. His powers of smell are not excited on exposure to fragrant, or even stimulating odours; and—though, of course, the experiment would be rather difficult—I may fairly infer, that his organs of taste for a while forego their operation. I gaze on this strange figure—a man cut off, *pro tempore*, from all intercourse with the external world—a substantial abstraction; and may I not well be amazed, when, on suddenly awakening the subject of my speculations, he peevishly exclaims, "Why did you disturb me? I have been dreaming gloriously? You have plucked me from a paradisaical scene of fruits, and flowers, and golden sunlight—fragrant odours, bewitching melody—from throngs of playful sylphs and houris;—why did you awake me?" I do insist upon it, that this circumstance—dreaming—affords a very powerful evidence of the soul's immortality, and a capacity for a separate existence.

We have thus seen, that the mind is deprived of the assistance of the senses, and, as

it were, locked up in a dark dungeon. Yet, is it in this state inert?—Far from it. Although excluded from the perception of external objects, the imagination roves amidst scenes of incessantly varying splendour. Next to imagination—if it be not before—the most powerful faculty called into exertion is—memory. It flares its torch amidst all its avenues of secret and long-cherished images and associations; whilst imagination moulds them into innumerable gorgeous and grotesque combinations. The researches of memory are very deep; it often elicits a series of impressions, which, like figures on the sea-shore, one fancied the tide of active mental exertion had long since obliterated. I have often been startled, when, on waking, I have found that a train of thoughts—which I afterwards recollected to have flitted through my mind many, many years ago—has started into sudden and vivid reminiscence in my last night's dream.

Wolfius supposes that dreams originate in a preternatural irritation of the organs of sensation; that those of smell, touch, or taste—or sight or hearing—communicate information in some secret and inexplicable manner, and thus superficially arouse the lethargic faculties, and call them into confused and irregular exertion. This hypothesis is explaining *ignotum, per ignotius*, and goes but a very little way towards elucidating the phenomena of dreaming. The very first aspect is misty and indistinct, and so far partakes of the character of dreams. Other physiologists would persuade us, that, in dreaming, the mind is to be considered as in a state of *delirium*.—Sleep, say they, is attended by a collapse of the brain, during which its nerves are unable to carry on the communication between the mind and the organs of sensation; and, when only half the brain is thus collapsed, we are neither asleep nor awake, but in a sort of delirium between the two; and this (say they) is dreaming.—This theory supposes the mind to be incapable of action without the aid of sensation, and would represent dreams to be merely a confused chaos of images—*disjecta membra* of real and artificial objects—which is at variance with the known fact. But it would be endless and supererogatory to discuss the thousand-and-one philosophisms to which dreams have given birth.

In dreaming, the mind is passive: unattended by the will, ideas glide on before the fancy, like leaves and straws on the surface of a rapid river. This state of the mind has been happily compared, by an able writer, to a person sitting at a window, who idly stares at the crowd passing before him—but has no influence on those who are running to and fro, passing and repassing, or standing still before him. And—"Tales sunt aquæ," says Pliny, somewhere in his Natural History, "*qualis terra, per quam flumit.*" It is the same river whose surface glitters in the rich sunlight of noon, and, in a few hours, booms through dreary darkness. The consonance existing between one's sleeping and waking thoughts, is known to every man's experience. The heated imagination of the lover transports him into the presence of his mistress; and he chaunts, in the still moonlight, beneath her

vine-wreathed lattice;—the snaky statesman wriggles his tortuous folds through the inexplicable labyrinth of his endless plots and counter-plots, and outwits half the courts of Europe in a night;—a Napoleon climbs the blood-slippery hill of his ambition, timing his steps to the thunder of the distant cannonade, and wakes while the laurel is binding on his brow;—the philosopher returns to his fire-fed alembic, or confounds himself with the fancied trisection of the triangle, or quadrature of the circle;—the knave runs his customary round of chicanery, and awakes in the pillory or the halter. When the pious and learned Chrysostom dreamed—immured in the solemn solitude of his monastic cell—he did not launch into the libidinous latitude of sensual indulgence, but trod in the ensanguined footsteps of his bleeding Master—fainting, though glorying, in his “cross and reproach.” The pale scholar does not tramp to the exchange or the market; nor does a R— hunt, with aching brain, after the Greek metres, or the Æolic digamma.

It is also certain, that the state of a person's health, and the manner in which the vital functions are carried on, exert a considerable influence in determining the character of dreams. The atrabilious invalid stares with dim jaundiced eyes on shrouds and funeral processions; and the obese carcass of the dyspeptic alderman groans beneath the hideous incubus of ten thousand turtles. A friend of mine—a classical young spark, as it were—in a recent fit of the hypochondriasis, beheld, written every where—on night-cap, bed-clothes, curtains, wainscot, windows—every where grinned those hateful lines—“*Pallida mors æquo, pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.*” If he sat down to dinner—if he went out—his eye was sure to settle on something inscribed with the hateful words, “*Pallida mors!*” Though this was a dream, he has mortally loathed poor old Horace ever since.

I have often compared the mind, when dreaming, to a harp, sending forth fitful and mysterious melody, beneath the superficial undulations of the midnight wind; but, at length, the impulse becomes gradually louder and stronger—till, by the sudden and startling recollection of some thrilling passage of past life, the whole internal mechanism of the mind is disturbed, and the sleeper awakes in consternation. Or, it may be compared to a mirror, held up to some dim, mysterious, and unearthly scenery—and reflecting transient images of ghastly horror, or regal splendour, linked and commingled with all that is ludicrous and grotesque in nature. An ingenious friend near me, to whom I happened to mention the subject of my thoughts, compares the mind to that once-popular plaything—the kaleidoscope; in which tube the due collocation of a few simple pieces of coloured glass, will afford an incalculable number of changes.

There is one more fact connected with the economy of dreams, which I cannot omit to notice. It is universally supposed, that, if the mind is more than ordinarily occupied and excited with some subject of intense and overwhelming interest, this is sure to become the theme of dreaming;—*e. g.* a man is condemned

to die on this day fortnight. Instead of meditating on the interesting fact—*quotidie quot-noctibusque*—behold, his excursive imagination can settle on any subject except that of his approaching dissolution, and lead him many an *ignis fatuus* dance to scenes of past gaiety and happiness. Witness the case of Thurtell, to which I alluded at the commencement of this article. So it is with myself. When my mind has been hourly, daily, and monthly fixed in intense contemplation on some object of high concernment, I have been amazed to think that I have never once dreamed of it; whilst, on the contrary, a casual and almost imperceptible impression received in the day-time, has afforded occupation to my erratic fancy all the night long. I have been frequently puzzled by this anomaly.

—It so came to pass, that, once upon a time, I was sitting pensively in my study. The wind blustered without, and the rain spit on the closed shutters, as though envious of the merry blazing fire, whose comfortable light flickered fitfully over many a solemn folio ranged round. On my desk lay an ancient copy of the Stagyrte's *Metaphysics*. His subtleties had fairly done me, as the saying is:—*so—quid multa?*—after half an hour of irrepressible oscitancy, I fell into an abstraction, *i. e.* asleep. I experienced a strange momentary shudder, as I felt myself in rapid motion; but whether upward or downward, I could not divine. At length, I found myself sitting at the porch of an ancient temple. A strange light beamed through its colossal pillars and architraves. I entered, and looked about me. On several of the pillars were bound slips of parchment, inscribed with Greek: one of them was—

μῆδεν ἴκ' τοῦ μὴ ὄντος γίνεσθαι· μῆδεν ἴκ' τοῦ μὴ ὄντος φθιγγέσθαι,*

and, from other similar passages, I concluded the place in which I stood to be the scene of philosophical discussions. Whilst I was gazing around me, and wondering at the profound stillness which every where prevailed, I beheld, at the further end of a long vista, a strange figure approaching, with rapid but noiseless steps. In a twinkling, he was at my side. His face was of a cadaverous, or rather bronzed hue; and his unearthly eyes “burned like two decaying stars.” The crown of his head was bald; and a few straggling, dirty-looking locks hung carelessly behind. He had a coarse dark cloak, confined by a broad leathern girdle.

“What think you of the metempsychosis?—what think you of the metempsychosis, my good friend?” inquired the stranger, with startling abruptness.

“The metempsychosis—metempsychosis!—hem! hem! There *may* be something in it,” stammered I.

“Pshaw!” replied the stranger, hastily; “do you believe in spiritual interchanges? Are you of the creed of my worthy friend, Pythagoras?”

“Why, I have not exactly made up my mind on that subject; it is deep and difficult,” said I, striving to collect my scattered wits.—“But,

* Democritus.

if it please you, may I inquire who or what you are?"

"Humph!—I?" replied the stranger, passing his pale and sinewy hand over his brow; "I am many persons at once—one successively, and two interchangeably—and so on, as it were. Dost thou understand me?"

"Excellent!—excellent! well!" replied I, striving to laugh at what I conceived to be the old man's drollery. However, he went on rapidly.

"Who am I, i'faith?—I was once Hesiod; then I migrated into Confucius; from thence into Aristotle. I then animated the carcass of an old ass, ridden by Epictetus; but shifted my quarters into Ptolemy—till I was weary of sines, and tangents, and ellipses. But, in short, I have to make thee a proposal: if thou wilt be me, I will be thee; we will reciprocally animate one another. What sayest thou? Shall we come into one another, and each be somebody else?" (!!!)

—"Obstupui steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."

This interesting but inexplicable proposal well nigh unmanned me.—"Come into one another, and each be somebody else!"—Forsooth! was ever such a thing heard of before? I had rather too great a partiality to myself, to give myself away in this hasty manner. How did I know but that, if I once opened the gate, I might commence an almost endless series of migrations, and end in a flea? However, on pondering the proposal in my mind, it struck me that he might possibly be some person worth interchanging lots with. What might be his wisdom—what his power?

"If I thought it were worth my while——" said I, stammering.

—"In short, you want to know whether such an old fellow as I, am worth changing with?"

"Exactly."

"Then a trial would set you at ease—eh? What would you wish to know?"

Just the issue I wanted. Now it must be known, that my thoughts had been long occupied on an inquiry into the relative claims to profundity of wisdom, which had been allowed to certain great men figuring in the philosophy of my country. I told him this.

"Very good, i'faith! a modest demand! But you shall be gratified for once—and then for the metempsychosis."

With a faint smile, I followed whither he led me, to a large chamber in the interior of the temple—if such it might be called: over the entrance of which glittered, in golden letters,

‘ΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΒΑΘΥΤΗΤΕΣ.’

I scarcely know how to describe the odd, but striking scene that presented itself. From what seemed a ceiling above, through innumerable punctures, depended a vast number of ropes, of different degrees of thickness, to the extremities of which were attached little golden buckets. When I looked beneath, I beheld a stupendous profundity of space, as it were, illuminated with mild but clear effulgence, whose source could be no where dis-

cerned. The deeper seemed the brighter. Many of the ropes were knotted and twisted together; and some descended to a little depth, and then were enveloped in little clouds, through which their buckets were scarcely visible; these were sceptics—who knew enough to cloud their intellects, and no more. But I am anticipating.

After gazing on this strange scene in silent wonder, I inquired of my conductor—"What can be the meaning of all these bell-ropes?"

"Each rope is the measure of the wisdom of any given philosopher. Do you see that central rope, of immense length and thickness? It is Sir Isaac Newton's."

I remembered the "PRINCIPIA," and looked with reverence. But I observed with surprise, that, within a few feet of its commencement, it deviated from its rectilinearity, towards another rope, at a little distance, and of equal thickness, round which it coiled several times; but it soon reached its extremity, and then, in solitary strength and magnificence, depended to an amazing depth. Its golden bucket hung incalculably lower than any of the thousand-and-one glittering around, like so many planets.

"What is indicated by the deviation from the perpendicular towards another rope, to which it seems to cling for support, in Sir Isaac Newton's rope?" said I anxiously.

"That a considerable share of his discoveries was stolen from another. You observe, it leaves its own track, and goes to another, round which it twines for support."

"And whose rope may that be?" I inquired, with somewhat scornful incredulity.

"Good old JACOB BEHMEN. Do you know any thing of my friend Jacob's *Three Properties of Eternal Nature*, most learned disciple?" inquired the stranger, with a bitter and subtle smile.

This question rather staggered me. I certainly was familiar enough with the name of Behmen—but entirely innocent of any acquaintance with the writings of that mysterious philosopher. So I answered sheepishly—striving to appear as though I did not choose the extent of my acquirements to be known at once—in the negative.

"Go, then, and read them—and understand, if you can," said the old man. "But you see, Sir Isaac soon leaves the leading-string of Behmen, and plunges alone to a depth that is bewildering—to you, at least."

My attention was now directed to a huge cable of four-fold thickness, to whose extremity was attached a broad and comprehensive golden bucket; it reached the nearest to Sir Isaac's depth; its chief distinction was, that innumerable little ropes clung round it for a few feet down.

"And what means this?" I inquired.

"That rope signifies the wisdom of Lord Chancellor Bacon;" and the old man's eye kindled, and his shrunk frame seemed to swell, at the mention of that lofty name.—"Here you may behold the substratum of all the philosophy of yonder earth."—"Yonder earth!" thought I, and trembled.—"His is the oak, and your modern philosophers are the tendrils of the ivy clasped round it. He possessed the key of cre-

ation; he unlocked its deepest mysteries; and thousands have followed him—but forgotten their great guide."

I observed many curious things connected with this rope of Bacon's—particularly that, round it, were closely wreathed and twisted the ropes of many great personages, who have hitherto passed as men of profound and original research, but whose names it would not be decorous to mention. At a little distance was my *Lord Bolingbroke's* rope, which, after dangling a little way down in a zig-zag fashion, ended in a confused and unseemly knot, with that of *Lord Shaftesbury*. *Lord Monboddo's* hung down with a lanky, unmeaning curve, very like—(*parvis componere magna*)—the rigid tail of a dead ape. On looking above, there seemed to be an absolute forest of little ropes (pardon the comparison!), reaching only one or two feet from the ceiling: these belonged to the mere *tirones*, or ducklings of science.

I was gazing thoughtfully on this whimsical spectacle, when the old man abruptly called me away to behold his CABINET OF SECRETS, as he called it. After passing through many a dim avenue, we entered a sort of laboratory, where were all sorts of philosophical instruments—as dials, astralobes, compasses, quadrants, alembics, &c. &c. But there was one quarter more interesting than any other of this mystic chamber. On a few shelves, which were defended by a stout grating, were divers little silver boxes, on each of which were inscribed certain characters, declaratory of their contents.

"Here," said my companion, "are all those great secrets in literature and philosophy, which, like so many *ignes fatui*, have led learned men into clouds and darkness—till, despairing of success, they have sunk into quagmires of doubt and error, or toppled headlong down the precipice of presumptuous disbelief. Here are all those *magna studii industriaque præmia*, which have turned men's heads, from Plato down to David Hume. I know them all; yet they afford me no pleasure. Verily, to me they seem nothing else than as the gilded toys of an infant. I often sit unseen by the profound and laborious philosopher, and view with pity his fruitless investigations after mysteries! which must ever be occult, till"—(and here a strange smile flitted over his ancient features)—"till they cease to toil beneath the incumbrance of mortality."

My curiosity was whetted to agony as the old man, with a somewhat melancholy air, concluded his brief interpretation of that which lay before me. I peered anxiously through the grating, and distinguished a number of small packets, as it were, or small boxes; one of which bore the letters, "*Solution of the Eleanian Mysteries*;" another, "*Transmutation of Metals*;" another, "*Author of Junius*;"—"Quad-

rature of the Circle"—"*Mind and Matter*"—"Elizir of Life."

"Now, which of these should you wish to know?" asked the old man.

I had lately taken some interest in the controversies respecting the identity of "*Junius*:" so I answered directly—

"Let me know the author of *Junius*."

He opened the grating, and reached down the box which contained the object of my wishes. It felt ponderously heavy, in comparison of its magnitude. I opened it—when a great toad leaped out; and I let fall the box with disgust.

"And this suffices, at present, to amuse the curious in your world," said the old man, reaching down a box inscribed, "*North-West Passage*." I opened it with great curiosity—but found only a little smoke! "I wish Captain Parry knew this!" thought I, as my eye fixed on a small, dingy-hued box, which bore the magical superscription, "*Human Happiness*!" "Let me know but that, and I am content," I asked, in an earnest and imploring tone. He fixed on me an inexplicable, soul-searching glance, and then reached me the wondrous packet; but he no sooner put it into my hand, than he spit furiously in my face; his countenance was frightfully metamorphosed into the hideous snout of a boar—he leaped upon me—his tusks crunching over my shoulder; and we both fell down—down—down—

—Behold, my fire was out, and my candle flickering fitfully in the socket, diffusing a disagreeable odour.

Q. Q. Q.

From the Retrospective Review.

1. *The Primitive Liturgy and Eucharist, according to the Institution of Christ and his Apostles, for the use of the Oratory.*—Small 8vo. 5th edition, London, 1727.
2. *A Guide to the Oratory.*
3. *Oratory Transactions, by I. Henley, M.A.* London, 1728.
4. *First Sermon Preached at the Opening of the Oratory.*
5. *The Oratory Magazine*, 1748.
6. *The Victorious Stroke for Old England.—The Informer's Winding Sheet, or Nine Oaths for a Shilling*, 1748.
7. *Law and Arguments in Vindication of the University of Oxford.*

It not unfrequently happens, that the abilities of men of real talent are rendered inefficient to any useful purpose, by their rashly quitting the beaten track of life in which they were originally all destined to walk. Many a one also, who, in extension of views, has surpassed the age in which he lived, has precluded the benefits which his speculations might have bestowed upon the public at large, by the impudence and eccentricity of his conduct: and if the extravagances of an individual of this description have been noted by the pen of the satirist, or the burin of the caricaturist, his actual merits are obscured, and his

* See Monboddo's *Origin of Languages*, &c. —*passim*.

† *Ut ait Cicero*—"Duo vitia vitanda sunt, in cognitionis," etc.—"alterum est vitium, quod quidam nimis magnam operam conferunt, in res obscuras atque difficiles—cas demque non necessarias."—*DE OFFICIIS*.

memory is embalmed in the bitter condiment of ridicule alone.

These remarks are exemplified in the fate of a man, of whom every body has read, but of whose history, character, and acquirements, the great mass of readers are utterly ignorant. Let not the gentle reader start, when we tell him that the man to whom we allude is Orator Henley, who stands, and will for ever stand, exposed in the adamantine pillory of Pope. In consequence of the severe revenge inflicted on this literary and theological experimentalist by the irritated poet, his name is connected with the idea of mere ignorance, charlatanism, and impudence. But from the materials which lie before us, and a list of which is given at the head of this article, we are convinced that Henley was a man of learning, that he entertained just notions of the extent to which religious liberty ought to be carried, that he was sensible of the defects of the system of academical instruction in England; and that, if the questionable shape in which he appeared before the public disqualified him from effecting a reformation in those institutions, he is entitled to the merit of having, at an early period, pointed out the expediency of an amelioration in their constitution. This position will be best evinced by a narrative of his life, which we have compiled from authentic documents of rare occurrence, and which, we trust, will not be uninteresting to our readers.

John Henley was born at Melton Mowbray, in the county of Leicester, on the 3d of August, 1692. He was a genuine son of the church, his father and his grandfather, by the mother's side, having been vicars of his native place. His paternal grandfather, who was educated among the dissenters, at the time of the Civil wars, but conformed at the Restoration, was also in holy orders, and held the rectory of Salmonby and Thetford, in Lincolnshire. Young Henley learned the rudiments of literature at the free school of Melton, then kept by Mr. Daffy, "a diligent and expert grammarian," under whose instructions he distinguished himself by his rapid progress in the studies adapted to his age. From this seminary he was removed to the freeschool at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, where he was put under the tuition of Mr. Wright, a celebrated Greek and Hebrew scholar, and where his improvement was also much promoted by the kind attentions of the usher, the Rev. Mr. Weston. Here he assiduously cultivated the graces of English and Latin poetry, and made considerable advances in the knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

His father did not fall into the error of sending him at too early a period to the University; for it was not till he had attained the age of seventeen that he was transferred from St. John's College, in Cambridge, where he passed his examination on admission with distinguished applause. In this famous seminary, he went through the stated process of education, and regularly took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts. At this time, however, his restless and inquisitive spirit seems to have revolted against established institutions; for "here," says his friend, Mr. Welstead, "he began to be uneasy, that the art of thinking

regularly on all subjects, and for all functions, was not the prevailing instruction. He was impatient that systems of all sorts were put into his hands ready carved out for him, and that he incurred the danger of losing his interest, as well as incurring the scandal of heterodoxy and ill principles, if, as his genius led him, he freely disputed all propositions, and called all points to account, in order to satisfy and convince his own reason. It shocked him to find that he was *commanded* to believe against his judgment, in points of logic, philosophy, and metaphysics, as well as religion; and that a course of mathematics was the least, if any, part of the usual academical education. He was always impatient under the fetters of the free-born mind, and privately resolved, some time or other, to enter his protest against any person's being bred like a slave who is born an Englishman."

These rebellious cogitations, however, he, in all probability, at this time kept concealed in the recesses of his own bosom, since, when he had commenced bachelor of arts, he was appointed, by the trustees of Melton school, as usher, and afterwards as head master, of that seminary; which, under his auspices, speedily rose from a state of decline to great celebrity. And it may be remarked, that, in introducing into the system of school-discipline which he organized on his promotion to the mastership, the practice of improving elocution, by the daily public recital of orations and of passages of the classics, he evinced that love of display which gave a turn to the future fortunes of his life. That he did not, however, confine his attention to superficial accomplishments, is evinced by the fact, that during his residence at Melton, in the quality of master of the free school, he commenced a great work, which he entitled the "Universal Grammar," in which he analysed the rationale of ten languages. This work he afterwards published, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle. About this time, he also published a poem founded on the story of Queen Esther, which was well received, and contains, indeed, many spirited and highly-wrought passages.

Whatever objections Henley might have to the discipline of the University, his dread of spiritual slavery did not deter him from entering into the church; for he was ordained deacon by Dr. Wake, Bishop of Lincoln, and, in due time, he was admitted to priests orders by Dr. Gibson, who succeeded Wake in that see. The matter of the subscription requisite to admission into holy orders in the church of England, he seems to have got over by the disingenuous plea, adopted by too many even at the present day, that "if every man is obliged to subscribe, (according to some doctors) in that sense which he thinks most consistent with the Scripture, any man may subscribe on those terms; and till the church of England declares in what particular sense any candidate for orders shall sign her decrees, that sense stands on equal authority with that of any private determination." When the orator had risen to notoriety, he offered to maintain this latitudinarian principle in a public disputation.

This business of subscription is, indeed, en-

compassed with difficulties. It seems but reasonable, that a community should be vested with power to prescribe the terms upon which any individual shall be admitted into it as a member. But when honours and emolument are in question, it is by no means an easy task to devise a form of profession which ingenuity, when attended by little scrupulosity, cannot render a dead letter. When we take into consideration the wide difference which subsists between the evangelical and the orthodox clergy of the present day, we must be convinced that subscription does not secure that uniformity of doctrine which it is intended to effect; and we very much doubt whether Bishop Marsh's eighty explanatory propositions will completely fence the ecclesiastical fold from the intrusion of the wolf.

On taking orders, Mr. Henley undertook the duty of assistant curate in his native town; and we may conclude that he was, from the beginning of his clerical career, a popular preacher, from the circumstance that, during his residence at Melton, he was called upon to preach many occasional discourses, and, particularly, an assize sermon at Leicester, before Mr. Dodd and Mr. Justice Pratt.

The ambition of Henley was not, however, satisfied with the narrow sphere of operations afforded him in the country, and, in the course of a little time after he began to exercise the clerical functions, he resigned his mastership and his curacy, and repaired to London, furnished, as we are told, by above thirty letters of recommendation from the most considerable men in the county of Leicester, both of the clergy and the laity. He also brought with him to the metropolis, the still more weighty patronage of "an agreeable purse of gold," which he had saved by his industry and good husbandry. Upon his arrival in London, he readily embraced every opportunity of displaying his talents, by doing duty for his brethren who were indolent, sick, or absent. The fame which he thus acquired drew upon him the notice of Dr. Burscough, who chose him his assistant preacher in the chapels of Ormond-street and Bloomsbury. This situation he held for a considerable time, during which period he increased his income and acquired reputation as a scholar, by publishing his grammar, and by translating some of Vertot's works from the French, and Pliny's Epistles from the Latin. These literary efforts obtained for him the favour of that distinguished patron of learned men, the Earl of Macclesfield, who, in the year 1723, presented him to the living of Chelmondiston, in Suffolk. This living was worth £80 a-year; but, having obtained a dispensation from residence, he provided a curate, who performed all the duty of preaching, praying, christening, burying, &c. for an annual stipend of twenty pounds.

While the curate was thus toiling for so scanty a recompense, the rector was making, as we say in modern times, "a great sensation" in London. His style of preaching was, as he himself acknowledges, "much out of the common road." He committed his sermons to memory, enlivened them with declamation and pathos, and endeavoured to commend their delivery by all the graces of studied action. In

short, he was the Irving of his day. It is not to be wondered at, then, if he became extremely popular, and was a powerful preacher of charity sermons; and that "double, nay, oftentimes, treble was the sum collected from his manner of persuading alms-giving, than when any dignified *Don* mounted the same pulpit, either before or after him." In defence of his manner of preaching, which soon became a subject of severe animadversion to those who were bigotted adherents to ancient systems and old practices, he preached a sermon in the church of St. George the Martyr, which he printed under the following title: "The History and advantage of Divine Revelation, with the honour that is due to the Word of God, especially in regard to the most perfect manner of delivering it, formed on the ancient laws of speaking and action; being an essay to restore them. Published at the request of many of the audience." The title-page of this sermon was adorned by a copperplate engraving of St. Paul preaching with the action of an orator, with this motto, *Paulum videre predicantem rotum Augustini*. The latter part of this publication contains a sensible and temperate vindication of the impressive delivery of pulpit discourses. The essence of the principles which it maintains is comprised in the following passage:

"Sacred eloquence consists in a delivery of the truths of God in the most just, forcible, and complete manner. No man speaks, looks, and behaves himself in the same manner, when he is angry as when he is pleased; when he loves as when he detests; and it would be very absurd to mention the pains of hell with a gay aspect; to press the fear of God with an air of negligence; or to exhibit and persuade in the posture of forbidding and of rebuke. As this infers a necessary variety in proper speaking and gesture, so the advantages of it are great and manifold. It awakens, draws, and fastens the attention; it works most sensibly on the understanding, the memory, the imagination, and the affections; it conveys instruction with more force and delight, and attains all the ends of public speaking in the most entire and effectual manner."

They who quit the common highway of any of the liberal professions, expose themselves to the severity of the keenest criticism; and the man who spreads all sail to catch the breeze of popular applause is sure to encounter sunken rocks and shoals through which it is almost impossible for him to steer his course with safety. The popularity of Henley as a preacher excited the jealousy of many of his brethren, whom he, indeed, provoked, by characterizing them as "hum-drum drones." The serious portion of the community condemned his style of delivery as theatrical; and it is the bent of high ecclesiastical authorities, to regard with suspicion the proceedings of clergymen who study to throw themselves for support and patronage on the favour of the people. Hence, detraction was busied in slandering the private life of the orator. His moral character was impeached by whisperings and backbitings, to which many were ready to lend a willing ear. How far the imputations, at this time levelled against Henley, were true, it is impossible now

to decide. He was popular;—but popularity is no sure test of correctness of conduct in an eloquent divine. Dr. Dodd was a favourite preacher, to the very moment when he committed a capital crime, in order to repair the dilapidation of his fortune, which was caused by extravagance and dissipation. At the same time, we must receive with caution the allegations of personal enemies, and of competitors for fame, who are outshone by the superior lustre of a successful rival. The reports to Henley's disadvantage seem to have induced one of his patrons to decline fulfilling a promise which he had made him, to give him a living in London; but his diocesan, on receiving complaints against him, exercised no farther severity than that of requiring him, in the year 1725, to quit the metropolis, and reside at his living of Chelmondston.

In these circumstances, Henley did not hesitate as to the resolution which he should take. He proudly answered, that "it was beneath him to hold what it was in the complainant's power to take away,"—and resigned both his rectory and his lectureship.

The world was now before him; and he was left to his own resources. Fond of a London life, and looking upon the capital as the only theatre worthy of the exhibition of his powers, he determined to exercise his gift of preaching independently of ecclesiastical control. He, accordingly, rented a building in Newport market, which he fitted up as a place of public worship, under the name of the Oratory, and licensed it under the Toleration Act, as a dissenting meeting-house. This conventicle was highly ornamented. The pulpit, which is celebrated by Pope, was covered with scarlet velvet, richly fringed with gold. Over the altar-piece was written, in letters of gold, *THE PRIMITIVE EUCHARIST*. The emoluments of the preacher were principally derived from the seat-rent paid by annual subscribers; to each of whom was delivered a medal, the device of which was a star rising to the meridian, with the motto—*AD SUMMA*; and below, *INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM*. From casual auditors, he levied an admission-fee of one shilling. In defending himself against the vituperations of his adversaries, who had animadverted upon his enforcing these contributions from his audience, he illustrates his argument by the following anecdote. "Where, then, is the mighty difference of paying (for pay is the word in every church and chapel in London) weekly or quarterly. Neither can I suppose you to be ignorant of the well known and true story of my Lord Rochester's going with another nobleman, to the parish-church of sweet St. Giles's in the Fields, to hear Dr. Sharp, late Archbishop of York. The two peers went *incog*.:—but, as strangers, could not gain admittance into any of the lower aisles. Upon which, my Lord Rochester run up stairs, clapt a shilling into the blower's hand, and got into the organ loft; and looking down and seeing his friend at last seated, he called out to him—'My Lord,' says he, 'what do you pay for the Pit? I have paid a shilling for the Upper Gallery.'"—It is, indeed, matter of scandal that the private appropriation of pews, and the levying of a tax upon casual auditors who cannot, or will

not, endure the fatigue of standing, during a long service, tend to banish from our churches, especially from those of the metropolis, the poor and needy—those who have precisely the most occasion for religious instruction and religious consolation.

Though Henley, by procuring a license for his Oratory as a place of worship under the Toleration Act, declared himself a dissenter from the established church, he did not join any of the multitudinous sects which then existed in England, but endeavoured to trace out for himself and for those who might become his followers, under the designation of Henleyarians, a new path at once to fame and to heaven. Being attached to forms of prayer, which circumstance would of itself exclude him from the communion of the great body of the dissenters of that day, he drew up, for the use of his congregation, a formulary comprising three services for the morning, and one evening service, which, under the title of the "Primitive Liturgy," he caused to be printed in a beautiful black-letter type with real Rubrics, the directions for the conduct of the public worship practised in his conventicle being printed in red ink. To these services is appended the form of administering the sacrament, under the designation of the "Primitive Eucharist." This word "Primitive" he adopted as the strongest recommendation of his system and form of worship, which he professed principally to have copied from ancient liturgies, and especially from the Apostolical Constitutions, the genuineness of which, though disputed by many learned men, he stoutly and peremptorily maintained. With one stroke of his pen he got rid of the creed of St. Athanasius, which he affirmed "was not made by him, was never seen till 400 years after the death of Athanasius, and not received in the church till about 1000 years after Christ." With the same decision he also expunged the Nicene creed. For these formularies of faith, he substituted two creeds taken from the Apostolical Constitutions. Instead of the Trinitarian "Gloria Patri," he adopted the heterodox one—"Glory be to the Father, through the Son and in the Holy Ghost," which form, he maintained, was used by "the first Fathers, at latest till the beginning of the first age." This innovation upon the established ritual certainly savours strongly of Arianism: and the creed which he introduced into his first service is completely Arian. He, however, positively disavowed all partiality to the heresies of the great opponent of Athanasius, cunningly and equivocally averring that his doxology and his creeds "were used throughout the church long before Athanasius was born." In some few passages of his Liturgy, too, we may distinguish a faint shadow of Trinitarianism; whence it may be concluded, that if he had any fixed opinions as to the Christian doctrine, he was what we believe is called, in the technical language of theological controversy, a Trimmer—that is, he adopted phrases of doubtful import, which people of different sentiments might interpret in their own respective sense. He appears, also, to have endeavoured to entice stray dissenters into his fold, by observing that his services

were "recommended," not "imposed," and that he was by no means hostile to extempore prayer, the free use of which he indulged in the prayer introductory to the sermon. As to the rest, his services are reasonably short; as he observes, with some appearance of justice, that the ritual of the established church, being an amalgamation of three different services, is rather tedious. His prayers and collects are well composed, being, indeed, principally translated from ancient forms; and the additional matter consisting, almost entirely, of Scripture expressions; and in the eucharistic service there prevails a solemnity and dignity, and sometimes a sublimity, which is not a little striking. As to the sacrament, he vindicated its weekly and even daily administration by the medium of unleavened bread and mixed wine, which he deemed so essential to the rite, that without them he asserted the ceremony was no sacrament at all. Henley opened his Oratory in Newport Market on Sunday, July 3d. 1726, with a sermon on Isaiah lii. 15. "That which hath not been told them, they see; and that which they have not heard, shall they consider." From these words, which must be allowed to be appropriate, the preacher took occasion to explain and vindicate his new system of worship. "To retrieve," says he, "the morning lustre of gospel truth, and dispel the shadows of modern error, is the aim of one branch of the institution we now celebrate, as a more perfect establishment in favour of universal knowledge than has occurred either in this or any nation, is the other part of it. These, though in themselves as ancient as the understanding of men and the beginning of Christianity, yet, represented and applied in the view now intended, are in a great degree to us new, and in a public light unconsidered. But then, originally, the use of letters and the dispensation of our Christian covenant were new. The sacred volumes of our faith are called expressly the New Testament: so that it is not the seeming particularity, but the truth and justness of an undertaking, that is, in all respects, to be regarded."

In opening the grounds and reasons of his proposed innovations on the established faith and worship, he uses the following decisive language.

"To an attentive eye, curious to search the merits of this argument, a growing number of modern deviations from the elder principles would rise up: as to our very Bibles, the code of Scripture, the rule of faith; the instituted matter of essence, and form of the sacrament; the subordination of particular synods to general councils, in point of authority; the nullity of the English orders, (and the entire dependence of the church upon the state, in consequence of the nullity, overthrowing what some argued about the distinct and indelible character in a late famous case before the House of Lords) by comparing the clause by which only Matthew Parker was consecrated, with the express consecrations of antiquity, which only can be true episcopal commissions; the coercive power of the Church, unknown to the first ages, over the bodies, lives, and fortunes of men; the admitting those to baptism who were catechumens, making baptism essential with-

out an apostolical mission; the making human decisions, creeds, constitutions, and articles of faith, and as necessary parts of religion as revelations from God; the corruptions and ill consequences flowing from fixed possessions, annexed only to certain uncertain schemes of religion, and calling those corruptions, possessions, and schemes all together the Church, &c. These will yield sufficient matter at present to ruminate upon; and the rest I refer to my articles and future representations. This, in the Scripture phrase, might be thought a brand plucked out of the fire; but another Scripture commandeth, that truth and peace must attend upon each other. Our drift would be, in the most calm and rational manner, to revive a due veneration for those good old days, exalt the genius of the primitive ages, and make them the standard of our religion, as they ought to have been of the Reformation."

Henley showed his skill in anticipating the topic of the firebrand. In thus impugning *en masse* the doctrines of the established church, as varying from the tenets of the primitive fathers, in hinting objections to the magnitude of its revenues, and in challenging the validity of its orders, he certainly afforded strong grounds to his adversaries to raise an outcry against him as an incendiary. With regard to the doctrines of the Church, this is high matter, with which we have no inclination to meddle; nor shall we discuss the expediency of the wealth of its endowments. As to the invalidity of Matthew Parker's ordination, however, a subject to which Henley seems frequently to have alluded, it may suffice to remark that the regularity of that rite is admitted by the critical acumen of Dr. Lingard, sharpened as that acumen certainly is by hostility against a Church which has stript his own of its honours and emoluments.

Henley still further opened the plan of the devotional services of the Oratory, in a Homily (he was fond of the phraseology of antiquity) on 2 Timothy i. 13, "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me." In this discourse he thus manfully and sensibly defended himself from the imputation of schism.

"As to the first, I would ask this question, Who is a judge between me and God, in the case of my religion? If God has made no such judge, I have as good an authority to prescribe to another as he has to me; and he is, by consequence, as much guilty of a schism from me, as I am from him; if we take different methods of worship. So that the notion of schism falls so far equally on either side, because none has a greater right of judging than another. If reasoning will conclude it, I say, that he who separates from the ancient way of worship of the most primitive church, is guilty of the separation, because the most primitive must be the most true. The church of Rome calls those schismatics, who separate from her, though they plead her errors and corruptions for that separation. But do they therefore think themselves schismatics in the sight of God, because she calls them so? No, say they, we think she is grossly erroneous, and therefore we separate from her; we regard not her charge of schism, because we have reason to

separate, and she has no authority to oblige us to the contrary. I use the same plea. I think the modern churches grossly erroneous, and I therefore divide; and I think he only that separates from the primitive church is guilty of schism; and whom has God made a judge between us, to determine the controversy?—What difference is there between Popery and Protestantism, if, in the Protestant religion, I have not the liberty to judge for myself, or if a man be oppressed for his religious opinions? If a Protestant church sets up a right of judging for others, the Romish church does no more; only the absurdity is, that the former judges for you, without so much as pretending to be more infallible than you are yourself; and the other lays a claim to infallibility; and therefore, to an implicit faith in her followers."

It is to be observed, that in the published pulpit discourses of Henley there occurs nothing ranting or declamatory, nothing which will vindicate any candid reader, in calling him, as he is generally characterized, a clerical jack-pudding. In style, they are clear and precise, and frequently evince no ordinary powers of shrewd argumentation. The orator was evidently well versed in the use of the weapons supplied by scholastic logic, in the wielding of which he seems to delight in manifesting his prowess and his skill. But he uniformly appeals to the reason of his auditors; and hardly ever attempts to move their passions. We may be therefore justified in conjecturing, that his audiences (and they were, for a time at least, numerous) consisted principally of the free thinkers who abounded in all parts of the kingdom, and especially in the metropolis, in the reign of the two first kings of the House of Hanover. These monarchs were regarded with an evil eye by the High-Church party, and were consequently tolerant, if not favourable, to dissenters of every description. Our conjecture as to the description of the people who attended the services of the Oratory is strengthened by the fact, that Welsted was one of Henley's staunch supporters, as appears by a narrative of the preacher's life, which he prefixed to a "Defence of the Oratory, in an Academical Discourse, delivered at Newport Market by Mr. Henley, A. D. 1728, on 2 Cor. vi. 8, 9.—By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true; as dying, and behold we live."

But the enterprising spirit of Henley not only prompted him to these innovations upon the national religion; it also suggested to him the necessity of material reform and improvements in the established system of education. He had long regarded the course of study adopted in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge as defective and confined; and more likely to confirm the human mind in an attachment to ancient errors than to open it to the reception, or to stimulate it to the discovery of truth. Hence he not only established in his Oratory weekly disputations, on subjects relating to theology, morals, and literature, for the conduct of which he drew up an admirable set of rules; but also conceived the idea of connecting with his system an enlarged course of liberal education, of which he proposed him-

self as principal, to superintend the labours of professors, of ability and acquirements, competent to this important task. In short, let not Mr. Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh be startled, when we apprise them, that Orator Henley, in the year 1726, projected a *LONDON UNIVERSITY*. On the expedience, and indeed the necessity, of such an Institution, he thus descants in his opening sermon.

"Pass we now to our Academical undertaking, the subserviency of which to Religion will justify the immediate display we think ourselves obliged to give of it.

"Its design is no less than that of an universal school of science and letters, in theory and practice, for instruction, exercise, and accomplishment, in all the parts of them."

"The want of an University in this capital has been often deplored.

"Europe is the general seat of politeness, and this is the only metropolis which is destitute of an University.

"Its advantage would outweigh every objection; it would be improved by the opportunities of converse and intercourse, the residence of the Court, which is, or ought to be, the supreme standard of elegance—the variety of tastes, pursuits, characters, professions, and a thousand other enlargements.

"The defects, the narrowness, of our usual education might here expect a more probable cure.

"Licentiousness of manners might here be checked by the same restraint, and put under as wholesome discipline, as we experience it elsewhere.

"Nor could it be thought an injury to others, unless they be looked upon as privileged marts of learning, exclusive of other places for the distribution of it, which would be a common injury to all mankind.

"They are bodies corporate, vested by the crown with certain immunities. To invade their rights and to exercise their jurisdiction, to confer their legal qualifications, would be an unnatural offer. But to discharge the office of a preceptor in the sciences they ought to teach, is no encroachment on their tenure: it is rather an enforcement to their main concern, and an addition to their glory.

"But it is our aim to redress the complaints of misconduct in their institution, as well as to supply in some measure the absence of an University in this great city.

"Some exceptions have been taken on this head, which demand a remedy, and should therefore be excused in the mention. Bigotry to a set of notions, a confined way of thinking, a negligence of some of the most useful and polite arts: a management by interest and party, more than an encouragement of genius and industry; a forbidding loftiness and austerity in the ruling part, which tends rather to lessen the relish of virtue and discipline than to promote it, and an enslaving of youth to tests, subscriptions, and forms, which they neither understand, nor believe, nor approve; these and other complaints, with the train of ill consequences flowing from each of them, we would employ our humble endeavours, with the utmost submission, to rectify.

"But our intention is still more extensive;

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to diffuse a taste of literature and just thinking among persons of all ranks and capacities, without the profusion of time and expense, which must attend a more formal application."

In an appendix to a publication of Henley's, entitled "*A Defence of the Oratory*," we find a programme of the course of study, laid down for this projected seminary of learning. It is very comprehensive, promises very largely, and engages, in a moderately short period of time, to enable the pupil to judge and dispute *de omni scibili*. A favourite object with the projector was what he called the revival of ancient eloquence.

"The word of God," says he in his opening Sermon, "should be the savour of life; but inaction is the image of death. Surely, some awful politician, a foe to the energy of preaching, introduced it. Unhappy he, whom neither our schools nor Universities teach to speak, to look, or to move, or even to read properly! To action, all the renown of the ancient orators was owing. This was the great secret, the wonder, the charm, of the famous old eloquence. It was this that shook the Areopagus, the Forum, the Capitol. It was with this, O Demosthenes and Tully! that ye lightened and gave your thunder. Here all the beauties of music and painting are united. Nature is its rule, and art its accomplishment; all the rhetoricians have ever recommended it, and all just speakers have ever practised it. No man ever cavilled at action, but he used it, though perhaps awkwardly, while he railed against it; nor can any be a foe to it, who is a friend to common sense, and a judge of truth and nature."

Henley's University made a figure upon paper, but no where else. We must not, however, look for the cause of its failure in the essence of its scheme. Some twenty years ago, the late Doctor Solomon, of Balm of Gilead memory, established, in the town of Liverpool, a daily newspaper, which lived for a few months, and was then given up for want of encouragement. This experiment cost the Doctor a considerable sum of money, on which circumstance we once heard him remark to a good-natured friend, who kindly reminded him of its failure. "Sir, the project was a good one. Liverpool can support a daily paper; but I was not the man to make it succeed. A newspaper, sir, is a literary production, and I spent a thousand pounds or more in finding out, that my name, though it will recommend the Balm of Gilead, will damn a literary publication." So we say of a London University: the project is good, but Henley was not the man to make it succeed. Under the auspices of the able and influential men who have of late undertaken its execution, we hope it will go on and prosper. In the mean time, let Henley receive his due meed of praise for his early conception of such an institution, and let it be observed that the reasons which he alleges for the expediency of its establishment in the metropolis, are precisely the same as those which have been detailed with so much skill and energy in a journal of our times, of great and deserved celebrity.

Henley experienced the fate of all reformers. He excited against himself a still more nume-

rous host of enemies than before. As he did not spare the church, the church did not spare him. As a professed dissenter, the toleration act shielded him against ecclesiastical censures. When he ceased to be a preacher of the establishment, the jurisdiction of his diocesan over him was at an end. The surrender of his living was the price of his spiritual freedom. But the militant divines, whose ranks he had quitted, exercised against him that unsparing hostility, to which all dissenters are deemed to be justly subject. They renewed their impeachments against his moral character; but he averred that their imputations were as false as they were malignant. They still more loudly than before stigmatized his mode of delivery as theatrical; but he replied that he had adopted it before he had ever seen a theatre, and shrewdly asked, as there were enough of religious dormitories in the metropolis, why should he be blamed for providing one place of worship where people were kept awake?

In his *Guide to the Oratory*, the new hierarch boldly beat up his enemies' quarters. His chief antagonist was Dr. Cobden, chaplain of Somerset House, of whom he says, "this heavy-headed lump of theology has, by an unconnected jumble of stupid rhymes, buried Mr. Addison's memory much deeper than it was in the power of the grave-digger to inter his body." Dr. Trapp, it should seem, had also animadverted upon his principles and proceedings, and he struck a body-blow against the luckless professor of poetry, by quoting, in reference to his celebrated translation of Virgil, the following epigram written by Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford.

"Read the Commandments, Trapp; translate no further;
For there 'tis written—'thou shalt commit no murder.'"

A third opponent appeared in the person of one Wingfield, whom he had formerly employed as his amanuensis, but whom he had been obliged to discharge, as he alleges, "both for his indolence, and his ignorance in writing false Latin and spelling false English." Against this quondam humble coadjutor in his studies, he brings a more serious imputation, by thus giving warning to those whom it might concern of his book-collecting propensities—"whenever he is trusted alone in a gentleman's study, if not looked narrowly after, he will certainly make a library of his own pocket. *Probatum est.*" In this manner the orator carried on the war of words, and certainly was a match for his opponents in the culling of those flowers of rhetoric which are said to flourish at Billingsgate. What little argument was used on this occasion was certainly on his side. He was vilified for exercising the right of private judgment in religion, and the defence of the right of private judgment was an easy task to the shrewdness and practical good sense of Henley, who proceeded boldly in his design, and kept his Oratory open, and preached to numerous audiences, for many years.

He did not, however, become the founder of a religious sect. In the long list of Protestant heresies which a certain wag of a priest last

year read to his astonished flock, in a Catholic chapel in Ireland, we do not find, ranking even with Muggletonians, the tribe of Henleyarians. In point of fact, the orator did not possess the qualifications requisite to organize and to establish a religious sect. He had little or no enthusiasm; so that whatever dogmas he propounded, he laid them down without any appearance of zeal. There was also an indefiniteness in his opinions, which threw suspicion upon his sincerity. His discourses might rise to the paths of moral exhortation, but they were destitute of that mystical raving which is known among religionists by the name of "unction," and contained none of those soul-stirring passages which warm the affections, or alarm the fears, of the commonalty. He was no wholesale dealer in damnation, and did not make heaven or hell the alternative consequence of belief or disbelief in his doctrine. Instead of contracting, he widened the meshes of his creed; and, consequently, if, in his character of fisher for men, he facilitated their entrance into the net of his Church, he also facilitated their exit out of it. As he advanced in his theological career, he dwelt more and more on the praises of reason. "The religion professed here," says he, in a sermon preached in the year 1748, "is that of a RATIONALIST; a practiser of universal right reason, to his capacity on all occasions." Now, in the establishment and confirmation of sects, zeal and passion will beat reason hollow; for, in the affair of religion, men in general want not to be enlightened, but to be moved. Besides, Henley affected no austerity in his manners and conduct. He "came eating and drinking;"—he partook of the pleasures and amusements of life with an eagerness incompatible with the character of a religious reformer. However magnificent, then, were the ornaments of his convective, however gorgeous was the array of his priestly robes—(and in the rubric to the eucharist, he recommends the use of the "splendid vestment,") however graceful was his action, and however tuneful his voice, as his system was not founded on definitive principle, nor recommended by those powerful motives which reach the heart, he failed in his attempt to establish an independent church, as he did in his scheme of an university; and prolonged his existence as a preacher only by the excitement of the public curiosity, which he stimulated by regular advertisements of the subjects which he intended to discuss on each successive Sunday. To render his services the more attractive, he frequently preached upon topics suggested by the transactions of the day, which also formed a more legitimate subject for a lecture and conference which he held on the Wednesday evenings in each week. In these lectures, he professed, in his "programme," to hold a reading on some learned or polite subject, formed on the most natural deduction, to complete a course of human knowledge in the most just and regular method." Though he did not long continue to hold those week-day meetings, he frequently quitted the field of theology on the Sunday, to treat of those miscellaneous topics which the just taste and correct feeling of the generality of modern divines have excluded from the pulpit; and from

time to time harangued upon the political questions which then agitated the public mind. In his handling of these dangerous subjects, he gave outrage to the ministry, whose proceedings he seems to have catechized with so much severity, that in the year 1746, some of their adherents repaired one Sunday evening to the Oratory, where they interrupted the preacher with contumelious language, drew their swords upon those who attempted to turn them out, and forcibly put an end to the service; thus, as Henley pointedly observed, "breaking the laws to preserve the state." Illegal proceedings like this, are attended with little peril to those who break the peace on the side of power. In such cases, the never-failing recipe is to anticipate the complaint of the injured party. In pursuance of this approved method, the rioters circulated a paper purporting to be a record of certain seditious expressions which had been uttered by the orator in the course of his sermons. They also lodged an information against him in the office of Lord Chesterfield, who was then Secretary of State for the home department, and who forthwith issued a warrant for the seizure of the orator and his papers; but after a short detention, Henley was set at liberty, and his papers were restored to him. It should seem, however, that, for some time after, the threats of a prosecution were held over him in "terror;" for, prefixed to a pamphlet which he published in 1748, entitled "*The Victorious Stroke for Old England*," we find an eloquent address to jurymen, exhorting them to take "rational preachers" under their protection. "Let no ill-intentioned or iniquitous superiors, equals or inferiors, friends or foes, judges, justices, or counsellors, by intimidating, cajoling, or sophistical efforts, erroneously incline you against them; and God, angels, and men, your consciences, and your country, will repay you ten thousand fold into your bosom." The pamphlet itself, which is in the form of a series of sermons, contains an able and spirited vindication of the right inherent in British subjects, to canvass with freedom the measures of the king's ministers. The text of his first discourse, being taken from Acts xxxvi. 1., "Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and answered for himself;" he opens his discourse with the following characteristic observation: "In this last verse we have an authority for action in public speaking and preaching, in the example of St. Paul; a proof that it is not in itself theatrical, and that it may not only be used without sin or indecency, but with propriety and force." In the second sermon, he analyses the paper which had been circulated, charging him with sedition, which he answers point by point, insisting upon it, that what he really said on the occasions when these notes were taken, was, when viewed in its connexion with the foregoing and antecedent passages of his discourse, innocent and loyal. The turns which he here gives to some of the allegations against him are strange and ludicrous. For instance, he was charged with influencing the Court of St. Germans, the common topic of the squirearchy of the time, against the Hanover family; but he protested the informer was drunk and mistaken, as, in point of fact, he had ridiculed

the Court of St. Germain's. Again, it was affirmed that the preacher had said, that Mr. Ratcliffe, who, having fled from justice after condemnation in the year 1715, was executed upon his old sentence in 1745, was not properly identified; but he averred that he had only declared that some persons affirmed that Ratcliffe "was not himself" when he was brought up for judgment.

In a third discourse, the orator vindicated the liberty of preaching, from the appropriate text, 1 Samuel xx. 15. "Let not the king impute any thing to his servant, nor to all the house of my father." The essence of this sermon may be found in the following pertinent remarks:

"Sedition is a crime not defined by the law, but one idea of it, as tending to break allegiance, seems to determine it. Allegiance cannot be violated, but by a breach of law; and whoever speaks upon such matters as are looked upon to be public grievances, in order to obtain the redress of them by reason, as a rationalist, cannot possibly be a seditionist, who endeavours this point by force of arms. Though Bishop Hoadley is for measures and degrees of resistance, by speaking of measures of obedience: so that a subject of England by his system (for which he was thanked by the House of Commons,) must always be, in some measure and degree, seditious; because obedience is by measure proportioned to the duty of the civil magistrate, who, not being infallible, must, in some affairs, be liable to err, and justify the like measure of sedition. And the office of a king or government is of a political character. When wrong as such, they are private men; so that he who speaks of them as wrong, does not speak upon king or government, but upon private persons like himself, and never can be guilty of sedition. An elector, or one interested, may speak of the management of his trustee; and a preacher has much more right than the press, by which the greatest men have conveyed their freest sentiments on the most arduous points of public conduct. Moral religion is that of God, being the imitation of his attributes, the height of all religion; and by moral religion every man may be an orator in his own habitation or property. To punish him for it, would be inquisition and popery. He has authority to dissent from and protest against any other, though he be an emperor, who shall tell him what he is, or is not, to preach, or in what manner. If once that restraint be laid, which even the papists do not lay on their priests and monks, there is no protestancy, no religious liberty to a preacher, whose duty and privilege it is to rebuke all vice boldly, in all ranks of men, unmolested."

In the first of this series of sermons, Henley lays down the following judicious canon.

"Words are not actions. Overt words and overt acts differ in themselves and in law. No words whatever ought to be punished, that do not infringe the property, liberty, or reputation, of one who was no aggressor. The reputation of a political officer is what all are concerned (because interested in a trust) to examine and be free with; not that of a private individual: the former is no libel, the latter may be."

In the year 1748, Henley also published the

third number of the "Oratory Magazine," in which he endeavoured again to defend himself against the continued attacks of his opponents. This work contains much mysticism, accompanied by pretty indications of deistical principles, intermixed with specimens of that buffoonery which is so generally supposed to have constituted the whole of his character. As a specimen of the last, we shall quote the following extract, from what he styled a scriptural proof of the propriety of his manner of preaching.

"For boldness in preaching and rebuking all ranks of men, Jer. i. 17, 18. Be not afraid of their forces; whatsoever I command thee; i. e. Right Reason commands thee (St. John calls reason God,) that thou shalt speak. Behold I have made thee a fenced city and an iron pillar, a brazen wall (which Pope, and such scribblers, blasphemously call *bronze* and a *brzen* face; in preaching it is God's command) against the whole land, against the kings and princes, against the priest and people. So Ezekiel iii. 8. Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces; thy forehead strong against their foreheads; as an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead; fear them not, neither be dismayed, though they be a rebellious house."

In the same discourse, he thus vindicated the jocular strain in which he sometimes addressed his auditors:

"For pleasantry, mirth, and ridicule, Prov. iii. 17. Her ways are ways of pleasantness. 2 Kings ii. Elisha ridiculed Baal's priests at the altar. Ps. 2. 4. The Lord shall have them in derision. Ps. c. 5. Serve the Lord with gladness."

This mode of appealing to Scripture, by which any practices whatsoever may be vindicated, was familiarly adopted by the Rentowels and the Macbriars, who beat the "drum ecclesiastic" during the civil wars of Charles I., and to their enthusiasm it may be pardoned. But, in Henley, it was inexcusable. He well knew the futility of his quotations, as to their alleged purpose, and could have only used them to impose upon the ignorant, or to amuse the volatile.

In his attacks on the ministry, he appeared in the odious character of an apostate, as he had for some time published, in their defence, a weekly pamphlet or journal, under the title of the *Hyp Doctor*, for the composition of which he received from the treasury a hundred a year; but which did not evince any considerable degree of ability: his stipend was consequently withdrawn; "hinc ille lacrymæ." He also gained an addition to his income, by occasionally working for the booksellers. The following list of his publications prefixed to the third number of his "Oratory Magazine," which appeared in the year 1748, will evince that he was not an idle man: 1. Scholastic and Academical Exercises in Prose and Verse, English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, from the age of six to fifteen. 2. Sir Isaac Newton's Principles of Philosophy vindicated. 3. Translation of the last parting of Hector and Andromache, and two other Poems. 4. Esther, Queen of Persia, a Poem. 5. A Latin Oration spoken at Melita Mowbray school. 6. The

Complete Linguist, or an universal Grammar of the Languages, and the Art of soon learning any Language. 7. A Funeral Oration spoken at the Interment of the late Duke of Marlborough. 8. A compendious History of Sweden. 9. Translations from the French. 10. Translation of Pliny's Epistles. 11. Montfaucon's Italian Travels, in folio, from the Latin. 12. Version of Mr. Addison's Latin Poems. 13. A new edition of the Duke of Buckingham's Poems. 14. A Supplement to Dean Swift's Miscellanies. 15. Sermons. 16. Errors of Painters, &c. 17. Lectures on various subjects. 18. The Greek, Hebrew, and Ethiopic Inscriptions on the Monuments of the two wives of Sir Samuel Morland, in Westminster Abbey.

The rest of the history of the versatile subject of this memoir will be told in a few words. After carrying on his plan of the Oratory for some years, in Newport Market, he removed his tabernacle to Clare Market. He continued to attract audiences for a longer period than might have been expected. As, however, his physical powers decayed, his popularity decreased, and he died in the year 1756. The satirical verses of Pope, and the notes of the commentator on the Dunciad, have led the public to deny justice to his talents; and the tradition which, on the slight authority of Sir John Hawkins, affixes his name to the jolly clergyman, in Hogarth's *Midnight Modern Conversation*, has perhaps done equal wrong to his moral character. That he was not circumspect in his conduct, we will readily admit; but that he was a mere buffoon, or an abandoned profligate, we are by no means prepared to believe. His works evince a considerable extent of information and great acuteness of perception; and the industry which he must have exerted during the whole of his life, to procure a livelihood, is incompatible with the extreme dissipation with which he is charged by his adversaries.*

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From the Retrospective Review.

A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes. Illustrated with a Map of the Island, as also the principal Trees and Plants there, set forth in their due Proportions and Shapes, drawn out by their several and re-

* The author of the brief life of Henley, in Aikin's *Biographical Dictionary*, asserts, that "he is the principal figure of two of Hogarth's satirical prints. In the first, he is christening a child; and in the other, called 'the Oratory,' he is represented on a scaffold with a monkey by his side, over whom is written the word *Amen*, and a box of pills, and the Hyp Doctor lying beside him;" &c. It may be observed, that no such prints as above described appear in Boydell's collection of the works of Hogarth, which professes to be a complete one. As to the common stories of Henley's buffoonery, such as his instructing the sons of Crispin how to make a pair of shoes in ten minutes, as they rest on no authority, we deem them unworthy to be repeated.

spectice Scales; together with the Ingenio that makes the Sugar, with the Plots of the several Houses, Rooms, and other places, that are used in the whole process of Sugar-making; viz. the Grinding-room, the Boiling-room, the Filling-room, the Curing-house, Still-house, and Furnace; all cut in Copper. By Richard Ligon, Gent. London, 1673.

On the 16th June, 1647, Master Richard Ligon embarked on board the good ship *Achilles*, Thomas Crowder, of London, master, to run a *risco*, as he styles it, all the way to Barbadoes, although as innocent as a born liege of Cockayne of wotting aught of "smooth, rough, and raging seas, and high-going billows," which, he gravely informs us, "are killing to some constitutions!" But need, which, he says, "makes the old wife trot," and which we shrewdly suspect to have been neither more nor less than a bum-bailiff, drove him to the tropics; then, and for fifty years before, the refuge of all the gallants of the day, who found it convenient for their persons to get out of the jurisdiction of Westminster Hall. Our author touched at Madeira, with which he did not appear to have been well contented. He saw strange sights at sea, like Sinbad and other travellers, such as dolphins, which are good eating with spice and wine, flying-fish, and birds roosting upon turtles a yard over, that civilly floated to the top to give them standing-room. Our author is, as we have seen, but a fresh-water sailor. *There is a fish, saith he, called a—*What do our readers think? A triton?—No. A Kraken?—No. A marine Ornithorhynchus?—No. Master Ligon only quotes Horace; he knows nothing of piscine science. "*There is a fish called a SHARK!*" We trust that this information has ever made his readers inexpressibly grateful to the man who could run a *risco* to the New World to find it out. The vessel proceeds to the Cape Verd Islands; but before casting anchor he furnishes us with a quacking theory, which would have made Newton start, although it is amusing from its amazing impudence, with which, indeed, the sciolism of the time was generally paraded.

"In slack winds, and dark nights, we saw nothing under water, but darkness; but in stiff winds, and strong gales, we saw perfectly the keel of the ships; and fishes playing underneath, as lighted by a torch, and yet the nights of equal darkness. Which put me in mind of a point of philosophy I had heard discoursed of, among the learned; that, in the air, rough hard bodies, meeting with one another by violent strokes, rarify the air, so as to make fire. So here, the ship being of a hard substance, and in a violent motion, meeting with the strong resistance of the waves, (who, though they be not hard, yet they are rough, by reason of their saltiness,) do cause a light, though no fire; and I may guess, that that light would be fire, were it not quenched by the sea, in the instant it is made; which in his own element, hath the greater power and predominancy."

At St. Jago, the captain, and some of the passengers and crew, dine with the governor, and our author is nigh falling in love with his

black sultana, who was more beautiful than James the First's Queen Anne "dancing the measures with a baron;" for which comparison, James would certainly have roasted him as cordially as he would have burnt Vorstius. He was in a great taking to find out whether she had white teeth, or yellow ones like vulgar negroes. At last, he cunningly bethought himself to make her speak, by insinuating a few presents; a never-failing expedient with the sex.

"She then showed her rows of pearls, so clean, white, orient, and well shaped, as Neptune's court was never paved with such as these; and to show whether was whiter, or more orient, those or the whites of her eyes, she turned them up, and gave me such a look, as was a sufficient return for a far greater present; and withal wished, I would think of somewhat wherein she might pleasure me, and I should find her both ready and willing; and so, with a graceful bow of her neck, she took her way towards her own house; which was not above a stone's cast from the Padre's."

The traveller, however, was wise in time; for the *Padre* was "nearly as black as a Molatto (Mulatto), and his eyes so far sunk into his head that, with a large pin, you might have pricked them out in the nape of his neck." A most alarming physiognomy! A few days after, he visits a fountain in the island, where he sees "many pretty young negro virgins," of two of whom he straight becomes enamoured; but, as it is a disputable point, he says, whether a horse between two bottles of hay will not starve, he chose to put an end to the doubt, by starving his exotic inclinations between his two bottles of black beauty. "My affection was not forked; so in this doubtful condition I took my leave." We wonder what they said to this story in Barbadoes!

They then bear away for that colony, which they reach in twenty-two days.

"Being now come in sight of this happy island, the nearer we came, the more beautiful it appeared to our eyes, for that being in itself extremely beautiful, was best discerned and best judged of when our eyes became full masters of the object; there we saw the high, large and lofty trees, with their spreading branches and flourishing tops, seemed to be beholding to the earth and roots that gave them such plenty of sap for their nourishment, as to grow to that perfection of beauty and largeness, whilst they in gratitude return their cool shade to secure and shelter them from the sun's heat, which without it would scorch, and dry away; so that bounty and goodness in the one, and gratefulness in the other, serve to make up this beauty, which otherwise would lie empty and waste; and truly these vegetatives may teach both the sensible and reasonable creatures, what it is that makes up wealth, beauty, and all harmony in that Leviathan, a well-governed Commonwealth, where the mighty men and rulers of the earth, by their prudent and careful protection, secure them from harms, whilst they retribute their pains, and faithful obedience, to serve them in all just commands. And both these, interchangeably and mutually in love, which is the cord that binds up all in perfect harmony. And where these are want-

ing, the roots dry, and leaves fall away, and a general decay and devastation ensues. Witness the woful experience of these sad times we live in."

On landing, however, he appears to find reason to draw in the horns of his rapture, for half the people are dead of the plague (yellow fever); and the surviving half ready to follow them from famine. The fever-disease having reached the crew, prevented the ship from proceeding to Antigua, its original destination; so that Colonel Moddiford, the head of the venture, thought it best to settle at Barbadoes, where he bought a ready-stocked plantation of five hundred acres, on which our author resided in the capacity of deputy-manager, till his return to England, a space of three years.*

Barbadoes was discovered by the Portuguese, in their voyages from Brazil, and from them it received its name, from some of the trees that look like their own full-bottomed beards. It was found unoccupied; for the Caribbees, for reasons unknown to us, had deserted it. The Portuguese thought it of such little value, after their splendid acquisitions in South America, that they abandoned it to a few swine, which they left for the benefit of navigators who might touch there. The crew of an English vessel, called the "Olive Blossom," on a voyage to Surinam, next visited it in 1605, and took possession in the name of King James. A few years afterwards, a ship of Sir William Courteen's, an eminent London merchant, was driven there by stress of weather, and, on their arrival in England, the crew made so favourable a report of it, that Lord Treasurer Marlborough obtained a grant; and, in 1624, Courteen sent out about thirty persons, under the patronage of the grantee, to settle the island. However, the Earl of Carlisle had already obtained a grant from James of all the Caribbean islands, under the name of the "Province of Carloli;" and, on his laying claim to Barbadoes, a long controversy ensued between him and Lord Marlborough, which ended in his taking the island, on paying an annual rent-charge of three hundred pounds to Lord Marlborough and his heirs for ever. Lord Carlisle subsequently overturned Courteen's establishment, and granted out the lands afresh, at a rent of forty pounds of cotton-wool for each grant. But Harley, one of his governors, having greatly disgusted the planters against the proprietor, and the Civil Wars driving over a vast number of emigrants without permission, (of whom our author appears to have been one,) his authority was soon tacitly relinquished. The Commonwealth sent out a governor of its own, who ruled the island like an ordinary dependency of the State. At the restoration, Lord Willoughby of Parham, acting under a lease from the heir of Lord Carlisle, applied for leave to go out as governor, which would not have been resisted

* This Col. Moddiford, we believe, was one of those who advised the Protector to attack the Spanish possessions in 1655, which ended in the capture of Jamaica. He was afterwards made a knight, with a number of Barbadians, by Charles the Second, for their loyal resistance against the Commonwealth.

by the colonists, had they not found that it was to revive Carlisle's claims to the soil. They therefore petitioned the new king for his protection, averring that Carlisle's patent was void, and demanding permission to try the matter in the exchequer. Wo to the wight who expected justice from Charles's hands! Instead of complying with their reasonable and just demands, he referred the whole subject to a committee of the Privy Council, (in those days, the hatching-place of all that was bad, in that bad government;) and a planter, in order to bribe the king to exclude the proprietor, offered a tax on the produce of the colony, to support a governor from the crown, and to make a purse for his majesty's private wants. The king, says Clarendon, "accepted this offer very graciously," as he did every thing that sounded like money; but other planters repudiated it the next day, and proposed only to settle such a revenue on the crown as the Assembly of the island should decide on. The late Lord Carlisle had died eighty thousand pounds in debt, and his creditors immediately came forward on hearing that the island was likely to yield any assets in the shape of income. Lord Marlborough's heirs claimed the arrears of three hundred pounds annuity, and Lord Willoughby insisted on having half the revenue during his lease, according to his bargain with the last Lord Carlisle; the other half, and the entire reversion, were claimed by Lord Kinnoul, the devise of Lord Carlisle's West-Indian estates.

A Turkish Cadi would have done more justice than this shameless tribunal. It was decided that Lord Willoughby should go out as governor, and insist on the Assembly's granting, for ever, a duty of *four and a half per cent.* in specie, upon all goods grown in the island, exported to any part of the world; to be appropriated, first, towards providing for Lord Kinnoul; secondly, Lord Marlborough's annuity; thirdly, to divide the residue amongst Lord Willoughby, during the remainder of his lease, and Lord Carlisle's creditors, subject to twelve hundred pounds for the king's governor; and lastly, to the king altogether, subject to the same charge; and, thereupon, the island was to become an ordinary colony, free from all claims of proprietorship. Here there was a tax of nearly *ten per cent.* in effect, juggled out of these poor colonists by an unprincipled and needy king, under the pretext of settling a law-suit about a patent, which had been a thousand times treated as annihilated for twenty years past, and was looked upon by all the world, and by Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, as altogether void. The colonists murmured; but the arbitrary imprisonment of their leader, Colonel Farmer, awed them into submission. The conduct of the king, in the whole affair, was peculiarly cruel; for the Barbadians had distinguished themselves by the most obstinate loyalty to his family, and had been reduced by the Commonwealth by a very considerable expedition under Ayscue. Such is the origin of the famous *four-and-a-half per cent. duties*, which continue to the present day, and have so often been the subject of public notice. The payment of the same duty was imposed in the *ceded colonies*,

at their capitulation; so that the whole of the Leeward Islands are at present subject to it.

Barbadoes is about twenty-one miles long, and fourteen broad. Carlisle Bay is the only good harbour in the island. Upon the lower part, is built the chief place, Bridge-Town, about as big as Hounslow, in the time of our author; and now consisting of nearly two thousand houses. It was originally built in a marsh, as if the early settlers were dissatisfied with the ordinary mortality of Antilles. It is now much improved. Like many of the other islands, Barbadoes has few springs. In Antigua, there is not a single source of fresh water; yet its Indian name was "Jamaica," signifying "the country of springs;" a rather disquieting etymology to us of the temperate zones. Such springs as there are in Barbadoes, do not supply water enough, so that the inhabitants are forced to catch the rain in cisterns, on the tops of their houses; which may be turned to great advantage in slave-rebellions; for they are then filled with water, which is "thrown down upon the naked bodies of the negroes, scalding hot."

The Cassava Root, or Manioc, is the wheat of Barbadoes.

"Before it comes to be eaten, it suffers a strange conversion; for, being an absolute poison when 'tis gathered, by good ordering, comes to be wholesome and nourishing; and the manner of doing it is this: they wash the outside of the root clean, and lean it against a wheel, whose sole is about a foot broad, and covered with latten, made rough like a large grater. The wheel to be turned about with the foot, as a cutler turns his wheel. And as it grates the root, it falls down in a large trough, which is the receiver appointed for that purpose. This root, thus grated, is as rank poison as can be made by the art of an apothecary, of the most venomous simples he can put together: but being put into a strong piece of double canvass, or sack-cloth, and pressed hard, that all the juice may be squeezed out, and then opened upon a cloth, and dried in the sun, 'tis ready to make bread. And thus 'tis done.

"They have a piece of iron, which I guess is cast round, the diameter of which is about twenty inches, a little hollowed in the middle, not unlike the mould that the spectacle-makers grind their glasses on, but not so much a concave as that; about half an inch thick at the brim or verge, but thicker towards the middle, with three feet like a pot, about six inches high, that fire may be underneath. To such temper they heat this pone, (as they call it,) as to bake, but not burn. When 'tis made thus hot, the Indians, whom we trust to make it, because they are best acquainted with it, cast the meal upon the pone, the whole breadth of it, and put it down with their hands, and it will presently stick together: and when they think that side almost enough, with a thing like a battledore, they turn the other; and so turn and re-turn it so often, till it be enough, which is presently done. So they lay this cake upon a flat board, and make another, and so another, till they have made enough for the whole family. This bread they made, when we came first there, as thick as a pancake;

but, after that, they grew to a higher degree of curiosity, and made it as thin as a wafer, and yet purely white and crisp, as a new-made wafer. Salt they never use in it, which I wonder at; for the bread being tasteless of itself, they should give it some little seasoning. There is no way it eats so well as in milk, and there it tastes like almonds. They offer to make pye-crust, but very few attain to the skill of that; for, as you work it up with your hand, or roll it out with a roller, it will always crackle and chop, so that it will not be raised to hold any liquor, neither with, nor without, butter or eggs."

Maize is eaten only by servants and negroes, crushed into "lob-lolly." The principal drinks are mobby, made from potatoes; rum, punch, and perino.—The latter beverage,

"Which the Indians make for their own drinking, and is made of the Cassary root, which I told you is strong poison; and this they cause their old wives, who have a small remainder of teeth, to chew and spit out into water (for the better breaking and macerating of the root). This juice, in three or four hours, will work, and purge itself of the poisonous quality."

With regard to meats, they have pork and turkeys.—Beef is such a dainty, that if, perchance, a planter ventured upon the slaughter of an ox, he invited all the island to a "beef-feast."—Wonderful are the ways of nature! A few leagues over the sea, on the plains of Cumana, you eat nothing but pure beef: in La Plata, according to Mr. Mawe, they make your fire with it;—with now and then the addition of a "mare!" But in England again, it is such a curiosity, that we have reverend clergymen, who prosecute men unto transportation for appropriating single slices. The Barbadians have but small store of fish: and even the great West Indian dainty, the turtle, does not take kindly to their shores, because there are no shelving sands for them to take the air on, and lay their eggs.—Let the worshipful court of aldermen read the following, unmoved, if they can; unless the magic word "Calipee" hardens their hearts.

"When you are to kill one of these fishes, the manner is, to lay him on his back on a table, and, when he sees you come with a knife in your hand to kill him, he vapours out the grievous sighs, that ever you heard any creature make, and sheds as large tears as a stag, that has a far greater body and larger eyes. He has a joint or crevis about an inch within the utmost edge of his shell, which goes round about his body, from his head to his tail, on his belly side; into which joint or crevis, you put your knife, beginning at the head, and so rip up that side, and then do as much to the other; then lifting up his belly, which we call his *Calippee*, we lay open his bowels, and taking them out, come next to his heart, which has three distinct points, but all meet above where the fat is; and if you take it out, and lay it in a dish, it will stir and pant ten hours after the fish is dead. Sure, there is no creature on the earth, or in the seas, that enjoys life with so much sweetness and delight as this poor fish the *Turtle*; nor none more

delicate in taste, and more nourishing than he."

There was a class of men at this time in the West Indies, and the colonies of North America, that exists no longer—the purchased White servants, or Redemptionists. If a presbyterian weaver were discontented with prelacy; if an independent tailor found a presbyter's finger too heavy for his loins; if a pickpocket found the Three Kingdoms too hot to hold him; if a *paupere diable's* socraticism could not hold out against his scolding wife; or if a man had any other reasons, either of the spirit or the flesh, to go forth from the country; it was the fashion to hie to Bristol, and embark for the plantations; and to pay their passage by allowing the captain to sell one's-self for five years, as a servant or slave, on his arrival. Sometimes, the magistrates of the Western counties engaged in this traffic, to get rid of a vagrant or a foe.—Squire Western wanted to ship off Jones.—The Bristol justices used their warrants to kidnap poor wretches for sale. Cromwell sometimes shipped off the Royalists, instead of shooting them; and George the Second, the Highlanders, and other savages, whom the Chevalier led to Derby, instead of imitating the summary manner of William the Third, at Glenco. The moderate party in the French Convention deported the Terrorists, and directed the Royalists to Guiana, which went by the facetious name of the *dry guillotine*; but they were not forced to work.

"Upon the arrival of any ship, that brings servants to the island, the planters go aboard; and, having bought such of them as they like, send them with a guide to his plantation; and being come, commands them instantly to make their cabins, which they not knowing how to do, are to be advised by other of their servants, that are their seniors; but, if they be churlish, and will not show them, or if materials be wanting, to make them cabins, they are to lie on the ground that night. These cabins are to be made of sticks, withs, and plantine leaves, under some little shade that may keep the rain off; their suppers being a few potatoes for meat, and water or mobbie for drink. The next day, they are rung out with a bell to work, at six o'clock in the morning, with a severe overseer to command them, till the bell ring again, which is at eleven o'clock; and then they return, and are set to dinner, either with a mess of lob-lolly, bonavist, or potatoes. At one o'clock, they are rung out again to the field, there to work till six, and then home again, to a supper of the same. And if it chance to rain, and wet them through, they have no shift, but must lie so all night. If they put off their clothes, the cold of the night will strike into them; and if they be not strong men, this ill lodging will put them into a sickness: if they complain, they are beaten by the overseer; if they resist, their time is doubled. I have seen an overseer beat a servant with a cane about the head, till the blood has followed, for a fault that is not worth the speaking of; and yet he must have patience, or worse will follow. Truly, I have seen such cruelty there done to servants, as I did not think one Christian could have done to another."

Of another race of men, we believe hardly

a vestige remains, except in one or two of the islands, where a few of them still exist, as debased specimens of the once fierce and formidable Caribbees.—Ligon says:

"The women, who are better versed in ordering the Cassavie and making bread than the negroes, we employ for that purpose, as also for making mobby: the men we use for footmen, and killing of fish, which they are good at; with their own bows and arrows they will go out, and, in a day's time, kill as much fish as will serve a family of a dozen persons two or three days, if you can keep the fish so long. They are very active men, and apt to learn any thing sooner than the negroes; and as different from them in shape, almost, as in colour; the men very broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, with large heads, and their faces almost three square, broad about the eyes and temples, and sharp at the chin; their skins, some of them brown, some a bright bay; they are much craftier and subtiller than the negroes; and in their nature falsier; but in their bodies more active: their women have very small breasts, and have more of the shape of the Europeans than the negroes; their hair black and long, a great part whereof hangs down upon their backs as low as their haunches, with a large lock hanging over either breast, which seldom or never curls: clothes they scorn to wear."

The following touching story is not unknown to our readers; it has been cited in the "Spectator," and dramatized on the stage.

"An Indian woman dwelling near the seacoast, upon the main, an English ship put into a bay, and sent some of her men ashore, to try what victuals or water they could find, for in some distress they were: but the Indians perceiving them to go up so far into the country, as they were sure they could not make a safe retreat, intercepted them in their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood; and, being dispersed there, some were taken, and some were killed: but a young man amongst them straggling from the rest, was met by this Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen (the Indians) in a cave, and there fed him, till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last, seeing them upon the shore, sent the long-boat for them, took them a-board, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came ashore in the Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, that had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as free-born as he: and so poor Yarico, for her love, lost her liberty."

In the West Indies, it is as much as your life is worth, or at least your wits, to brave the musquitoes; and even if the gauze-beds of Exeter Change keep them out, you are sure to be sucked by a cockroach as big as a beetle, that lies in ambush in your bed all day, to carry away an ounce of your blood at night. Every pond and plash ought to have a society—for preserving—persons—nearly dead, not from drowning, but biting. The scorpions are, some of them, according to Ligon, "as big as rats;" but fortunately they do not hurt you. The lizards are green, beautiful, and numerous.

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"This little animal loves much to be where men are, and is delighted to stand and gaze in their face, and hearken to their discourse," which shows a degree of good-breeding in the lizards, that we recommend, especially to Political Economists and members of Parliament out of doors.

"The next of these moving little animals are ants, or pismires, and those are but of a small size, but great in industry; and that which gives them means to attain to their ends, is, they have all one soul. If I should say, they are here or there, I should do them wrong; for they are every where, under ground, where any hollow or loose earth is, amongst the roots of trees, upon the bodies, branches, leaves, and fruit of all trees, in all places, without the houses and within, upon the sides, walls, windows, and roofs without; and on the floors, side-walls, ceilings, and windows within; tables, cupboards, beds, stools, all are covered with them, so that they are a kind of ubiquitaries. The cockroaches are their mortal enemies; and though they are not able to do them any mischief, being living, (by reason they are far stronger and mightier than a hundred of them, and if they should force any of them with multitudes, he has the liberty of his wings to make his escape,) yet, when they find him dead, they will divide him amongst them into atoms; and, to that purpose, they carry him home to their houses or nests. We sometimes kill a cockroach, and throw him on the ground, and mark what they will do with him; his body is bigger than a hundred of them, and yet they will find the means to take hold of him, and lift him up; and having him above ground, away they carry him; and some go by as ready assistants, if any be weary; and some are the officers that lead and show the way to the hole into which he must pass; and if the van-cou-riers perceive that the body of the cockroach lies across, and will not pass through the hole or arch, through which they mean to carry him, order is given, and the body turned end-wise, and this done a foot before they come to the hole, and that without any stop or stay; and this is observable, that they never pull contrary ways.

"Those that are curious, and will prevent their coming on their tables, cupboards, or beds, have little hollows of timber, filled with water, for the feet of these to stand in; but all this will not serve their turn; for they will, some of them, go up to the ceiling, and let themselves fall upon the teasters of the beds, cupboards, and tables.

"To prevent them from coming on our shelves, where our meat is kept, we hang them to the roof by ropes, and tar those ropes, and the roofs over them, as also the strings of our hammocks, for which reason we avoid them better in hammocks than in beds.

"Sometimes, when we try conclusions upon them, we take the carpet off the table, and shake it, so that all the ants drop off, and rub down the legs and feet of those tables, (which stood not in water;) and having done so, we lay on the carpet again, and set upon it a sallet dish, or trencher, with sugar in it, which some of them in the room will presently smell, and make towards it as fast as they can: which is

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a long journey, for he must begin at the foot of the table, and come as high as the inside of the carpet, and so go down to the bottom and up of the outside of the carpet, before he gets on the table, and then to the sugar, which he smells to; and, having found it, returns again the same way, without taking any for his pains, and informs all his friends of this booty; who come in thousands and ten thousands, and, in an instant, fetch it all away: and, when they are thickest upon the table, clap a large book (or any thing fit for that purpose) upon them, so hard as to kill all that are under it, and when you have done so, take away the book and leave them to themselves but a quarter of an hour, and, when you come again, you shall find all those bodies carried away. Other trials we make of their ingenuity, as this. Take a pewter dish, and fill it half full of water, into which put a little gallipot filled with sugar, and the ants will presently find it, and come upon the table; but when they perceive it environed with water, they try about the brims of the dish, where the gallipot is nearest, and there the most venturesome amongst them commits himself to the water, though he be conscious how ill a swimmer he is, and is drowned in the adventure: the next is not warned by his example, but ventures too, and is alike drowned, and many more, so that there is a small foundation of their bodies to venture on; and then they come faster than ever, and so make a bridge of their own bodies, for their friends to pass on; neglecting their lives for the good of the public; for, before they make an end, they will make way for the rest, and become masters of the prize. I had a little white sugar, which I desired to keep from them, and was devising which way to do it, and I knocked a nail in the beam of the room, and fastened it to a brown thread; at the lower end of which thread, I tied a large shell of a fish, which, being hollow, I put the sugar in, and locked the door, thinking it safe; but when I returned, I found three quarters of my sugar gone, and the ants in abundance, ascending and descending, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, as I have seen it painted, so that I found no place safe from these more than busy creatures."

The other inhabitants of Barbadoes were the negroes and the planters.

"When they are brought to us, the planters buy them out of the ship, where they find them stark naked, and therefore cannot be deceived in any outward infirmity. They choose them as they do horses in a market; the strongest, youthfulest, and most beautiful, yield the greatest prices. Thirty pound sterling is a price for the best man negro; and twenty-five, twenty-six, or twenty-seven pound for a woman; the children are at easier rates. And we buy them so, as the sexes may be equal; for, if they have more men than women, the men, who are unmarried, will come to their masters, and complain that they cannot live without wives, and desire him they may have wives. And he tells them, that the next ship that comes, he will buy them wives, which satisfies them for the present; and so they expect the good time: which the master performing with them, the bravest fellow is to

choose first, and so in order, as they are in place; and every one of them knows his better, and gives him the precedence, as cows do one another, in passing through a narrow gate; for the most of them are as near beasts as may be, setting their souls aside. Religion they know none; yet most of them acknowledge a God, as appears by their motions and gestures: for, if one of them do another wrong, and he cannot avenge himself, he looks up to heaven for vengeance, and holds up both his hands, as if the power must come from thence, that must do him right. Chaste they are, as any people under the sun. Jealous they are of their wives, and hold it for a great injury and scorn, if another man make the least courtship to his wife. And if any of their wives have two children at a birth, they conclude her false to his bed, and so no more ado but hang her. We had an excellent negro in the plantation, whose name was Macow, and was our chief musician; a very valiant man, and was keeper of our plantine-grove. This negro's wife was brought to bed of two children, and her husband, as their manner is, had provided a cord to hang her. But the overseer, finding what he was about to do, informed the master of it, who sent for Macow, to dissuade him from this cruel act, of murdering his wife, and used all persuasions that possibly he could, to let him see that such double births are in nature, and that divers precedents were to be found amongst us of the like; so that we rather praised our wives for their fertility, than blamed them for their falseness. But this prevailed little with him, upon whom custom had taken so deep an impression; but resolved, the next thing he did, should be to hang her. Which when the master perceived, and that the ignorance of the man should take away the life of the woman, who was innocent of the crime her husband condemned her for, told him plainly, that if he hanged her, he himself should be hanged by her upon the same bough; and therefore wished him to consider what he did. This threatening wrought more with him than all the reasons of philosophy that could be given him; and so let her alone; but he never cared for her afterward, but chose another which he liked better. For planters there deny not a slave, that is a brave fellow, and one that has extraordinary qualities, two or three wives; and above that number they seldom go; but no woman is allowed above one husband."

In France, a man is laughed at if he, in any way, aid the publication of his wife's frailty. And in England, twelve true men soothe the "noble rage" with bank notes, which he pockets, and, if brave, shoots the Lothario afterwards. But in no white country have we ever heard of any harsh proceeding against the lady; or, at least, no process of divorce so summary as that in use in Doctors'-Commons' cases amongst the negroes. *Macow* seems to have sought the suspension of his Desdemona, on about as much evidence as Othello stifled his. The Caribbees dashed their wives' brains out, on the least suspicion of their infidelity; upon which the good Père Labat says, with curious simplicity, "*Cele est un peu souvrage à la vérité, mais c'est un frein bien propre pour retenir les femmes dans leur devoir.*"

"At the time the wife is to be brought to bed, her husband removes his board, (which is his bed) to another room, (for many several divisions they have, in their little houses, and none above six feet square) and leaves his wife to God, and her good fortune, in the room, and upon the board alone, and calls a neighbour to come to her, who gives little help to her delivery; but when the child is born, (which she calls her Pickaninny,) she helps to make a little fire near her feet, and that serves instead of possets, broths, and candles. In a fortnight, this woman is at work with her Pickaninny at her back, as merry a soul as any is there; if the overseer be discreet, she is suffered to rest herself a little more than ordinary; but, if not, she is compelled to do as others do. Times they have of suckling their children in the fields, and refreshing themselves; and good reason, for they carry burthens on their backs; and yet work too."

The commencement of the following passage is both lively and touching:

"Some women, whose Pickaninies are three years old, will, as they work at weeding, which is a stooping work, suffer the Pickaninny to sit a-stride upon their backs, like St. George a-horseback; and there spur his mother with his heels, and sings and crows on her back, clapping his hands, as if he meant to fly; which the mother is so pleased with as she continues her painful stooping posture longer than she would do, rather than discompose her joy. Pickaninny of his pleasure, so glad she is to see him merry. The work which the women do is most of it weeding, a stooping and painful work; at noon and night they are called home by the ring of a bell, where they have two hours time for their repast at noon; and, at night, they rest from six, till six o'clock the next morning.

"On Sunday, they rest, and have the whole day at their pleasure; and the most of them use it as a day of rest and pleasure; but some of them, who will make benefit of that day's liberty, go where the mangrove trees grow, and gather the bark, of which they make ropes, which they truck away for other commodities, as shirts and drawers.

"In the afternoons of Sundays, they have their musick, which is of kettle drums, and those of several sizes; upon the smallest the best musician plays, and the others come in as chorusses: the drum, all men know, has but one tone; and therefore a variety of tunes have little to do in this musick; and yet so strangely they vary their time, as 'tis a pleasure to the most curious ears, and it was to me one of the strangest noises that ever I heard made of one tone; and if they had the variety of tune, which gives the great scope in musick, as they have of time, they would do wonders in that art. And if I had not fallen sick before my coming away, at least seven months in one sickness, I had given them some hints of tunes, which, being understood, would have served as a great addition to their harmony; for time without tune, is not an eighth part of the science of musick.

"I found Macow very apt for it himself; and, one day, coming into the house, (which none of the negroes used to do, unless an officer, as

he was,) he found me playing on a Theorbo, and singing to it, which he hearkened very attentively to; and when I had done, he took the Theorbo in his hand, and struck one string, stopping by degrees upon every fret, and finding the notes to vary, till it came to the body of the instrument; and that the nearer the body of the instrument he stooped, the smaller or higher the sound was, which he found was by the shortening of the string, considered with himself, how he might make some trial of this experiment upon such an instrument as he could come by; having no hope ever to have any instrument of this kind to practise on. In a day or two after, walking in the plantain grove, to refresh me in that cool shade, and to delight myself with the sight of those plants, which are so beautiful, as though they left a fresh impression in me when I parted with them, yet, upon a review, something is discerned in their beauty more than I remembered at parting, which caused me to make often repair thither, I found this negro (whose office it was to attend there, being the keeper of that grove,) sitting on the ground, and before him a piece of large timber, upon which he had laid cross six billets, and having a hand-saw and hatchet by him, would cut the billets by little and little, till he had brought them to the tunes he would fit them to; for the shorter they were the higher the notes, which he tried by knocking upon the ends of them with a stick, which he had in his hand. When I found him at it, I took the stick out of his hand, and tried the sound, finding the billets to have six distinct notes, one above another, which put me in a wonder how he, of himself, should, without teaching, do so much. I then shewed him the difference between flats and sharps, which he presently apprehended, as between Fa and Mi: and he would have cut two more billets to those tunes, but I had then no time to see it done, and so left him to his own enquiries. I say thus much to let you see, that some of these people are capable of learning arts.

"Another, of another kind of speculation I found; but more ingenious than he: and this man, with three or four more, were to take me into the woods, to cut church ways, for I was employed sometimes upon public works; and those men were excellent axe men: and because there were many gullies in the way, which were impassable, and by that means I was compell'd to make traverses up and down in the wood; and was by that in danger to miss of the point to which I was to make my passage to the church, and therefore was fain to take a compass with me, which was a circumferenter, to make my traverses the more exact, and, indeed, without which it could not be done, setting up the circumferenter, and observing the needle, this negro Sambo comes to me, and seeing the needle wag, desired to know the reason of its stirring, and whether it was alive: I told him, no; but it stood upon a point, and for a while it would stir, but by and by stand still, which he observed and found it to be true.

"The next question was, why it stood one way, and would not remove to any other point? I told him that it would stand no way but

North and South, and, upon that, shewed him the four cardinal points of the compass, East, West, North, South, which he presently learnt by heart, and promised me never to forget it. His last question was, why it would stand North? I gave this reason: because of the huge rocks of loadstone that were in the North parts of the world, which had a quality to draw iron to it; and this needle being of iron, and touched with a loadstone, it would always stand that way.

"This point of philosophy was a little too hard for him, and so he stood in a strange muse; which to put him out of, I bade him reach his axe, and put it near to the compass, and remove it about; and, as he did so, the needle turned with it, which put him in the greatest admiration that ever I saw a man, and so quite gave over his questions, and desired me, that he might be made a Christian; for he thought, to be a Christian, was to be endowed with all those knowledges he wanted.

"I promised to do my best endeavour; and, when I came home, spoke to the master of the plantation, and told him, that poor Sambo desired much to be a Christian. But his answer was, that the people of that Island were governed by the laws of England, and, by those laws, we could not make a Christian a slave. I told him, my request was far different from that, for I desired him to make a slave a Christian. His answer was, that it was true, there was a great difference in that: but, being once a Christian, he could no more account him a slave, and so lose the hold they had of him as slaves, by making them Christians; and by that means should open such a gap, as all the planters in the Island would curse him. So I was struck mute, and poor Sambo kept out of the Church; as ingenious, as honest, and as good a natured poor soul as ever wore black or eat green.

"On Sundays, in the afternoon, their music plays, and to dancing they go, the men by themselves and the women by themselves; no mixed dancing. Their motions are rather what they aim at, than what they do; and, by that means, transgress the less upon the Sunday; their hands having more of motion than their feet, and their heads more than their hands. They may dance a whole day, and never heat themselves; yet, now and then, one of the activest amongst them will leap bolt upright, and fall in his place again, but without cutting a caper. When they have danced an hour or two, the men fall to wrestle, (the music playing all the while) and their manner of wrestling is, to stand like two cocks, with heads as low as their hips; and thrusting their heads one against another, hoping to catch one another by the leg, which sometimes they do: but if both parties be weary, and that they cannot get that advantage, then they raise their heads, by pressing hard one against another, and so, having nothing to take hold of but their bare flesh, they close, and grasp one another about the middle, and have one another in the hug, and then a fair fall is given on the back. And thus two or three couples of them are engaged at once, for an hour together, the women looking on: for, when the men begin to wrestle, the women

leave off their dancing, and come to be spectators of the sport.

"When any of them die, they dig a grave, and at evening they bury him, clapping and wringing their hands, and making a doleful sound with their voices. They are a people of a timorous and fearful disposition, and consequently bloody, when they find advantages. If any of them commit a fault, give him present punishment, but do not threaten him; for, if you do, it is an even lay, he will go and hang himself, to avoid the punishment.

"What their opinions are in a matter of religion, I know not; but, certainly, they are not altogether of the sect of the Sadducees; for they believe a resurrection, and that they shall go into their own country again, and have their youth renewed. And lodging this opinion in their hearts, they make it an ordinary practice, upon any great fright, or threatening of their masters, to hang themselves.

"But Colonel Walrond having lost three or four of his best negroes this way, and in a very little time, caused one of their heads to be cut off, and set upon a pole a dozen foot high; and having done that, caused all his negroes to come forth, and march round about his head, and bid them look on it, whether this were not the head of such an one that hanged himself. Which they acknowledging, he then told them, that they were in a main error, in thinking they went into their own countries, after they were dead; for, this man's head was here, as they all were witnesses of; and how was it possible the body could go without a head. Being convinced by this sad, yet lively, spectacle, they changed their opinions; and, after that, no more hanged themselves."

It must be allowed, that West India divinity is most extraordinary; and we hope that the new bishops will do their best to purge it. Doubtless, the gallant colonel was not of such a way of thinking himself; for he lived in days when neither Prelatist, Presbyterian, Independent, Muggletonian, nor other class of pious souls, admitted such heresies. Perhaps, however, he thought any divinity good enough for his negroes. We believe that it is only the Fresh, Eboe, and Whidah negroes that are addicted to suicide.

"I have been very strict, in observing the shapes of these people; and, for the men, they are very well timbered, that is, broad between the shoulders, full breasted, well filleted, and clean legged; and may hold good with Albert Durer's rules, who allows twice the length of the head to the breadth of the shoulders, and twice the length of the face to the breadth of the hips; and according to this rule these men are shaped; but the women not; for the same great master of proportions allows to each woman, twice the length of the face to the breadth of the shoulders, and twice the length of her own head to the breadth of the hips. And, in that, these are faulty; for I have seen very few of them, whose hips have been broader than their shoulders, unless they have been very fat. The young maids have ordinarily very large breasts, which stand strutting out so hard and firm, as no leaping, jumping, or stirring, will cause them to shake any more

than the brawns of their arms. But when they come to be old, and have had five or six children, their breasts hang down below their navels, so that when they stoop at their common work of weeding, they hang almost down to the ground, that, at a distance, you would think they had six legs: and the reason of this is, they tie the clothes about their children's backs, which comes upon their breasts, which, by pressing very hard, causes them to hang down to that length. Their children, when they are first born, have the palms of their hands, and the soles of their feet, of a whitish colour, and the sight of their eyes of a blueish colour, not unlike the eyes of a young killing; but, as they grow older, they become black.

"Their way of reckoning their ages, or any other notable accident they would remember, is by the moon; and so, accounting from the time of their children's births, the time they were brought out of their own country, or the time of their being taken prisoners by some prince or potentate of their own country, or any other notorious accidents that they are resolved to remember, they account by the moon; as, so many moons since one of these, and so many moons since another; and this account they keep as long as they can: but if any of them live long, their arithmetic fails them, and then they are at a dead fault, and so give over the chase, wanting the skill to hunt counter. For what can poor people do, that are without letters and numbers, which is the soul of all business that is acted by mortals, upon the globe of this world.

"Some of them, who have been bred up amongst the Portugals, have some extraordinary qualities, which the others have not; as singing and fencing. I have seen some of these Portugal negroes, at Colonel James Drax's, play at rapier and dagger very skillfully, with their stockadoes, and imbroadoes, and their passes; and at single rapier too, after the manner of the Charanza, with such comeliness, as, if the skill had been wanting, the motions would have pleased you; but they were skilful too, which I perceived by their binding with their points, and nimble and subtle avoidings with their bodies, and the advantages the strongest man had in the close, which the other avoided by the nimbleness and skilfulness of his motion. For, in this science, I had been so well versed in my youth, as I was now able to be a competent judge. Upon their first appearance upon the stage, they march towards one another, with a slow majestic pace, and a bold commanding look, as if they meant both to conquer; and, coming near together, they shake hands, and embrace one another, with a cheerful look. But their retreat is much quicker than their advance, and, being at first distance, change their countenance, and put themselves into their posture; and so, after a pass or two, retire, and then to it again: and when they have done their play, they embrace, shake hands, and putting on their smoother countenances, give their respects to their master, and so go off. For their singing, I cannot much commend that, having heard so good in Europe; but, for their voices, I have heard many of them loud and sweet.

"Excellent swimmers and divers they are, both men and women. Colonel Drax (who was not so strict an observer of Sundays, as to deny himself lawful recreations) would sometimes, to shew me sport, upon that day in the afternoon, send for one of the Muscovia ducks, and have her put into his largest pond, and calling for some of his best swimming negroes, commanded them to swim and take this duck; but forbade them to dive: for, if they were not barred that play, they would rise up under the duck, and take her as she swam, or meet her in her diving, and so the sport would have too quick an end. But that play being forbidden, the duck would make them good sport, for they are stronger ducks, and better divers by far, than ours: and, in this chase, there was much of pleasure, to see the various swimnings of the negroes; some the ordinary ways, upon their bellies, some on their backs, some by striking out their right leg and left arm, and then turning on the other side, and changing both their leg and arm, which is a stronger and swifter way of swimming, than any of the others: and while we were seeing this sport, and observing the diversities of their swimnings, a negro maid, who was not there at the beginning of the sport, and therefore heard nothing of the forbidding them to dive, put off her petticoat behind a bush, that was at one end of the pond, and closely sunk down into the water, and at one diving got to the duck, pulled her under water, and went back again the same way she came to the bush, all at one dive. We all thought the duck had dived and expected her appearance above water; but nothing could be seen, till the subtilty was discovered, by a Christian that saw her go in, and so the duck was taken from her. But the trick being so finely and so closely done, I begged that the duck might be given her again, which was granted, and the young girl much pleased."

He goes on to say,

"Though there be a mark set upon these people, which will hardly ever be wiped off, as of their cruelties when they have advantages, and of their fearfulness and falseness; yet no rule so general but hath his exception: for I believe, and I have strong motives to cause me to be of that persuasion, that there are as honest, faithful, and conscionable people amongst them, as amongst those of Europe, or any part of the world.

"A hint of this, I will give you in a lively example: and it was in a time when victuals were scarce, and plantins were not then so frequently planted, as to afford them enough. So that some of the high-spirited and turbulent amongst them began to mutiny, and had a plot secretly to be revenged on their master; and one or two of these were firemen that made the fires in the furnaces, who were never without store of dry wood by them. These villains were resolved to make fire to such part of the boiling-house, as they were sure would fire the rest, and so burn all, and yet seem ignorant of the fact, as a thing done by accident. But this plot was discovered, by some of the others who hated mischief, as much as they loved it; and so traduced them to their master, and brought in so many wit-

nesses against them, as they were forced to confess, what they meant should have been put in act the next night: so, giving them condign punishment, the master gave orders to the overseer that the rest should have a day's liberty to themselves and their wives, to do what they would; and withall to allow them a double proportion of victual for three days, both which they refused: which we all wondered at, knowing well how much they loved their liberties, and their meat, having been lately pinched of the one, and not having overmuch of the other; and therefore being doubtful what their meaning was in this, suspecting some discontent amongst them, sent for three or four of the best of them, and desired to know why they refused this favour that was offered them, but received such an answer as we little expected; for they told us it was not sullenness, or slighting the gratuity their master bestowed on them, but they would not accept any thing as a recompence for doing that which became them in their duties to do; nor would they have him think it was hope of reward that made them to accuse their fellow servants, but an act of justice, which they thought themselves bound in duty to do, and they thought themselves sufficiently rewarded in the act. The substance of this, in such language as they had, they delivered, and poor Sambo was the orator by whose example the others were led both in the discovery of the plot, and refusal of the gratuity. And withall they said, that if it pleased their master, at any time, to bestow a voluntary boon upon them, be it never so slight, they would willingly and thankfully accept it: and this act might have seemed the best Christians, though some of them were denied Christianity, when they earnestly sought it. Let others have what opinion they please, yet I am of this belief, that there are to be found amongst them some who are morally honest, as conscionable as humble, as loving to their friends, and as loyal to their masters as any that live under the sun; and one reason they have to be so, is, they set no great value upon their lives: and this is all I can remember concerning the negroes, except of their games, which I could never learn, because they wanted language to teach me."

With respect to the remaining inhabitants, the masters, he observes;

"Now for the masters, I have yet said but little, nor am able to say half what they deserve. They are men of great abilities and parts, otherwise they could not go through with such great works as they undertake; the managing of one of their plantations being a work of such a latitude, as will require a very good head-piece, to put in order, and continue it so.

"Now let us consider how many things there are to be thought on, that go to the actuating this great work, and how many cares to prevent the mischances that are incident to the retarding, if not the frustrating, of the whole work; and you will find them wise and provident men, that go on and prosper in a work that depends upon so many contingents."

Of their dispositions, he remarks;

"The next thing is, of their natures and dispositions, which I found compliable in a high

degree to all virtues, that those of the best sort of gentlemen call excellent; as, civilly intreating of strangers, with communicating to them any thing within the compass of their knowledge, that might be beneficial to them, in any undertaking amongst them, and assisting them in it, giving them harbour for themselves and servants. And if their intentions were to buy plantations, to make diligent inquiries for such as they desired, and to drive the bargain as near the wind for their advantages, as possibly they could, and to put themselves in some travels, in settling the business; or, if that could not do them service, to recommend them to any friend they had, that lay more fit and convenient for their purpose. Loving, friendly, and hospitable one to another; and though they are of several persuasions, yet, their discretions ordered every thing so well, as there were never any fallings out between them; which to prevent, some of them, of the better sort, made a law amongst themselves, that whosoever named the word Roundhead or Cavalier, should give to all those that heard him, a shot and a turkey, to be eaten at his house that made the forfeiture; which sometimes was done purposely, that they might enjoy the company of one another; and sometimes this shot and this turkey would draw a dozen dishes more, if company were accordingly; so frank, so loving, and so good-natured were these gentlemen one to another: and to express their affections yet higher, they had particular names one to another; as, neighbour, friend, brother, sister: so that I perceived nothing wanting, that might make up a firm and lasting friendship amongst them; though, after I came away, it was otherwise."

In addition to the beasts, already mentioned, the Colonists had camels, horses, assingoes (a species of Lama), and sheep. Amongst the birds, there is one called a *Counseller*, "because the head" (it should have been wig, though, often times, head and wig are pretty much the same thing.) "is too big for her body."

"Her tune is such as I have not heard any like her; not the sweetness, but for the strangeness of it, for she performs that with her voice, that no instrument can play, nor no voice sing, but hers: and that is quarter notes, her song being composed of five tones, and every one a quarter of a note higher than other. Mr. John Coprario, a rare composer of music, and my dear friend, told me once, that he was studying a curiosity in music, that no man had ever attempted to do; and that was, of quarter notes; but he not being able to go through with it, gave it over: but if he had lived to have gone with me to the Barbadoes, this bird should have taught him."

There is also the humming bird,

"Much less than a wren, not much bigger than an humble bee: her body long, her wings small and sharp, of a sullen sad green, no pleasant colours on her; her manner of feeding is just as a bee, putting her bill into a blossom or a flower, tastes as lightly as a bee, never sitting, but purring with her wings, all the time she stays with the flower; and the motion of her wings is as nimble and swift as a bee: we have no way to take her, but by shooting sand

out of a gun at her, which 'mazes her for the present, that you may take her up; but there is no way to keep her alive, her feeding being such as none can give her but herself. Now, for the birds that live upon the outward verge of the island, I have not much to say. Sometimes teals come to our ponds, three or four couple together, but never go away."

Our readers would suppose that the teals fix their residence in the ponds.—No such thing.—They "never go away," because, "when we see them, we take a gun and shoot them."

Having passed through the animals, our planter comes to the trees. There is the physic-nut, that purges you better than Epsom Salts. There are, the poison-tree, that blinds you; the coloquintida, the tamarind, the fig and cherry trees, that are good for nothing; the orange, the lemon, the lime, the pomegranate, the grova, whose seed you cannot kill if you eat it; the cocoa, and the custard apple, the very name of which fills your mouth with water.

"When 'tis ripe, we gather it, and keep it one day, and then it is fit to be eaten. We cut a hole at the lesser end, (that it may stand the firmer in the dish,) so big, as that a spoon may go in with ease, and with the spoon eat it. Never was excellent custard more like itself, than this to it; only this addition, which makes it transcend all custards that art can make, though of natural ingredients; and that is, a fruity taste, which makes it strange and admirable. Many seeds there are in it, but so smooth, as you may put them out of your mouth with some pleasure."

Then there are, the date tree; the mangrove, big enough for barracks for a troop of Life-Guards; and the calibash, for your crockery-ware. With respect to timber, there are, the cedar, for ships and lead-pencils; the mastick, the lignum-vitæ, the locust, and the palmetto, more beautiful than a Corinthian pillar, with the bottoms of the branches like Xantippe's favourite utensil, "and three hundred feet high;" but, *inhabod*! in these degenerate days, not more than one hundred and thirty!

There are also the red pepper, to burn, and the water-melon, to quench you; the plantain and banana, the fruit of which, when cut, presents "the picture of Christ and the Cross, so lively expressed, as no limner can do it (with one colour,) more exactly." Upon which he says:

"Much may be said upon this subject by better wits and abler souls than mine: my contemplation being only this, that, since those men dwelling in that place, professing the names of Christians, and denying to preach to those poor ignorant harmless souls, the negroes, the doctrine of Christ crucified, which might convert many of them to his worship, he himself has set up his own cross, to reproach these men, who, rather than they will lose the hold they have of them as slaves, will deny them the benefit and blessing of being Christians. Otherwise, why is this figure set up for these to look on, that never heard of Christ; and God never made any thing useless, or in vain."

We trust that this will not encourage idleness amongst the Moravian or Methodistical

brethren.—But, above all, there is the pineapple, the ambrosial anana.

"In that single name, all that is excellent in a superlative degree, for beauty and taste, is totally and summarily included; and if it were here to speak for itself, it would save me much labour, and do itself much right. 'Tis true, that it takes up double the time the plantain does, in bringing forth the fruit; for 'tis a full year before it be ripe: but when it comes to be eaten, nothing of rare taste can be thought on that is not there; nor is it imaginable, that so full a harmony of tastes can be raised out of so many parts, and all distinguishable. But before I come to say any thing of that, I will give you some little hints of her shape and manner of growth, which, though I must acknowledge myself to be down-right lame, in the expression, yet, rather than you shall lose all, I will endeavour to represent some of her beauties, in such faint expressions as I have. A slip taken from the body of this plant, and set in the ground, will not presently take root, but the crown that grows upon the fruit itself will sooner come to perfection than it, and will have much more beauty all the time of growing. In a quarter of a year, it will be a foot high, and then the leaves will be about seven or eight inches long, which appear to your eyes like semi-circles: the middle being a little hollow, so as I have seen a French sword that is made for lightness and strength. The colour, for the most part, frost upon green, intermixt with carnation, and, upon edges of the leaves, teeth like those upon saws; and these are pure incarnadine. The leaves fall over one another, as they are placed higher on the stem; the points of the lowest touching the ground; in a quarter of a year more, you shall perceive on the top of the stem a blossom, as large as the largest carnation, but of different colours, very small flakes, carnation, crimson and scarlet intermixt; some yellow, some blue leaves, and some peach-colour, intermixt with purple, sky-colour, and orange tawny, gridaline, and gingeline, white and philyamort; so that the blossom may be said to represent many of the varieties to the sight, which the fruit does to the taste: these colours will continue a week or ten days, and then wither and fall away; under which there will appear a little bunch, of the bigness of a walnut, which has in it all these colours mixt, which in the blossom were dispart; and so grows bigger for two months more, before it shows the perfect shape, which is somewhat of an oval form, but blunt at either end; and, at the upper end, grows out a crown of leaves, much like those below, for colour, but more beautiful; some of the leaves of this crown six inches long; the out leaves, shorter by degrees. This fruit is inclosed with a rind, which begins with a screw at the stalk; and so it goes round till it comes to the top or crown, gently rising; which screw is about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch broad: and the figures that are embroidered upon that screw near of that dimension, and divisions between. And it falls out so, as those divisions are never over one another in the screw, but are always under the middle of the figures above: those figures do vary so in the colouring, as if you see an hundred pines they are

not one like another, and every one of those figures has a little tuft or beard, some of green, some of yellow, some ash-colour, some carnation."

The sugar-cane was but little cultivated in Barbadoes at our adventurer's arrival; having been but lately introduced from Pernambuco, in Brazil. Perhaps the following particulars concerning it may not be uninteresting to such of our readers as do not sweeten their tea with honey, for the pious purpose of emancipating the slaves by the ruin of the planters. Its English name is said to be derived from the Spanish *Acucar*, a monkish corruption of *Saccharum*. It is supposed to have been known in the East, from time immemorial, and is mentioned in holy writ: "Thou hast bought me *sweet cane* with money." Is. ch. 43. v. 24. "To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and the *sweet cane* from a far country?" Jer. ch. 6, v. 20; and Lucan describes one of Pompey's auxiliaries as drinking the juice:

"*Quique bibunt tenerâ dulces ab arundine succos.*"

It is supposed to have been introduced by the Crusaders into the Morea, Rhodes, and Sicily, about the middle of the twelfth century, and was transplanted from the latter island to Spain, where it grew in great abundance in Valencia; and was afterwards carried to the Azores, Madeira, and the Cape de Verd Islands, by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century. It is maintained by some, that it thence found its way, at a very early period, to Brazil and the Spanish West India Islands; but other writers have satisfactorily shown, that it was spontaneously produced in Mexico, the banks of the Rio de la Plata, at the mouths of the Mississippi, and in the South Sea Islands, so that the West Indians rather owe the art of making sugar to Europe, than the production of the cane itself.—The botanical name is *Arundo Saccharifera*. It is a jointed reed, terminating in leaves or blades, with the edges finely and sharply serrated. The body of the cane is strong but brittle, and, when ripe, of a yellowish straw colour. It contains a soft, pithy substance, affording a copious supply of juice, of the most agreeable and least cloying sweetness in all nature; and, when converted into sugar, it is not only serviceable to the pastry-cooks, but turns your lungs into very durable confectionary, to the great profit of consumptive patients, according to Dr. Butler, a predecessor of Sydenham, who pithily and elegantly asks,

"If sugar can preserve both pears and plums, Why can it not as well preserve our lungs?"

The interval between the joints of the cane varies according to the nature of the soil: in general, it is from one to three inches long, and the cane from half an inch to an inch in diameter. The height, in like manner, depends upon the soil. On strong soils, or lands richly manured, the canes will measure twelve feet to the upper joint; but the general height is from three feet and a half to seven, and on very rich lands the root will sometimes put forth a hundred shoots. It is not a plant of

very nice or difficult cultivation; but it is liable to be destroyed by a species of blight, consisting of myriads of insects, invisible by the naked eye; by *grubs*, called *borers*; and, in some of the islands, by ants that burrow under the roots. When ripe, the canes are all cut and carried to the mill, where they are crushed between three vertical iron cylinders, in such a manner, that, having had a squeezing through the first and second rollers, they are further squeezed between the second and third, when they are fully exhausted of their juice. The juice is afterwards heated in three separate cauldrons, called *clarifiers*, in which, with the aid of lime, it throws off its scum. It is next boiled down in four large coppers, until it becomes thick, and is afterwards allowed to cool in large coolers, where it runs into a coarse mass of half-formed crystals, and separates itself from the molasses; it is then put into hogsheds, in which it is further drained of the molasses, through the spongy stalks of the plantain leaf, stuck through some holes in the bottom. In about three weeks, it is dry and clean, and the process is finished; the sugar thus made is called *Muscovado*. There appears but little essential alteration in the curing, since our author's time. *Lump sugar* was made from the Muscovado, placed in conical pots, with clay on the top, to exclude the air, whilst the molasses exuded through a hole in the bottom. The art is said to have been discovered from observing that a hen, that had walked over some Muscovado sugar, left it whiter in her track. *Rum* is a distillation from the scum arising during the boiling of the juice, and, in our author's time, was distinguished by the very appropriate name of *kill-devil*. The business of sugar making, or, as Ligon facetiously terms it, "the sweet negotiation of sugar," was looked upon at this time as extravagantly profitable as Real del Monte mining, or Raleigh's enterprises to El Dorado. A certain Colonel Drax, one of the planters, had recently began with a capital of *three hundred pounds*, and, according to our author, had soon money enough to buy an English estate of *ten thousand pounds a year!* Alas! neither "the sweet negotiation," nor any other, now-a-days, keeps poverty from the West Indian's doors.

Ligon concludes his History with a kind of summing up of the pleasures of living at home and emigration. In England there were hunting, hawking, and racing; but, in Barbadoes, there were neither game to hunt, birds to hawk, nor ground nor atmosphere for racing. The sight is better pleased with the sky and scenery of Barbadoes; but the violets and roses of England delight the scent most. As to feeling,

"It can be applied but two ways, either in doing or suffering; the poor negroes and Christian servants find it perfectly upon their heads and shoulders by the hands of their severe overseers; so that little pleasure is given the sense, by this coercive kind of feeling, more than a plaster for a sore pate; but this is but a passive kind of feeling: but take it in the highest and most active way it can be applied, which is upon the skins of women, and they are so sweetly and clammy, as the hand

cannot pass over, without being glued and cemented in the passage or motion; and, by that means, little pleasure is given to, or received by, the agent or the patient: and, therefore, if this sense be neither pleased in doing nor suffering, we may decline it as useless in a country where down of swans, or wool of beaver, is wanting."

Taste, of course, prefers Barbadoes; as who, indeed, would deign to think of England, when turtle is to be fished, and custard-apple dallies from its branch with your lips. But our author candidly confesses that, in spite of the princely fortunes and the flesh-pots, the yellow fever, and the home-sickness or longing after, England, are great drawbacks on happiness. The first vomits you to death in eighteen hours, and is, moreover, of that singularly happy character, that, after three hundred years of depopulation, it still remains to be decided whether it is contagious or curable, to the very signal honour of medicine, and the great convenience of "writing" physicians.—Our author, after nearly dying of it, set sail for England, and was nearly lost, by the sails being split by a tornado, which took an opportunity to blow, when there was no twine to mend them; but a little virgin, who was a passenger, addressed herself to the carpenter, to make her a distaff and spindle, with which she spun the precious commodity; whereupon the sails were made whole, and Ligon reached shore to write his history, and put in the Upper (King's) Bench, to his great misfortune. "But," he piously adds, "when the great leveller of the world, death, shall run his progress, all estates will be laid even."

"*Mors sceptrā Lignatius aequat.*"

Master Ligon here takes leave of his reason, and we shall here take leave of him. His book is amusing, and, with the exception of a fib or two, by way of *sauce piquante*, is a very accurate account of Barbadoes.

From the Retrospective Review.

HENRIE CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, of the *Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Arts and Sciences*: Englished by Ja. San. Gent. Imprinted at London by Henrie Bynne-man, dwelling in Knightryder Street, at the signe of the Mermayde. Anno 1575.

It is somewhat paradoxical, that one of the most intellectual men of his day should have deducted some of the few leisure hours of a most active and multifariously occupied life, in declaiming against those very arts and sciences to which he owed, in a great degree, his high and well-earned character. The mystery may, however, in some measure be cleared up, by a knowledge of the leading features of the part he played in the caravansera of human existence; and when we see into what an infinity of dangerous predicaments his talents and acquisitions led him, directly or indirectly, he may, we think, stand excused for considering arts and sciences not merely as simple vanities, but as a species of edged tools, to be handled with the utmost care and circumspection.

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He may, moreover, possibly have agreed by anticipation with the poet:—

"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan."

We doubt, however, whether Cornelius was exactly one of these self-condemning philosophers, who either did, or ought to have, entertained so humble an opinion of himself. If folly there was, the fault was not at his door; his procreators were alone to blame, in sending him into the world at least three centuries before the period suited to the development of faculties like his, in a luckless season of priest-ridden ignorance and oppression; and, consequently, one of the great merits of his work consists in pointing out, with a master's hand and artist's accuracy, the rocks and shoals in every branch of mental improvement, on which either he himself had suffered, or others might suffer, shipwreck. To make this prefatory remark plain to our readers, we shall give a brief account of his life, collected from the various fragments which his friends or enemies, or himself, have left on record; a life comprehending one of the most important periods of historical interest; for, born at Cologne, in 1486, and dying in 1536, he lived to see the commencement of the gradual emancipation of the human mind from the fetters of ignorance; and bore, occasionally, no inconsiderable share in the political scenes connected with the memorable struggle of the reformation. His shrewdness and penetrating insight into character afforded him, moreover, ample means of observing the secret main-springs by which this great work was effected, and enough to prejudice him against the chief engines employed in these active campaigns, in which every passion of man, good and bad, were alike enlisted, in fierce and interminable warfare. In these days of voracious appetite for biographical memoirs, the discovery of a MS. bearing the indisputable sign-manual of Cornelius Agrippa, would, indeed, have proved a mine of wealth to the fortunate discoverer, for few were better calculated than Cornelius to give a true and lively picture of those eventful times in every department, civil, political, and religious.

Entering life as secretary in the service of the Emperor Maximilian, he soon evinced as much skill in the management of the sword as the pen, and was, accordingly, knighted, for honours fairly won during a seven years' service in the Italian wars. Not satisfied with these, however, we soon find him figuring in the world in the twofold character of Doctor of Laws and Medicine, filling up the fractional portion of his hours of idleness by mastering no less than eight languages, in which, together with a knowledge of abstruse studies and the whole circle of sciences, he was, according to his own account, well grounded. As might naturally be expected, in a season when the intellect was awakening from its long slumber of five centuries, and the infallibility, as well as power, of the Romish hierarchy began to be questioned, a man of his acuteness, under the influence of inordinate curiosity and an uncontrollable pen, could not long busy himself in a search after truth without drawing down the vengeance and hatred of the church

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establishment. In fact, he speedily roused the lethargic spirit of the whole priesthood, from the cardinal to the mendicant friar, who, one and all, were, in their respective departments, ready and willing to stigmatize as heretical every thing removed an iota beyond their limited comprehension, and which had not heretofore been admitted in their legends and missals. But whatever pain or mortification he might have felt, from the anathemas of this holy combination of ignorance and intolerance, all was more than compensated by his gratifying reception amongst the lay aristocracy. By their exertions, he was, in 1518, appointed to a highly respectable situation at Metz; but this he was soon compelled to relinquish, owing to a persecution excited by the monks, who, in consequence of his interference in favour of a poor girl suspected of sorcery, and equally unpardonable refutation of certain orthodox opinions respecting the three traditional husbands of St. Anne, threatened him with the arguments of an active inquisition, on the alert to overwhelm one who dared to protest against their views of witchcraft, and St. Anne's matrimonial biography.

His itinerant mode of life had by no means tended to fill a dilapidated purse; accordingly, we find him frequently in the greatest distress, not a little increased by the claims of a wife and family, who followed his fortunes. In 1524, however, he succeeded in being placed on the pension-list of Francis I., as physician to his mother, Louisa of Savoy; but this proved a more flattering than beneficial appointment, for his salary was wretchedly, if indeed ever, paid; and, finally, he had the misfortune to displease his royal mistress, not the meekest of human lambs, by presuming to differ in opinion respecting the comparative merits of astrology and medicine; she, with true female curiosity, insisting upon his telling the fortunes of France by consulting the stars, instead of attending to the medical pursuits for which he was engaged. It is, indeed, probable that his prudence might have dictated an apparent preference for the latter, as it was suspected that he had, in fact, consulted the horoscope of French politics, and, finding it somewhat discordant with the hopes of the gentle Louisa, preferred a pretended ignorance to a development which might have eventually proved still more injurious to his views. With the loss of his place, poor Cornelius, unfortunately, lost his temper; he stamped, swore, threatened, spoke, and wrote in succession, and, as a climax, designated his patroness a second Jezebel:—"nec ultra illum ego pro principe mea, (jam enim esse desiit) sed pro atrocissimâ et perfidâ quâdam Jesabele mihi habendam decrevi." Having evaporated his spleen, the next step was to procure another establishment, which he was fortunate enough to meet with, at Antwerp, where we find him in 1528. During his short residence there, he seems not to have hid his candle in a bushel, for, in the following year, he received a simultaneous invitation from Henry VIII. of England, the Italian and German States, and Margaret of Austria, aunt of Charles V. Preferring the latter,

he was appointed historiographer to the emperor; but, Margaret dying in 1530, he had little more to do in his new function, than compose her funeral oration; a fortunate event, in all probability, as his old enemies, the monks, had, in that short period, so effectually prejudiced her against him, that his life was in considerable jeopardy. The work before us, (for reasons which will be obvious to our readers, when we quote his opinions of the Romish priesthood,) and another on occult philosophy, added fuel to the flame, and rendered his enemies hopelessly implacable. To the eternal credit, however, of two cardinals—Compeggio and De la Mark—they interested themselves in his cause, and sued, but in vain, for the arrears due for his historiographership, not a farthing of which did he ever receive; in lieu thereof, being committed to prison, in Brussels. By what means he effected his liberation does not appear; but no sooner was he released, than, with increased zeal, he dedicated his work, "*On the Vanities of Sciences*," to his friend the archbishop of Cologne, a prelate conspicuous for his virtue, simplicity of manners, and distinguished learning; a proselyte, moreover, to the doctrines of the reformers: with such a patron, he contended, with redoubled vigour, against the inquisitors, reprinting corrected and enlarged editions of his works faster than they could suppress or destroy the old ones.

In 1535, he was unguarded enough to visit Lyons, on his journey thither being imprisoned, on account of some offence given to the mother of Francis I. His detention, was, however, but short; for, being released at the earnest request of some good friends at court, he proceeded to Grenoble, where he died in the course of the same year. It would be no easy matter to give an accurate account of his real faith and opinions. He certainly never formally abjured the church of Rome, and it may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that he really died in her communion. But that he was liberal in his opinions, will be evident from the extracts we shall annex from his works; and that he was unostentatiously pious, is equally evident from a perusal of his private letters to intimate friends. But, withal, that he most cordially detested the props by which the national religion was upheld, there can be no question. He launches forth in terms of exultation on a work in hand, intended to lay open the crimes and heresies of the predicant friars, whom he accuses of almost every crime in the power of human nature to commit:—such as poisoning the sacramental elements, manufacturing miracles and relics by wholesale, exciting sedition and insubordination; in a word, the most inveterate radicals of their day, whose flagitious conduct he declares himself "*in eo scilicet libro, dilucidè narrare*." As might naturally be expected, they, in return, spare not the lash, accusing him, amongst other numberless sins, of being in constant and familiar intercourse with the devil; a sure card, in the hands of monks, to play before a populace ever ready to swallow a hook baited with a tale of the marvellous. Our authority for this rests on an account given by Paulus Jovius, who, nevertheless, allows him the ma-

* "Epist." 67, lib. iv., p. 884.

rit of being a scholar,—"vir educatus in literis." Agrippa, says Paulus, was always accompanied by the devil, in the shape of a huge black dog; and when, on his death-bed, he was exhorted to repent, he called this dog, and taking off a collar studded with nails, forming certain mysterious necromantic words, he exclaimed, "avaunt, and away with thee, accursed animal, for thou art the cause of my everlasting perdition!" The dog immediately, it is added, took the hint, and, rushing out of the house, precipitated itself into the river Saone, and was seen no more. How far this will be considered to be fair and legal damatory evidence, to any but staunch orthodox catholics, we presume not to say; we give the fact: *coram iudice lis est*, and there we leave it, softened only with this brief exculpatory testimony of Jean Weir, Agrippa's servant, who insisted that this reported familiar was a *bona fide* genuine black dog, which he was constantly in the habit of leading about with a string, feeding at his master's table, and, occasionally, even sharing his chair and bed, and to which they were both strongly attached, on account of his fidelity and affectionate habits.

As an author, he appeared frequently before the public. The following is a list, but we are not prepared to pronounce it a perfect one, of his works:—"A Treatise on the Excellency of Women," written in 1529, composed in compliment to Margaret of Austria, but never actually published.—"A Sketch of the History of the Government of Charles V."—"On the Vanities of the Sciences, 1530."—"On Occult Philosophy, 1530;" which he explained in a manner somewhat similar to that which the Swedenburgians interpret the scriptures: viz. assigning a double sense, one literal and erroneous, the other real, but spiritual and hidden. Perhaps we should be nearer the truth if we considered him as belonging to the sect of quietists, a class of mystics who imagined that there was a celestial light concealed in the deepest recesses of the mind, enabling the initiated to comprehend the operations and developments of the divine will, acting pervasively throughout creation. "A Commentary on the Arts of Raymund Lullius."—"A Dissertation on Original Sin."—His ideas on this abstruse subject were not quite in accordance with received opinions past or present, inasmuch as he considered the sin of Adam to have consisted in a more general gratification of the pleasures of sense, not confining it simply to disobedience on one particular point; a doctrine, probably, not very congenial with that of the monks, whose habits would much more have inclined them to limit and identify it with one single solitary breach of moral obligation. "An Essay on Marriage;" and several books of letters to various persons.

We come now to the work before us, which, in subdivisions of 102 chapters, comprises every science, art, and medium, through which knowledge can be obtained.

We shall commence with those sciences connected with the operation of the mind, prefacing it with an extract, comprehending a general view of the subject. "Nothing can chance unto man more pestilente, than knowledge: this is the very pestilence that putteth

al mankind to ruine, the which chaseth away all innocencie, and hath made us subiecte to many kindes of sinne, and to death also; which hath extinguished the light of faith, casting our soules into blinde darknesse: which, condemning the truth, hath placed errors in the highest throne;" an opinion so truly in accordance with the practical views of the Romish Church, that it required no small degree of subsequent heresy to efface the good opinion the profession of such an opinion must have secured.

Respecting the origin of letters, "the whyche oftentimes bring with them no lesse pestilence than pleasure;" he gives the credit of the Chaldean (on the authority of Philo) to Abraham; and of the Hebrew, to Moses, who introduced them for the use of the Jews, though these were afterwards altered by Ezra, who, he supposes, wrote almost all the books of the Old Testament. "Of these begynnings so inconstante, and at every season so mutable, did grammar first procede, Prometheus being the firste inventour thereof;" an art by the "corrupte interpretation of wordes," much deceiving the whole world, "of the which arise no small mischiefs in the common wealth," each party "wresting them," not for the public good, but as best suited "to their owne commoditie." Thus the "divines and hooded friers, putting themselves in among the grammarians, were at daggers drawing for the signification of wordes, with many additions of heresies, turning topsturvie the scriptures, by reason of grammar, being become naughtie interpreters of thinges." He then instances the various contentions and errors which have arisen from parties adhering to their own application, or rather misapplication, of words. Thus, "what greate contention have these two little wordes, *ex* and *per*, raised betwene the Greeke and the Latin churches; the Latins affirming that the Holy Ghost proceeded of the Father and the Sonne, and the Greekes saying that not of the Sonne, but of the Father, by the Sonne. There are, besides, other damnable heresies among the grammarians, but so obscure and subtile, that, except the very wylie divines of Oxforde, and the Sorbonistes of Paris, had perceyved them with their percing eyes, and condemned them with their profounde judgements, scarcely any coulde beware." Poetry fares no better than grammar, being "devysed to no other ende, but to please the eares of foolishe men, with wanton rythmes, with measures, and weyghtinesse of syllables," deceiving them with the "delectation of fables, and with fardeles of lyes;" a string of poetical proofs are forthwith produced of her "unfearefull boldnesse of lying," with "venemous eloquence of wordes, and pestiferouse pleasantnesse of verse." Happy must Cornelius have been in discovering Plato's opinion; "that he that is well in his wittes, knocketh in vayne at the dore of poetrie;" and that Augustine called it "the wine of error, ministered by drunken doctours," and Hiero, "the meate of devils; an art, in a word, that is "always hungrie, eating up other men's breade like mice."

Of history, it is said, that "albeit it doth chiefly require an order, agreemente, and

truthes of all things; notwithstanding, it performeth it leaste of all;" historiographers so much disagreeing amongst themselves, "that it is impossible but that a number of them should be very lyars," and yet, "they finde foolish men, and withoute judgmente, that believe them" in their "trimme trifles and monstrous lyes."—"Among these are some whiche take in hande to wryte hystories; wryting suche thinges only, as make for theyr purpose, dissembling, overpassing, or diminishing the residue; others, whylest they desire to extoll theyr owne doings, doo diminishe other men's prowesses, and write that whiche is not, that whiche they covet, that whiche they wish, and that whiche pleaseth them, stedfastly trusting that they will not fayle to be companions and defendours of their lyes, and bee their witnessers, whome they have notably flattered. There be, moreover, many which wrighte histories, not so muche to tell the truthes, as to delighte, that they may expresse and depainte the image of a noble prince, in whome they please, which if any shall reprove for lying, they saye, that they have not so great a regarde to thinges done, as to the profite of their posteritie, and to the fame of witte, and therefore they have not declared all thinges as they have bin done, but how they oughte, to be declared, and that obstinately, they will not defende the truthes, but where the common utilitie doth require fayning: that suche a lie is not to be despised, which availeth to the persuation of honestie." And "there be the causes, why in no part any credit may be thoroughly given to histories," wherein is so "greate a discorde that they reprove one another with their bookes and write very diversely of one self thing."

Rhetorick is affirmed to "be nothing else but an art of perswading and moving the affections, with subtile eloquence, with exquisite colouring of wordes, and with a false likeli-hood of the truth doth allure the mindes of the simple and leadeth them into the pryson of erreour, seeking to subvert the sense of the truthes." The Lacedemonians, it is remarked, banished Ctesiphon, because hee "avaunted that hee coulde talke a whole daye of any thing," there being nothing more odious in their estimation than "this curious cunning of the tongue, trymly attiring it with exquisite elegance of speech to deceyve the mindes of the hearers with pleasantnesse of wordes, and with their tongue to leade them bonde by the eares;" a law we have often wished to be in force, when it was our misfortune to hear certain long-winded orators at public dinners, missionary meetings, branch and spring bible societies, and sometimes, indeed, in the Commons House of Parliament.—As a proof of his sincere attachment to the Romish Church, though as sincerely hostile to its abuses, he quotes the dangers to be apprehended from Luther, and other "ringleaders of the German heresies, so muche praised for the perfecte knowledge of the tongues, for the finesse of speeche, that nothing could be added to their praises." Logrick is "nothing els, but a skilfulnesse of contention and darknesse, by the whiche al other sciences are made more obscure, and harder to learne. These logitioners

premisse (as they saye) that they are able to fynde out the essentiall definition of every thing; notwithstanding they can never make it playne with any wordes, but that the minde is as ignorant as it was before."

Under the head of sophistry, its professors are described as doing nothing more than learning "to erre, and, with unceasing contention, either to make the truthes more obscure, or utterly to loose it. Whose glorye is placed in nothing else but tauntes and crakings as they that doe not desyre so much to overcome as to fyghte, and theyr intente is not to finde out the truthes, but to brawle, insomuche that he is accounted the chiefest among them, that cryeth lowdest, that is most shamelesse, and prateth apace." In short, logie appears to have been nearly allied to a sort of mental alchymy, a monstrous arte discovered by Raymondus Lullius,* by which every man might "plentifully dispute of what matter he listed with a certaine artificiall and huge heape of nouns and verbes."

We have a chapter on technical memory, in which the fallacies and plausible advantages of the art are detected with a philosopher's eye. We can well recollect the ephemeral fame of Baron Von Feinagle, who most impudently claimed the discovering of an art mentioned by Cicero as the invention of Simonides Melito, and perfected by Metrodorus Scepius. But whatever be its pretensions, observes Cornelius, it "cannot stande without naturall memorie, whiche oftentimes is dulled with monstrous images, burdening it with the images of infinite things and wordes, causing them to become madde with arte that abide not contente with the limits of nature."—Finally, "it is a childish bragge to boaste of memorie; it is a shamefull thing, and a shamelesse manne's propertie to set out in all men's sighte the reading of many thinges, like as merchants do their wares whereas in the meane while the house is emptie."

His reasoning upon mathematics borders rather upon that of Amrou, when he burned the Alexandrine Library: he begins by confessing that, notwithstanding it consists in nothing, it is, nevertheless, the most certain of the sciences, and cannot be taxed with introducing heresies, "but as they appertaine nothing to salvation, and withdrawe them from God, they be not the sciences of God."

As for arithmetic, it is rejected as beneath the value of a gentleman, "being had in price of none but marchaunts for covetousnesse sake," unless indeed as being the parent of "cardes, tables, and dice, and all suche hazarding numbers," it might be allowed to show itself in the purlieus of St. James's and the exclusive precincts of Crockford's.—For the benefit of that respectable firm, and divers of the same class, we beg to quote Cornelius's opinion of the "arte of Dyeing." "This arte," quoth he, "is the mother of lyes, of perjuries, of theft, of debate, of injuries, of manslaughter, the very invention of the divells of hell, an arte altogether infamous, and yet, notwithstanding, at this day, (and we may add, A. D.

* See Art. on Alchymy, "Retros. Review," vol. xiv. p. 110.

1826, inclusive) this is the most accustomed pastyme that kings and noblemen use. What doe I call it a pastyme? Nay, rather their wisdom which herein hath bene damnably instructed to deceyve." Arithmetic, in truth, fares ill with philosophers; Plato declaring it to have been "first shewed by a wicked spirit together with dice play;" and Lyeurgus, we are reminded, banished it from Sparta as a "troublesome thing." We were quite of the same opinion in our younge days, when, with an appalling sum of 9 figures to multiply by 9, we chaunted that doleful ditty, so well known in the junior classes of every school in England. "Multiplication is my vexation," &c.

The very recollection of such operations on a cold winter's morning, before breakfast, worked with fingers red and raw with chilblains, makes us shiver. "Lett our talke, therefore, be of musike;" which next comes on Cornelius's list of grievances. He enters into a detailed account of the different measures and style of sounds, tones, &c.: of, for example, the war-strain, which "Porphirius termeth barbarous," and only fitted to "stirre up men to battaile and furie," justly, therefore, called "Bacchical, as furious, violente, and troublesome."—Of the moral effect of the Phrygian measure, rather a curious instance is given, how a young man, being stirred up therewith, "hastened to burne a house where there laye a trumpet hidden." The final burden of the song is that, "although men confesse that this arte hath much sweetnesse, yet the common opinion is, and also every man may see it by experience, that it is the exercise of base men, and of an unprofitable and intemperate wit, which have no consideration of beginning nor ending, as it is reade of Archabius the trumpetour, to whome men were glad to give more to make him cease, than to make him sing." For which cause, as it has ever bin "wandering here and there for price and pence, no grave, modeste, honeste, and valiaunt man ever professed it."—There seems to have been a good deal of controversy amongst the fathers respecting the propriety of admitting it as an adjunct to religious worship. Cornelius gives his casting vote thus: "The divine service is sung, not for the understanding of the hearers, but for the stirring up of the minde: with beastly squeeking; whyle the children braye the discante, some bellow the tenoure, some bark the counterpointe, some howle the treble, some grunt the base, and cause many sounds to be hearde, no words and sentences to be understoode, but in this sorte the authoritie of judgement is taken from the eares and minde."

Of "Daunsing," we must not expect a much more favourable opinion; but, such as it is, we humbly submit the justice of it to our younger readers, male and female; for so long is it since we figured at Almack's, that we have no very clear recollection of our own impressions. Is it not, then, an act, quoth Cornelius, very "acceptable to maidens and lovers, whiche they learne with greate care, and without tediousnesse doo prolong it untill mid-nights," (the usual hour for closing balls in London, we presume? we ask the question for information,) "and, with greate diligence, do devise to daunce with framed gestures, and

with measurable paces, doing, as they thinke, very wisely and subtilly." But, adds our author, "bath not oftentimes the unhappy maiden there learned that, whereoff shee had bene better to bee ignoraunte." In fact, he will have it that quadrilles are, after all, but "filthie and wicked things;" in spite of the grave argument urged in their behalf, as "coming by inspiration from the highe heavens, from the course of the starres and planetes, from theyr goying and turning, meeting and order, as it were from a certayne harmoniall daunsing of the heavenly bodies, together with the generation of the worlde." The ancients, indeed, were occasionally rather smart on the waltzers and singers of the olden times; "for their cause, Saluste did caste Sempronia in the teethe, for that she sung and daunsed more cunningly than beeseemed an honest woman." And when Lucius Murena was accused of going to a ball in Asia, Cicero, as counsel for the defendant, was, we suspect, under the necessity of stretching the truth a little in the service of his client, and therefore "stoutly denied that hee did." In a word, the whole art, the very essence of which consists in "monstrous thumping of the feete," is pronounced the "vilest vice of all," and "thus wee have sufficiently spoken of daunsing." As a consequence, probably, of ball-going, and waltzing, and quadrilling, the next chapter treats on the art of fighting with the sword, which he calls a sort of "daunsing in armour," "a tragical arte, doubtlesse," and therefore to be "detested of all men."

The "poor player" is next brought on the stage, to bear the lash prepared for him: his punishment is brief, but most severe; quite according to the taste of Mr. Prynne, of conventicle memory, and admirably calculated for all those who, with good master Prynne, are of opinion, that "plays were the chiefe delight of the devil, and all that frequented them were damned."

Chapter XXI. treats of a style of dancing we never before heard of, at least under that name, viz. "Rhetorisme or Rhetorical Daunsing," for so he terms action and gesticulation, and apparently introduces it for the sole purpose of attacking the "staged friars," so he styles certain preachers who "crie out of the pulpit with marvellous straying of the voyce, with a divers fashioned countenance, with a rolling and a wanton eie, with casting abroad of armes, with daunsing feete, and with divers movings, revolutions, turnings aboute, by-ward looks, leapings, and gesturings with the body."

He seems to be rather at a loss for a good argument against geometry, the utmost he can do being to accuse its professors, for attempting what they were never able to accomplish; such as failures in finding the true quadrature of the circle, &c. He grants it, on the other hand, its full measure of praise in the framing of tools, and artificial instruments, magnaries, mackanopoceticks, poliorceticks, &c. &c. The chapter, however, well merits attention, as including a curious epitome of ancient art and

* See Prynne, "Histrio-Mastix," and preface to Dodsley's "Old Plays."

ingenuity. Thus, mention is made of, "bulla daunsing by themselves, candles making their own weekes;" an artificial animal drinking, and representing the motions of a living creature; speaking and moving images of high antiquity;—a dove of wood, that "rose up on high and flew."—Archimedes' "heaven of brasse, with so great workmanship, that therein the motions of all the planets were most manifestly perceyved," and the revolutions "of all the heavenly sphere."

Under the head of "the arte of opticke," or perspective, we have an enumeration of the various ancient theories of light and sight; most of which prove their authors to have been much in the dark upon a subject little understood. Cornelius satisfies himself with his enumerations, unable or unwilling to say a word of "the vanitie of it" as a science.

Painters, too, come off pretty well; and, possibly, the art of graving and moulding might have been equally fortunate but for the second commandment, which is introduced with fatal effect against its professors, who have brought in an "idolatrie very odious to God," and for which they shall be "accursed" and "suffer tormentes." The invention of the art is attributed to the "vanitie of menne," for the temptation of menne's soules and to beguile the ignorant, and the invention of them is the corruption of life;" never omitting an opportunity of handling the monks roughly. An anecdote is introduced into this chapter, more applicable, indeed, to painting than sculpture; "I learned," saith Cornelius, "that, in tyme past, there was, in pictures and images, an authoritie greatly to be esteemed; for, whereas there was an obstinate strife betweene the Augustine friers and the vulgar chianons, before the Pope, concerning the habite or apparel of St. Augustine, i. e. to say whether he did weare a black weede upon a white coate, or a white weede upon a black coate; and finding nothing in the scriptures whiche made to the ending of the strife, the Roman judges thought good to preferre the whole matter to painters and image-makers." Accordingly, paintings and statues innumerable were searched and examined for authorities, but in vain; for in no place "saw I a frier's cowl:" at length, however, in the forefront of a certain picture, "the divell" was found "painted with a cowl, to witte, he which wente to tempte Christe in the deserte." "At the which," adds Cornelius, "I rejoyced exceedingly," that "I had found, that the divel was the first author of a cowl; of whom, afterwarde, I suppose that other monkes and friers took up the fashion under divers colours; or, perhaps, have retained it as a thing left to them by inheritance." Chapter XXVI. is upon "the arte of seeing-glasses;" an art accused of deceit, inasmuch as, hereby, things might be magnified, lessened, or multiplied beyond the truth. In speaking of the extent of knowledge upon this subject, it would appear that telescopes were little known in his days, as he expresses himself rather mysteriously respecting a secret of making glasses, by which, "when the sun shineth, all things may very plainly be seene, a great space off, as three or foure miles!"

"Of the "measure of the worlde," compri-

sing geography and cosmography. This affords him scope for alluding to the absurd ideas broached in various ages, by various persons, concerning the extent, magnitude, and height of the globe; where was its middle, and where its extremities? The orthodox reasoning reminds us of some scriptural passages urged in our days in favour of contested points. "The divines, also, he says, "putting their hookes among this corne," (i. e. entering into the question of the middle point of the earth,) "will have Jerusalem to be the middle point of the earth, because it is written by the prophet, 'God hath wrought salvation in the midst of the earth.'" His conclusion is, that, "whylest this arte endeavoureth to teache us the greatnesse of the earth, &c., we get no other fruite thereof, but that whylest we over-greedily seache out other menne's matters, doe learne not to know our selves, or, as St. Augustine sayeth in his confessions, men goe to wonder at the highnesse of the mountains, the great surges of the sea, and the broad running of the ryvers, the circuite of the ocean sea, and the compasse of the starres, and do forsake themselves."

"There is no doubt but that architecture bringeth us very greates profite and ornaments;" and having said thus much in its favour, he laments over the folly of those who are never satisfied with what they have, but "do desire to enlarge the roome of their houses with some newe thing, being already well built;" a hint of some value in these overbuilding days, when the homes, in which our ancestors dwelt comfortably, are turned out of windows by their dissatisfied posterity. Architecture, according to our author's view, includes hewing of stones and excavations of rocks; he connects it with the "acte of finding metals," which affords ample scope for rebuking men's avidity for earthly pelf. "By this acte, all worldly wealth is maintained, for the greedinesse whereof such a fantasie came in menne's brains, that they go even unto hel alive, and with the great decate of nature do search riches where damned soules do dwell; and I would to God that men would applie themselves to heavenly thinges, as they do seache out the entrailes of the earth."

Two long and tedious chapters occur, connecting astronomy and astrology; the substance of which is, that astrologers know nothing about the matter: he confesses, after long experience, that he himself lost much time and labour therein; learning, at length, that "the arte was builde wholly and altogether upon no other foundation but upon mere trifles and fancyings of imagination;" and bitterly he repents having listened to "the importunate prayers of noble personages, (which are wonte oftentimes to abuse passing good wittes, in doing many unworthie actes.)" So much for his patroness, Louisa of Savoy.

Having despatched astrology and various other arts closely or remotely connected with it, he at Chapter XII. commences upon "magicke in generall;" after all, a sister art, since he, "which professeth magicke without astrology, doth nothing but wander out of the way." He defines it to be that "whiche, having intently beheld the forces of all naturall

things and coelestiall, doth publish abroad the hidden and secret powers of nature, bringing the things which be prepared by nature, applying and setting active things to passive, very oftentimes before the tyme by nature appointed to bring forth effectes, whiche of the common sort be accounted miracles; whereas, for all that, they be but naturall workes."—But, withal, magicians are "very presumptuous persons, with having gone farre to do all things, especially with the favour of that ancient and terrible serpent, the promiser of sciences, that like to him, as apes, they endeavour to counterfeit God and nature."

Sometimes, indeed, the crime carries its own punishment, as it is on record that a certain Demarchaus Pharrhasius, venturing to taste the "inwardes of a child" which he was sacrificing, was turned into a wolf. We mention this as a caution to those who feel inclined to dabble with these workes of "darknesse and bookes of damnable reading," thus becoming "damnable artificers of damnation."—"To guard against these necromanticall magitries, the ancient fathers skilled in spiritual things, not without cause, have ordeyned that deade men's bodies should be buried in a holy place, and shoulde be accompanied with lightes, sprinkled with holy water, perfumed, purged, and prayed for as long as they were above the earth;" for, as the "Masters of the Hebrews say, all our carnall creature" is left to Azayeli the serpent, for "meate, whiche is lord of fleshe and bloode." Respecting Theurgie, a branch of magic by many deemed not "prohibited," as under the government of "good angelles," we shall merely give Cornelius's own opinion; he declaring it to be an arte the "more damnable," as it appears to the "ignorant more divine."

The mysteries of the "Cabala" claim considerable respect from their high origin, they being a "kinde of magicke which the Jews saie were the gift of God to Moses in the mounte." But we must confess Agrippa combats this argument with great force, insisting upon it, that, if its origin was divine, it never would have been hidden from the mother church, "whiche truly hath knowledge of all things."—"Cabala, therefore, must be "nothing else but a certain most pestilent superstition."

Under the article "Jugling," we have instances of skill far beyond the powers of the best Indian professors of the art, or the very king of conjurors himself. One Pasctes, being wont to shew to strangers "a verie sumptuous banquet, and, when it pleased him, to cause it to vanishe away;" all they which sat as guests were, with good reason, much surprised, being thus disappointed "both of meate and drinke." Philosophy, in general, excites disapprobation on account of the want of unanimity amongst its leaders. Wherefore, "I knowe not whether I should accompt philosophers among beastes, or among men; they seeme to surmount brutish beastes, because they have reason and understanding; but why shall they be accompt menne, whose reason cannot persuade no constant and certaine thing, but doth alwayes waver in mutable opinions?" Some of their dilemmas are noticed; for instance, that puzzling question, whether the "egg or the birde be first engendered? seeing that it is

not possible that an egge should be layde without a birde, and a birde begotten without an egge." The question of the soul's origin is largely discussed: we will pass over the opinion of the heathen philosophers and briefly touch upon some maintained by Christian divines, amongst whom there is "growne a discorde touching the beginning of soules." Thus, "one Origenes, a very well learned man, hath it, that the soules of men were made in heaven from the beginning of the worlde. Augustine supposed the soul to have been a sort of itinerant pilgrim of ancient growth, in search of an abode, and, beholding in the bodie a dwelling-place meet for himselfe, he chose it willingly;" others supposed that "one soule is begotten of another, as a bodie of a bodie;" others, again, that there was a constant manufacture, and that "all soules be dayly created:" this was the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas. In short, there is no end to the diversified opinions of soules, which were made to partake, as best suited the theories of each, of a singular, dual, or plural number, of every form and fashion: one conclusion, albeit of pagan authority, will at least be admitted by all, viz. oft times, reasonable soules do get into very unreasonable bodies. The pagan, indeed, alludes to their being occasionally incarcerated in such things as plants and animals; but we believe experience will bear us out, as Christians, in the verity of the belief, that bodies and soules in this world do not always live in harmony and accordance with each other. The prolific jargon, flowing from metaphysical views of these and similar topics, affords our author abundant weapons against philosophy in general, as adverse to religion. "For what heresies soever have bene at any time, they all have flowed out of the fountaines of philosophie as from theyr very seede plotte," reducing "playne divinitie to caveling and sophisticall babling."

He complains, that moral philosophy is censurable in its fundamental principles, "taking place by right or wrong, according to the use of time and agreement of menne; whereof it cometh to passe, that that which, at one tyme, was vice, at another time is accounted virtue; and that whiche to one is honest, to another is dishoneste; that whiche to us is just, to other is unjust, according to the opinion or lawes of time, of place, of estate, and of men." Is Master Cornelius quite wrong in this statement? Reader, look around you: we speak as to wise men—judge ye. How far we really feel inclined to go with our author, needs not to be exactly defined, but certainly, not to the full extent of his conclusion, "that moral philosophy is altogether repugnant to good law, and to Christe himselfe; that the glorie thereof is due to none other, than to Sathan."

And now for his politics—a tender subject at all times, full of Gordian knots on both sides, Whig, and Tory, and Radical; alike disinclined to argue the matter calmly and dispassionately. In giving, therefore, our selection, we beg only that it be remembered, the reasons are Cornelius Agrippa's, not the Retrospective Reviewer's.—"Kingliness," saith he, (for we may as well begin at the head), "hath this pestilent mischief in it, that they also, which in time paste, were very good men and allowed by all

men's consent, as sone as they had rule in hande, as it were licence to offend, became presumptuous and very wicked." He gives a curious instance illustrative of the old adage, that private vices are public benefits; as he expresses it, the "multitude of transgressours is the riches of princes. I had in time past, in Italie, verie familiar conversation with a mightie prince, whome when I exhorted to appease and mitigate the seditions of the Gibellins and Guelphins, he confessed, that, by the occasion of that broyle and taking of partes, he hadde as good as twelve thousande ducates in condemnations yearly brought into his treasure."—"So much for monarchy; at which, lest the radical should chuckle over much, we forthwith proceed to popular governments. What says Cornelius, then, of the mighty majesty of the people?—this—"that it is their propertie to understande nothing, but to runne headlong without advise to doo their own business, like to a river that runneth with great violence." Demosthenes calleth it "a naughtie beaste;" to which Plato adds, that it is one with many heads, not to be "turned with reasons, with authorities, nor persuasions, because, the one they understande not, the other, they refuse; to hear perswasions they are dull and obstinate; whose manners be always very unconstant, desiring new things, and hating them that are presente." Thus, he sums up; and, in this summing up, whether we be ultras or liberals in our secret thoughts, most cordially do we agree with him. "Finally, no philosophie, no arte, no science, is necessarie to the wel governing of the common weale, but the vertue of the rulers; for very well one, very well a few, very well the people doo governe: if they be vertuous, and most naughtilie, if they be wicked."

We should do Cornelius Agrippa very great injustice, if, from the following conclusion to the chapter on Religion, we were to infer any suspicion of his being deficient in those essentials of which pure and undefiled religion is compounded. He had seen enough of the world to mark well the distinctive line between externals and internals. "In the thinges which have bene invented for the setting forth of religion, and for the salvation of men, there is founde much naughtinesse, joynd with vanitie;" which assertion he proceeds to prove by, as he says, "ranging through every part and parcell." Images and churches he places nearly on a par, as tending to feed the mind rather with the forms than realities of religion, his argument tending to prove that they are "nothing convenient for Christians to the worshipping of God;" in support of which, he quotes Lactantius, "who sayth churches are not to be erected unto God with stones heaped on high; but every one ought to keepe a place in his harte, whereunto he may go to worshippinge God." With respect to religious edifices, at least, we entirely differ; and, in answer, we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of that beautiful passage of Madame de Staël's: "Aucun édifice ne peut être aussi patriotique qu'une église; c'est le seul dans lequel toutes les classes de la nation se réunissent, le seul qui rappelle non seulement les événemens publics, mais les pensées secrètes,

les affections intimes, que les chefs et les citoyens ont apportées dans son enceinte. Le temple de la Divinité semble présent comme elle aux siècles écoulés." We fear, too, that the wealth displayed in some of our new London churches would ill accord with the sentiments of Cornelius. "Moreover, the sumptuousnesse of their building is stately, whereupon very muche godly money and almesse are consumed, with the which many poore Christians, the true temples and images of God, which die for hunger, for thirste, for heate, for colde, for labour, for feeblenesse, for povertie, ought to be sustayned."

He grievously laments over the unhallowed uses to which "Christian people" have applied "festivall dayes;" and takes occasion to comment on the uncertainty respecting some of the moveable feasts; "to this daye there being no true and certayne day of Easter, disputing of the reformation of the calendar, taking counsayle of the astrologers; a worthy thing doubtlesse, for the whiche the church should sustaine so great a losse for the obstinate religion of one Romish Pope." A tolerably severe slap, by the by, at the presumed infallibility of the sovereign pontiff, from a professed Catholic. Ceremonies and the "pompe of rites, in apparell, in vessels, in lightes, in belles, in organs, in singing, in gestures, in pretious pictures, and such things," he looks upon as "having broughte in innumerable sectes into the church, and bin the seedes of the greatest schismes;" a charge, which the stoutest defender of the faith in such like matters would have some difficulty to refute. The chapter closes with a hint towards moderation and forbearance, which we recommend alike to Protestant, as well as Catholic, clergy and laity. He is speaking of dissensions in the ecclesiastical world, originating in the fruitful topic of transubstantiation, and adds, "the Roman bishops might have taken away many mischiefs, and have kept the church quiet and sounde, if they had suffered the leven of the Greeks, and the chalice of the Bohemians."

In discussing the question of church-government, he presses hard on those who "eyther by filthy flatterie, or by giftes, or by the favour of princes, have climbed and ascended to priesthoods, benefices, and bishopricks, and those

That do delite in horse and hownde,
And grass of sunnie fieldes."

From hence to the "sectes of the monkes" is a natural digression; persons "bearing the names of laudable men and most holie fathers," but of whom as "wicked, the number is great. Hooded monsters with beards, with coardes, with leather gyrdels, with corded shoes, with wooden shoes, with bare legs attired in browne, in black, in graye. If I should write the errors and vanities of these men, al the skinnes of Madian would not suffice."

Scurvily as we see Cornelius had been treated by royal patrons and patronesses, he may be pardoned for bearing no extraordinary good will towards "kingly or courtly governments;" for thus he speaketh of the court. It is "no-

* Madame de Staël, Allemagne, vol. i., p. 66.

thing els in effect but a college of gaintes, an assembly of noble men and famous knaves, a theatre of most wicked waiters, a schoule of very corrupt customes, and a refuge of detestable wickednesse; followed by a long continued tissue of most uncourtly abuse, with which we deem it not advisable to fill our pages. In a succeeding chapter, he notices a class still in existence, in the constant exercise of their same lawfull callings: certain "common or meane courtiers, who go from one noble man's house to another, and hold up their tales for a dinner or supper, living at other men's tables:" thus purchasing "acquaintance and familiar friendship with noble men, wherein they trusting, doe easily compass what they desire."

A fearful list of vices and improprieties is placed to the credit of the "women of the court, lurking under those fayre skinned," better, for the sake of decorum and respect for these ladies, to be passed over, or imagined, rather than written; therefore, taking leave of princes and palaces, proceed we to other "partes of economie," beginning with Marchaundise; "subtell searcher out of privy gaines, never content with enough, but always very miserable for the desire to gette;" and that, too, in the opinion of Cornelius, not always in the most honest way; for "he that dothe not deceyve cannot gayne." But bad as this may be, "these be the leaste mischiefes; farre greater than these are behinde;" e. g. trade being nothing else but lyes, dissimulation, cloudes of wordes, privie searching, conspiracie, deceytes, and open treason." Nay, the old fathers thought so ill of it, that Chrysostome avowed, that no "merchaunt could please God;" let no Christian, then, be a merchant; and, if he will be, let him be excommunicated; and Augustine adds, that neither merchants nor soldiers could even truly repent.

Nearly allied to the commercial world are they of the "Treasourership," amongst whom he apparently includes commissaries, army and navy agents, brokers, and so forth: "a certaine theivish kind of men, and, for the most part, servile and hired for monie; rich through the fingers onely, with which they caste accompts of talents and millions, which they have so clammie like birde lime, and beset with infinite crooked hookes, that all money, how light soever it be, fleeting, and sliding and slippery, like adders and eales, touched of these, doth stick faste, nor can easily bee taken awaye."—But as their "marchauntes and treasourers, if at any tyme satisfied with gayne, at length doo employe themselves to tyll and trimme theyr groundes and possessions; therefore wee wyll add here under what is thought of husbandrie:" against which he has not a syllable of railing accusation to adduce; a goodly art, which "giveth us, beside divers kyndes of fleshe, milke, cheese, butter, to eate; and for apparell, wool, skinned, and hides, all doubtlesse as well very necessary, as also profitable to manne's life."

Of Fishing, we are told that it was a sport had in great price among the Romans, who made "fish-poolles and pondes full of most pretious fishes;" that it was, moreover, a royal

amusement; for we "reade that the Emperour Octaviane Augustus was wonte to angle for fishe;" but, after all, Cornelius commends it not even on this account, because fish is of "a hard nourishment, and unwholesome for the body."

Of Hunting and Fowling he has little praise-worthy to say, "detestable artes, and vaine studies, and unhappy strifes, with maney labours and watches, to fighte, and exercise tyranny agaynste beastes, from night to night;" and as "cruel an arte whiche our humanitie ought to eschewe, the chiefest exercise of most wicked menne and sinners;" and in his time, "which is more to be lamented, the religion of abbottes, bishops, and other prelates of the church, whose business" was nothing "els but hunting, wherein they doo chiefly occupie themselves, and showe their worthinesse." But now "let us passe from hunting and husbandmen" to "the arte of Warre and Souldiers," of whom Cato affirmed, that "very valiaunt and worthy souldiers we see begotten." This "arte" he defines to "be nothing els but a common slaughter and sporte of many, souldiers being nothing els than hired thieves," nevertheless approved by "Catholicke doctours of the church," and by no means disallowed by the popes, "albeit Christ and the apostles bee of a contrarie opinion." From war he traces the sects and orders of many holy knights, whose religion "consisteth in bloude, murders, robberies, and piracie." Finally, "battaile and warre doe make many Bishoppes, and oftentimes they fight for the Papacie; and this is then called the constaunce of marder-dome, when men fight valiantly for the Papacie with a great slaughter of Christians."

From war, Cornelius proceeds to Nobility, a sort of weed, he seems to infer, springing from it; we fear, indeed, that our worthy author would, in our days, have been classed with our Hunts and Cobbetts; for he speaks severely of dignities, most audaciously maintaining, that "there hath bene no nobilitie, which hath not had a naughtie beginning," backing his argument, it must be confessed, with a sore list of the high and mighty, who were not better than they should be. "Finally, the sufficiencye of all gentlemen is herein declared, if they can hunt, if they have been damnable taught in dýsing, if they shewe the strength of their bodie with great quaffing, if they be given to pride, to excesse, and to all intemperance; and, enimies of vertues, doo forget that they were borne, and that they shall dye:—But they be much more noble, if this wickednesse shall descend from the fathers to the children, and enter into them with greater authoritie!"

From "Warrefare and Nobilitie," he passes to Physic, "a certayne arte of manslaughter altogethyer servile," ranking itself superior to law as a profession, seeking to have the next place to divinitie; "wherefore there is a great contention between phisitians and lawyers." Thus stands their argument, seeing "there be three kyndes of goodes by order—of the soule, body, and fortune; the divine hath charge of the firste, the phisitian of the seconde, the lawyers the thirde.—But there was a certayne mayor of a citee, that made an end of this matter in variance, with a pretty and pleasant demand.

For he asked of them that were in strife, what usage and order was observed in carrying men to the gallows? whether wente before, and behinde, the theefe or the hangman; and when they answered, that the theefe wente before, and the hangman nexte, hee gave sentence, saying, the lawyers then goe before, and the phisicians come after; reproving, in this manner, theyr notable robberie, and rashe murders." But whatever be its rank, Cornelius holds it to be but an art established "upon false experimentes, and fortified with lyghte beleefe of the sicke, no less venomous than beneficiall; so that often times, and well neere alwaies, there is more daunger in the physitian, and the medicine, than in the sicknesse itselfe, whiche thing, the very chiefest in this arte do freely confesse, to witte, Hippocrates." We recollect an anecdote, currently reported of the late Dr. Baillie, which, if true, places him pretty much on a par with this father of physic. "Our profession," observed the doctor, "is but a profession of guessing; and he succeeds best who is the best guesser." We think our readers will thank us, for introducing them to a first-rate doctor of physic of the sixteenth century. "Verie excellent also is that phisitian, whiche is clad in brave apparell, having ryngs on his fyngers, and glimmering with pretious stones, and whiche hath gotten authoritie, fame, and credence, for having beene in farre countreys, for having made long pylgrimages, or for beeing of a divers religion, (as a Jewe or a Marano,) for having a verie effectuell unshamefastnesse of face to deceyve, and an obstinate manner of avauenting, with stiffe lies, that they have greate remedies for, having continually in his mouth many wordes, half Greek, and barbarous;" uttered "with a leaden gravitie, and, as it were, with a souldier's boldnesse."—He who is thus prepared, "then taketh in hand to practise phisicke. First, he visiteth the sicke, he beholdeth the water, he feeleth the pulse, he looketh on the tongue, he gropeth the sides, he looketh on the ordure, he wil know his manner of diet, and searcheth also if there be any things more secret, as if by these he weigheth the elementes, and as it were tryeth in a balance the humours of the patient, and lyeth aspee;" then follows a long list of prescriptions, "with great avauenting thereof," such as, pilles, clisters, plaisters, pitche-clothes, gargarismes and sirupes," &c. &c. "If the patient happens to be rich, or of greate authoritie, then, to the ende that he may have more gayne and reputation, he prolongeth the disease, as much as hee may, and doth not restore him to health, but by little and little.—If, however, he doubteth of the ende, he demaundeth a mate, that he may cure the disease with more suretie, or else, as oftentimes comes to passe, that he may kill him more warily, leaste that another coming in place, who alone restoreth the sicke man to healtie, may take from him his reputation, prayse, and gaine also: and in this manner he maketh men believe, that no sicke man dyeth but through his own faulte, and that no man can be restored to healtie, but by the meanes of the phisitian!"—By Cornelius's account, they appear to have been but sorry company at a dinner party; for, infected with the

"dayly visitting of the sicke, and with the fresh vapours of pestilence, whilst he is at dinner, he wil talke of nothing but of ordures, urynes, sweatings, corrupted bloude, vomiting, of botches, of scabbes, &c.; with the filthinesse of his communication, he wyll cause all men to lothe the banquet, well furnished with verie dayntie dishes." It would be marvellous, indeed, if the apothecaries and surgeons were let off scot free; accordingly, he proceeds with great gusto to declare the "damnable discordes of the knowledge of simple medicines," &c. amongst the former, and to accuse the latter for "their filthinesse and bluddy crueltie."

After the remedy comes the cause of half the diseases to which flesh is heir to, by Cookery, or, as he spells it, "Coqnerie, an art verie profitable and honest, if so be that it passe not the bounds of discretion;" of its tendency so to do, he gives one or two staggering instances, one of which will suffice, viz. "The glutton of Aurelian, who devoured in one day a whole boare, a hundred loaves of bread, a sheepe, and a roasting pigge," &c. As usual, when possible, he concludes with an attack on his friends, the monks, "there being some which, under the name of religion" do profess to "abstaine and faste, when they have filled themselves with all kinde of fishe and with the best wines, for which they carrie about their lippes, their tongues, teeth, and bellies armed, yet not their purses."

"It remayneth nowe to speake of the knowledge of the Lawe, which avauenteth that she alone knoweth to make difference betwene true and false, just and unjust, honest and dishonest, of which facultie, at this day, the Pope and the Emperour be chiefe heades and rulers, which boast that they have all the lawes layd up in the chest of their breast, to whom will alone serveth for lawe." From the Civil he proceeds to the Canon, "or the Pope's law, which, to many, may appear most holy, so wittily it doth shadow their precepts of covetousnesse, and manners of robbing under the colour of godlinesse; albeit there be verie fewe things therein ordained appertayning to godlinesse or religion." Launching forth on this text, he reviles the whole conclave for their ambition, "whose arrogance is growne so farre, that they have commaunded the angels of heaven, and have presumed to rob and bring their bootie out of hell, and to put in their hand among the spirits of the dead; and on the law of God, also, they have sometimes exercised their tyrannie, interpreting, declaring, and disputing;" proofs of which assumption of power are annexed, fully bearing him out in his assertions; finally, concluding the whole Canon law to "be of all the most inconstant, and more mutable than the chameleon, and more intricate than Gordian's knotte; and that same Christian religion, at the beginning whereof Christe tooke away ceremonies, have nowe more than ever the Jewes had, the praise of which being put therto, the light and sweete yoke of Christe is become much more grievous than all the reste, and the Christians are enforced to live rather after the order of the Canons, than after the Gospel."

After the Law follow the operatives therein,

—“Advocates, Notaries, and Proctours,” an unamiable race in all ages, it seems, with “whom, to crie out with a loude voice, to be shamelesse, presumptuous, and clamorous, and obstinate in pleading, is of great importance;” and he “is accounted the best advocate, which allureth most to variance, putting them in hope to overcome, perswadeth them to go to lawe, and incenseth them with wicked counsailes, which is a notable tangler, authour of variaunces, whiche, with the babbling and force of his tongue, can prate of every thing, and also can make one cause better than another with the conveyances of judgements; and by this meane to make true and righteous things appear doubtfull and naught. The perfection of the notary’s art he hints to be the manufacture of instruments (“as they term it”) so equivocal as to ensure the necessity of going to law afresh, “if any adversarie shall goe aboute to disanull the same; for he will saie either that there is something lefte out, or that there is falsset, or deceite, or els he will take some other exception to impugne the credite of the writing.”

Of the “Inquisitours” art,—a “companie who do most cruelly exercise their power according to the canon lawe and decrees of the popes, as if it were impossible that the pope shoulde erre; neglecting the holy Scripture, as if it were a dead letter and shadowe of the truth; or caste it farre off, as the sheelde and rampire of heretikes.” We doubt whether the evidence of Cornelius Agrippa, who had to the full as good an opportunity of ascertaining the truth as the Rev. Blanco White, can be rebutted by all the sophistry of the Catholic advocates for this infernal tribunal. We give it not, indeed, as new, but as another mite in proof of the atrocities which have been committed under the sanction of an orthodox and infallible faith. If “the person for whom inquisition is made doe goe aboute to defende his opinion with testimonies of the holy Scripture, or with other reasons, interrupting;”—then the judges, “interrupting him with great noyse and angrie checkes, say that he hath not to do with batchlours and scholers in the chayne, but with judges in the judgement seate, that there he may not strive and dispute, but muste answer plainly if he will stande to the decree of the church of Rome, and to revoke his opinion: if not, they shew him fagottes and fire, saying, that with heretikes they may not contende with arguments and Scripture, but with fagottes and fire.”

Fit for the age and period of its birth was the “Scholasticall Divinitie, that undiscrete alteration, going from schoole to schoole, moving questions, forging opinions, and wringing the Scriptures, with intricate wordes, giving them a contrarie sense, redier craftily to deceyve, than plainly to trie out the truth.” Hence he derives, and most justly, the “controversies about the sacramentes, purgatorie, soverainte, the Popo’s commandementes, indulgencies, Antichriste to come, and many other like, in the whiche they declare their foolish wisdom, and with the presumption thereof, swollen and puffed up with pryde, like the gianτες whiche are mentioned in fables, heaping up questions upon questions, and

arguments upon arguments, pronouncing their sentences against God.” Others “which reach not so high, make thereby histories of sainetes, chopping-in some lie under the colour of godlinesse,” supported by “false relickes, forged miracles, &c.” Instead of the gospel, these school-divines are charged with speaking “mere trifles, and wordes of men preaching a newe gospell, and counterfeyting the worde of God. But it is dangerous to reprehend them with too bolde a manner of talke, because they be wonte, as often as they be angered, to conspyre together, to bring them in judgment before their inquisitours, whiche reprove them, and constrayne them to say the contrarie, sometimes to chasten them with fire and fagotte, or privily with poyson to take them out of the worlde.”

The next chapter is upon the “Divinitie Interpretative,” in which he gives a fair and candid account of the various modes of interpreting the scriptures adopted by the different expositors, according to the sense, feelings, or particular object they may have in view, observing that these “interpreting divines, for so much as they are men, they also suffer humane things; in one place they erre, in another they write contraries and repugnances, oftentimes they disagree from themselves, in many things they goe besides the marke, and every man seeth not al things. For the Holy Ghost alone hath the full knowledge of heavenly things, which distributeth to every man after a certaine measure, reserving many things to himselfe, that alwaies he maie have us his schollars.” This “Spirit,” he adds, “speakeh misteries,” and “the devinitie untreated of by these holy doctours,” is “sometimes not without many errors. Neither do you believe them in all things, for many of them have persevered in many erroneous opinions touching faith, and their opinions condemned as heretical, although they be canonized for sainetes.”

When a Catholic could thus speak of the divinity of his church, and requires proof from the genuine source of holy writ, we might venture to prophecy that a reformation was not far distant; and his conclusion upon this important subject may be recommended to every class of Christians, Catholic or Protestant.—“Understande yee, then, that there is nothing in the holy scriptures so harde, so profounde, so difficulte, so hidden, so holy, which appertayneth not to all them that beleive in Christe, nor that hath in suche sorte bene committed to these our masters, that they ought and may hide it from the Christian people, but rather all divinitie ought to be common to all believers, and to every one according to the capacite and measure of the gifte of the Holy Ghost. Wherefore it is the dutie of a good doctour to distribute to every man as much as he is able to receive, to one in milke, to another in strong meate, and to beguile no man of the foode of necessarie truth. Pray, then, to the Lorde God in faith, that the Lambe of the tribe of Juda may come, and to open to you the sealed booke, which Lambe alone is holy and true, which alone hath the keye of knowledge and discretion, which openeth, and no man shutteth, which shutteth, and no man

can open:—This is Jesus Christe, the word and Sonne of God the Father, and blessed wisdom."

In concluding our remarks on this curious book, we have again to remind our readers, that its author lived and died in communion with the Church of Rome; that his evidence on the state of that church is invaluable and incontrovertible; with a mind expanded beyond the times he lived in, he had the good sense to see her errors; and, on that account, became exposed to her vengeance.

We regret that our limits preclude us from affording stronger proofs of his indefatigable reading and extensive learning; for every chapter is, in fact, a storehouse of knowledge, collected, not as in our degenerate days, from sources provided by a profusion of works of reference, but sought out by persevering labour from mines of literary lore, in his time rare, expensive, and difficult of access. In the chapter on Heraldry, for instance, we find a mass of information derived from classical literature and other sources, however remotely connected with the subject, which must have been the fruit of many an anxious hour, and sufficient to appal the most diligent of our modern students.

In a word, we close the volume with the highest respect for our friend Cornelius, who, notwithstanding many faults of style and paradoxical views, has produced a work replete with deep knowledge of the world and human nature; a work to which readers of every class and profession in life may refer with profit, however severe may be the remarks they must expect to meet with, and unpalatable the truths profusely scattered throughout. Its quaint style and obsolete orthography would not, probably, operate against a more general reception; but we fear a forbidding garb of black-letter type will for ever limit its station to the higher shelves of those antiquated libraries, where dusty volumes

"Fill the world with dread:
Are much admired, and but little read."

From the *Monthly and European Magazine*.

SIMILITUDES.

WHAT can love be likened to?—
To the glittering, fleeting dew;
To heaven's bright, but fading bow;
To the white, but melting snow;
To fleeting sounds, and viewless air;
To all that's sweet, and false, and fair.

Whereto can we liken Hope?—
To the arch of heaven's wide cope,
Where birds sing sweetly, but are flying;
Where days shine brightly, but are dying;
So near, that we behold it ever;
So far, that we shall reach it never.

What can Beauty's semblance boast?—
The rose resembles her the most,
For that's the sweetest among flowers—
The brightest gem in Flora's bowers;
And all its sweetness soon is past,
And all its brightness fades at last.

And what are Dreams, that light night's gloom?—

Doves that, like Noah's, go and come,
To teach the soul this orb of clay
Shall not its prison be for aye—
That Time's dark waves shall soon subside,
And brighter worlds spread far and wide.

And what's like Popular Renown,
When the destroyer it doth crown?—
The honey which the wild bee's power
Wings from the bosom of the flower;
The harmless drones no honey bring—
They win the sweets who wear the sting.

And what is like Ambition's flight?—
The eagle, on his airy height;
On whose broad wings the sunbeam plays,
Though from the world they hide his rays,
Drinking the dew before it falls,
For which the parch'd earth vainly calls.

H. N.

From the *British Critic*.

1. *Scholæ in Sophoclis Tragicæ Septem. E Codice MS. Laurentiano descripsit Petrus Elmsley, S.T.P. Oxonii e Typographeo Clarendoniano. 1825.*
2. *Sophoclis Tragicæ Septem, ad optimorum Exemplarium fidem, ac præcipue Codicis vetustissimi Florentini emendate, cum Annotatione tantum non integra Brunckii et Schæferi, et aliorum selecta. Accedunt deperditarum Tragicarum Fragmenta. Oxonii. 1826. 2 vols. 8vo.*

THE first of the two works just mentioned recalls the name of a man whose memory will be revered as long as a surviving friend remains, and whose labours will be appreciated as long as learning is cultivated among us. It was the last, it was indeed the dying work of Dr. Elmsley; of whom, if of any person, it may be said with truth, *Multis ille bonis febilis occidit*. The death of Dr. Elmsley has left that regret among his friends, which learning alone, if unaccompanied with warmer and finer feelings, could never have called forth. They lamented him as an accurate critic and a profound and elegant scholar; but they reflect with more painful sensations upon the charm of his conversation and the gentleness and goodness of his heart.

Dr. Elmsley was a man who won the affections of his friends, and conciliated the respect of all, more powerfully perhaps than any person whose reputation has been raised so high. Known as he was throughout Europe, and esteemed, if not the first, certainly among the first, of Greek scholars, he had neither the pride, nor the podantry, nor the jealousy, which too often mark the characters of men who are otherwise great. To say that he was affable to all, would not express the manner in which he was ever willing to communicate knowledge. When he was conversing with an inferior, there was no appearance of condescension: he had the art of making all persons delight in his conversation, and without appearing to dictate or to monopolize discourse he was

constantly referred to as authority upon every subject; and it seldom happened that he could not satisfy the inquirer. His memory was most surprisingly retentive; and fond as he was of examining into every subject, and possessing a delicacy and discrimination of taste which are not often combined with profound erudition, he was welcome every where as an amusing, as well as an instructive, companion. Nor let it be forgotten, that amidst his favourite pursuit of classical learning he had not neglected to draw from those living waters, of which he that drinketh shall never thirst. And those who can recollect when the same harmonious tones, which they had heard with delight in his social hours, were transferred to the House of God, and there employed in conjunction with his stores of knowledge and his elegance of style, will bear witness that the picture which has been attempted to be drawn, so far from being too highly coloured, falls sadly short of the worth and excellence of the original.

But we must confine ourselves at present to his labours in classical literature. Dr. Elmsley may truly be said to have been *ἀττικιστάτος*; and as an editor of Greek Plays, he perhaps held the first place in combining critical rules with explanations of the author's meaning. It is observed by him, in his preface to the *Medea*, that the duty of an editor consists in two things; in correcting the text of the author, and interpreting his meaning. Of these two duties, he remarks that Porson executed the former so successfully, as to leave little hope of many improved readings being given; but as to the latter, with the exception of a few occasional and cursory remarks, he altogether neglected it. In the same preface he complains that this play, though so well deserving to have its beauties understood, had hitherto received very little illustration from any editor; and he continues:

"I conceive therefore that my pains will be well bestowed, if I attempt what other persons have declined, and follow the same method in illustrating the *Medea* of Euripides, which Valcknaer and Markland pursued in editing three other of his plays. There is one thing, however, which is allowed to all scholars who labour to advance critical learning, and which I hope will not be refused to me,—I mean, that I may take advantage of any passage in the poet which I am editing, to correct or explain other passages in his works or elsewhere, to propose new rules of construction or to confirm old ones, in short, to say whatever I please which is connected with this department, and which does not draw me off too far from the matter before me."

In his preface to the *Heraclides* he explains another part of his system, in the following words:—

"With respect to the notes, I shall perhaps receive some thanks from my readers for bringing together, and inserting in my annotations, whatever I found in Brodæus, Barnes, Heath, and Musgrave, which was likely to illustrate the play; and I conceive that the learned men, whose writings I have thus copied, would not think themselves ill-used, if I have not only omitted many of their erroneous interpreta-

tions and unfortunate conjectures, but have pruned and abridged some of their notes, which were in themselves extremely good, but rather too wordy for the taste of the present day. In some cases also, when they quoted from old writers, I have given the citations in rather an altered form, and have generally adopted the references to the pages and lines of the editions which I have used myself."

Such were the rules which Dr. Elmsley followed in editing his Greek plays; and they seem to combine almost every thing which is wanted to render a commentary useful and instructive. The liberty which he claims, of saying any thing which he pleases, if he can give it a connexion with the passage before him, may evidently be abused, and may lead to endless digressions; but before we bring this objection, we should see whether the use which Dr. Elmsley makes of this privilege has led him into the fault just mentioned:—upon the whole, we think that it has not. We do not mean to say that his digressions are not sometimes too long, and his conclusions too hastily drawn—of which more hereafter; but the rule, when properly applied, is confessedly a good one; and if Dr. Elmsley should lead other critics, particularly those of our own country, to follow his example, he will have rendered an essential service to classical learning.

Our readers will perhaps not complain, if, previous to noticing the particular work before us, we give some account of Dr. Elmsley's critical labours; and we will now proceed to mention, in their order, the different editions of Greek plays which he published.

The earliest of his works of this kind was the *Acharnenses* of Aristophanes, which was printed at Oxford in 1809. When Kuster published his edition of this author in 1710, he only added the readings of one MS. which was in the Vatican; and these were considered by Dr. Elmsley not to have been very important. Brunck consulted three MSS. in the King's Library at Paris for his edition, which appeared in 1783: one of these is supposed to be of considerable antiquity; but by far the most valuable MS. of Aristophanes was that which was preserved at Ravenna, and which unfortunately fell into the hands of Invernizius. This editor, who had before been a lawyer, not only adopted many of Brunck's conjectural readings and admitted them into the text, but with a scrupulous fidelity, as Elmsley quaintly observes, reprinted almost all the errors which Brunck had inadvertently suffered to remain. Thus the excellence of the Ravenna MS. was materially diminished; at least it became extremely difficult to distinguish its real and peculiar readings. Dr. Elmsley endeavoured to remedy this defect; and this constitutes the principal merit of his edition. The notes are not so full of general criticism as those which he wrote later in life: they are printed under the text, except a few, which he called *Auctarium Annotationum*, which appear at the end. This book is now very scarce, and perhaps not to be bought; for not long after it had been published, Dr. Elmsley, for some reason or other, became dissatisfied with it, and called in all the copies which he could find.

In 1811 he published the *Œdipus Tyrannus*

of Sophocles. He informs us in the preface, that his original intention had been to let his annotations hold a kind of middle place between the copiousness of Valcknaer and the brevity of Porson; but being disappointed in some materials which he had hoped to have possessed, (the nature of which he does not exactly explain,) he compressed his work into a smaller form than he had at first proposed. The only MSS. which he personally consulted, were three in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and one in that of Trinity College, Cambridge. He speaks of having examined about thirty editions of this play; and at the bottom of each page, in his own edition, he printed the various readings of six of them, which he considered to be the best; viz. those of Aldus, Junta (2d.), Turnebus, Stephens, Brunck (3d.), and Erfurdt. His notes, which are more concise than to any other play which he published, are also at the bottom of the page. He gave notice, at the conclusion of the preface, of an intention to edit all the plays of Sophocles in the same manner; and the admirers of that poet, as well as every classical scholar, must deeply regret that he did not carry this project into effect.

In the year 1813 appeared at Oxford an edition of the *Heraclidae* of Euripides. At the bottom of each page are printed the various readings of the Aldine edition, and of that edition only; and the learned editor stated, that every variation, not only of single letters but even of accents and spirits, had been noticed. The readings of other MSS. are mentioned in the notes. These annotations, which are printed at the end of the text, are extended to a greater length than any which he had hitherto published; and combining as they do the most valuable observations of former editors and a vast store of general criticism, they cannot be read without great advantage, either as a commentary upon the play or as a separate work. Some additional notes are given as a supplement, which have been incorporated with the former ones in a reprint of this play, which was published by Dindorf, in 1821, at Leipsic.

The *Medea* of Euripides, which appeared in 1818, was edited much in the same manner with the *Heraclidae*. Dr. Elmsley had published some of the notes in the *Museum Criticum*, in 1815; but in 1818 he republished them at Oxford, together with the text and several alterations and additions. The annotations are at the end; and those which are purely critical, and most unconnected with the immediate subject, are placed at the bottom of the page. The readings of the Aldine edition are printed under the text. Since the publication of the *Heraclidae* Dr. Elmsley had visited Italy; and at Rome as well as at Florence he employed his time as might have been expected of so profound and accurate a scholar. In the preface to the *Medea* he gives an account of five MSS. containing this play, which he consulted in the Vatican. He considered the most valuable of these to be the one which he marked A, and which is probably of the twelfth century. It contains the seven first plays of Euripides, the *Troades*, and also the *Rhesus*; and our readers may judge of the industry and

fidelity of Dr. Elmsley, when they learn that he twice collated this MS. with the Aldine edition of the *Medea*, and noted down all the various readings; at the same time he wishes it to be understood, that he did not collate all the five Vatican MSS. with the same care. The various readings of several other MSS. are also noticed in this edition; so that, in a critical point of view, the text of the play was exhibited in a much more perfect state than it had ever assumed before. This edition was reprinted at Leipsic in 1822 by Herman, who added at the end some annotations of his own, which had appeared in the *Classical Journal*, and some very useful indices.

The *Medea* was followed by the *Bacchæ*, which was published in 1821. This play also profited by Dr. Elmsley's foreign journey. He informs us in the preface, that he only knew of five MSS. being in existence which contained the *Bacchæ*,—one in the Vatican, two in the Laurentian library at Florence, and two in the King's library at Paris. Dr. Elmsley consulted all these MSS.; but he considerably reduces their value by stating, that the later of the two Florentine, and both the Paris MSS. are copies of the older Florentine; so that in fact there are only two original or independent MSS. of the play, and both of these are imperfect: it may be added, that neither of them is older than the fourteenth century. Still, however, scanty as this editorial suppellex must be considered, Dr. Elmsley has purified the text in no small degree; and he honestly professes that he ventured to think his own edition superior to any other. Many of the errors which the Aldine edition contained, and which it was hopeless to attempt to remove by conjecture, were corrected by means of the Roman and Florentine MSS.; but it is mortifying to find the learned and indefatigable editor acknowledging, after all his pains, that the hopes which he had once entertained were by no means realized, and that he had never undertaken any labour of that kind which turned out less satisfactory. The reason which he assigns is, that the play is full of such invincible difficulties and corruptions, that no learning or sagacity, unassisted by farther materials, could possibly surmount them. The notes, as usual, are critical and explanatory; they are printed under the text, with a few *addenda* at the end; and by way of appendix, we have a separate collation of the Aldine edition, and an unpublished life of Euripides, taken from a MS. in the Ambrosian library at Milan.

We mentioned, that when Dr. Elmsley published his edition of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, he signified his intention of editing in succession all the plays of Sophocles. He probably did not entirely abandon this idea; and in 1823 he published the *Œdipus Coloneus*, with a more copious commentary than any which he had yet written upon the former plays. In the preface he mentions having made use of ten MSS. in preparing this edition; and we are perhaps to understand that he had collated the greater part of them himself. There can be little doubt that this was the case with four which were preserved at Florence; for since the publication of the *Bacchæ* he had again visited that place, as well as Rome. The play, with

the notes, forms a volume of 368 pages; and he appears to have emptied his common-place book more profusely than upon any other occasion; and perhaps there never was an edition of any author in which more pains were taken in enumerating the various readings, and settling the text.

The illness which finally brought him to the grave, had already produced its effect upon the constitution and the energies of this highly-gifted scholar. For a time his favourite pursuits were almost suspended; and he lived only to superintend one more publication, which was a new edition of his *Œdipus Tyrannus*. The first appeared, as stated above, in 1811. It had subsequently been reprinted in Germany with considerable additions, both from the collations of MSS. and the notes of different scholars. Dr. Elmsley republished these additions in 1825, but he expressly states that there was nothing new of his own except what was contained in the preface. "*Quo minus annotationem poetæ verbis subjectam emendarem, obstitit adversa valetudo, qua diu laboravi. Postea vero quam Dei O. M. beneficio convalescere cœpi, conatus sum graviores meos errores tollere.*" The piety of these words was as characteristic of Dr. Elmsley as the zeal with which he returned to his former labours. Though he states that this third edition contained nothing which was not in the first and second, except the preface, yet this alone gives a considerable value to the book, since it contains a collation of three MSS. in the Laurentian library at Florence. There are also at the end three very useful indices, which were added by the German editor; 1st, of the authors quoted, and 2d, of words which, in a critical point of view, contain any thing remarkable.

We have thus given a short and imperfect sketch of the different editions of Greek plays published by Dr. Elmsley. The fullest and most detailed review of his critical labours is that which was written by Herman, and appeared in Nos. XXXVIII, XLII, and XLIV, of the *Classical Journal*, and was republished by Herman himself, together with a conclusion of the critique, when Elmsley's *Medea* was reprinted at Leipsic. In this article there is a great mixture of praise and censure; nor are we disposed to say that the latter is in every instance unfounded. Herman gives great credit to Elmsley for his unwearied diligence and scrupulous accuracy in enumerating various readings: he also speaks in commendation of his minute grammatical knowledge, and confesses the value of many of his emendations. He adds, however, (and nearly the whole of the review is intended as a demonstration of the assertion,) that he cannot approve of the practice, so extravagantly pursued by Elmsley, of digressing from the subject before him, to discuss general topics of criticism or construction: he thinks that he was too fond of laying down grammatical canons, many of which are erroneous; and he charges him with venturing to correct passages in other authors without mature consideration. If we were called upon to give an opinion, we should have no hesitation in deciding, that an editor, particularly the editor of a Greek play,

may with great advantage to his readers introduce general criticism into his notes. The limits to be put to this practice must necessarily vary; but when Herman lays it down as the sole and exclusive business of an editor to make his commentary turn upon the passage before him, and to confine himself to the explanation of that passage, we are decidedly at issue with him. The knowledge of a Porson or an Elmsley can only be obtained by a perusal of many contemporary writers; and if by editing a single Greek play these scholars can put their readers in possession of knowledge which they themselves acquired by studying several plays, such information is surely not to be withheld. We would contend against Herman, or any critic of the German school, that no person, who makes pretensions to scholarship, should read a Greek play with the sole view of understanding the meaning of the words, or even the beauties of the poetry: at least, if he can pass over these best and purest models of Attic Greek, without wishing to know something of the rules of composition, he is not fit to read poetry at all. That Dr. Elmsley sometimes digressed too far from his subject, we are ready to allow; neither do we deny that he was rather too fond of generalizing and laying down rules, some of which, as Herman says, he would have wished afterwards to retract. But still this does not affect the principle for which we are contending. Of an hundred persons who read the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, or the *Medea*, perhaps only one would have the curiosity to compare it with other plays, or the talent or the memory to institute this comparison with effect: but when he meets with an observation or canon laid down by the editor, he may be able to see the force of it; and though he would not have discovered it himself, he may try the accuracy of it as he pursues his reading. It is thus that the notes of Dr. Elmsley are so interesting and useful, not only to the more advanced scholar, but to the first beginner. His mind seems to have been perpetually at work to dive into the principles of the Greek language; and his astonishing memory enabled him to accumulate and combine so many parallel instances, that he was always discovering some new rules which he fancied to have been followed by the Attic writers. This led him undoubtedly to make assertions which were hasty and unsupported: he has himself pointed out the errors of some of his own rules, and future critics will perhaps have to prove that others are untenable. But where much is attempted, some defects must necessarily appear. This critical legislation, if we may use the expression, was the peculiar characteristic of Elmsley; he has perhaps laid down more canons for the writing of Attic Greek than any other scholar; and we doubt whether Bentley himself has suggested more emendations of ancient authors.

The limits of the present article will not allow us to enter into a discussion of these canons; but it would be an essential service to criticism, if they could all be brought together into one view; and it may be interesting to our readers to know that, beside the editions enumerated above, Dr. Elmsley was the author of the following articles in different periodical

publications. A review of Markland's *Supplices*, in the Quarterly Review, No. XIV.; of Wyttienbach's *Phutarch*, in the Edinburgh Review, No. III.; of Heyne's *Homer*, No. IV.; of Schweighäuser's *Athenæus*, No. V.; of Blomfield's *Prometheus*, No. XXXIII.; of Porson's *Hecuba*, No. XXXVII.; *Classical Criticism* in the *Classical Journal*, No. IX., p. 179; the same in No. X., p. 334, and in No. XI., p. 221; a Dissertation upon the date of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, No. XI.; a Review of Herman's *Hercules Furens*, No. XV.; of Herman's *Supplices*, No. XVI., XVII.; Notes on the *Ajax*, in the *Museum Criticum*, No. III., IV.; a Review of Porson's *Medea*, No. V., of Seidler's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, No. VI., and of Blomfield's *Agamemnon*, No. VII.

We do not pretend to give this as a complete list of Dr. Elmsley's critical works; but we have reason to believe that the accuracy of it may be depended upon; and it may assist any person who would attempt the task, recommended above, of making an *Elmsleian*, or a collection of Elmsley's critical canons. We may add, that the articles which he furnished for these different Reviews, are written in a strain of pleasant and classical humour, which takes from them all the dryness and technical pedantry which are so common in works of that kind. It is impossible to read them without being highly amused: we would undertake to say, that no person will look through any one of them without smiling to himself; and when he has finished it, he will perhaps have picked up more information than he ever received from the same number of pages of the most learned and serious discussion.

Professor Herman has alarmed himself with thinking that the English nation was proceeding to pay the same homage to Elmsley which it had paid to Porson, and to receive his dicta as law with an obedience equally servile. But perhaps the cautions which he has given did not arise altogether from a love of literary freedom. It is well known that Porson derided Herman in no measured or qualified terms. The German had undoubtedly a right to feel angry; he was treated uncourtously, and we cannot say that he has spoken worse of Porson than might have been expected. But Elmsley also delivered his opinion of Herman in a manner which could not have been very pleasing to that scholar; and in a review of Herman's edition of the *Hercules Furens*, written by Elmsley, we may perhaps find a clue to the tone of censure and disparagement in which the German critic speaks of long notes and rash emendations. It is there said, among other matters, that

"Mr. Herman is best known in England by his work on Greek and Latin metres; a book of which too much ill cannot easily be said, and which contains a smaller quantity of useful and solid information, in proportion to its bulk, than any elementary treatise, on any subject, which we remember to have seen."

Again,—

"The edition of the *Hercules Furens*, which we have lately received, has disappointed us. This disappointment indeed is in some measure our own fault. As we expected, without suffi-

cient grounds, a volume of respectable size and thickness, we have certainly no just reason to be dissatisfied at receiving a thin and diminutive pamphlet. The editor of a Greek author has an undoubted right to make his commentary as concise and as jejune as he pleases, provided that he actually performs all that he professes to perform."

Now when this number of the *Classical Journal* arrived in Germany, it cannot be supposed that Professor Herman felt flattered; and since he could not complain of Elmsley for being "concise and jejune," he very naturally retorted upon him for being irrelevant and prolix. Elmsley also finds fault with Herman for so seldom correcting the text, and for taking no notice of emendations made by others. We have seen that Herman held Elmsley up to censure for erring in the opposite extreme. But it is impossible to read the pungent and galling sarcasm with which the English critic ridicules the antistrophe mania of the German school, without seeing at once that Herman must have felt extremely sore. Obstinate and self complacent as he may have been, still he must have said to himself,

puDET hæc opproBRIA nobis
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.

We are much mistaken, if many expressions in Herman's critique upon Elmsley may not be accounted for upon this principle of retaliation. It is somewhat singular that he caused it to be inserted in the very same journal, which had contained the reflections upon his own critical labours; and so scrupulous was he in attempting to neutralize the triumph of his reviewer, that since the articles written against himself extended through three numbers, he made his own review of the *Medea* divide into as many parts, *καὶ τὸ αὐτὸς ἀντίτιτος, καὶ τὰς ἐν ἑαυτοῦ σελήταις*. We cannot however resist copying the following sentence, which closes the review written by Herman: every syllable of it gave us pleasure as we read it; and we could hardly have thought that any person could have done such justice to Dr. Elmsley's character, who had not known him intimately, and lived with him as a friend.

"Itaque tantum abest ut dissentiendo minuire laudem viri præstantissimi vulerimus, ut eum et ipsi valde admiremur, et dignum in primis putemus quem audiant omnes. Est enim P. Elmsleius, si quis alius, vir natus augendæ accuratio Græcæ linguæ cognitioni, ut cuius eximia ac plane singularis in pervertendis rebus grammaticis diligentia regatur præclaro ingenio, mente ac auctoritatis libera, animo veri amantissimo, neque aut superbia, aut gloriæ studio, aut oblectandi cupiditate præpedito. His ille virtutibus id est consequutus, ut, quum doctrinæ ejus maximi facienda sit, non minus ipse sit amandus atque venerandus. Ea autem maxima est et non interitura laus, non utilem tantum, sed etiam bonum virum esse."

We have given above a list of the different critical works which Dr. Elmsley published in his life-time; but he was cut off by death in the midst of another work, which must always be considered of first-rate importance by the

editors of Sophocles. When he was at Florence in 1820, he transcribed from a MS. in the Laurentian library, what are known by scholars under the name of the Roman Scholia, from having been first published at Rome in 1518. It is stated by Fabricius, (and copied probably from him by Harwood,) that an edition of Sophocles, together with the Scholia, was printed in this year. But the statement is certainly incorrect. The Scholia were printed by themselves; and the volume, independent of its contents, is deserving of notice, as being the second Greek book which issued from the press established in Rome under the auspices of Leo X. This munificent pontiff, however, has not the credit of being the first to establish a Greek press in Rome. The merit of this undertaking must be assigned to a private individual, Agostino Chigi, who invited Zach. Caliergus, a learned Cretan, to remove from Venice to Rome; and appointing him superintendent of a new press, he caused the works of Pindar to be published in 1515. This was the first Greek book printed in Rome. Greek types had been used in that city at an earlier period; for Sweynheim and Pannartz, in 1469, published an edition of Aulus Gellius, in which the Greek words that occur are printed in a fair character, without accents or spirits. But the merit of establishing a Greek press in Rome must be attributed, as stated above, to Agostino Chigi. The Pope soon followed his example. The Gymnasium, or Academy, which had existed before, was revived under his auspices; and John Lascar, who had been employed by Lorenzo de' Medici to collect MSS. in Greece, was invited by Leo to superintend a Greek press on the Monte Cavallo. The first work which was printed was the Scholia upon Homer, which appeared in 1517; and the Scholia upon Sophocles followed in the year after. The volume is a small quarto, with no printer's name—there is, in fact, no title-page; and it has sometimes been said that Caliergus was the printer. But this is probably a mistake. Caliergus, as stated above, was in the employment of Agostino Chigi; and it is well known that the press on the Monte Cavallo was under the superintendence of Lascar. It is to the latter scholar, therefore, that we must assign the publication of the Scholia upon Sophocles. They were taken from a MS. containing the works of that tragedian, which still exists in the Laurentian library at Florence; and the fact of their being published at Rome, as well as of their being published at all without the plays to which they belong, can easily be explained. The *editio princeps* of Sophocles was printed by Aldus, in 1502, at Venice. John Lascar was then residing in that city. Aldus dedicated the book to him; and among other things he states, that the Scholia which had been lately discovered were not yet printed, but that, if God preserved his life, they should be printed very soon. Aldus died in 1515, and for some reason or other he never fulfilled his promise of printing the Scholia as a companion to his edition of Sophocles. It was therefore very natural that Lascar, as soon as he was established at Rome, should undertake the work; and the tragedies themselves being dedicated

to him would make him still more interested in publishing the Scholia. Whether Aldus alluded to the Scholia which are contained in the Florentine MS. can perhaps never be ascertained. It is most probable that he did; but even if he did not, a pope of the Medici family would be likely to know the contents of the library at Florence, and Lascar would not lose much time in having the MS., as soon as he heard of its existence, brought to Rome.

Such is the history of the first publication of the Roman Scholia upon Sophocles. The learned have not yet succeeded, and probably never will succeed, in ascertaining who was the author of them. They have been ascribed, but without any foundation, to Sophocles the grammarian, Theo, and other persons; but all that can be stated concerning them is, that they form the oldest commentary upon this tragedian which is known to exist. The handwriting shows that they were not added by the person who transcribed the plays themselves; but those who are judges of these matters have given it as their opinion, that they were written about the same time. Almost every subsequent editor of Sophocles has reprinted these Scholia; and generally with many corrections, alterations, and interpolations. Not only the first edition of 1518, but the MS. itself, from which they were taken, contains many palpable errors and corruptions; from which it is plain, that they were not the observations of the person who transcribed them in the MS., but that they were taken from some older document, which was copied inaccurately. Most editors therefore have taken the liberty of correcting these mistakes according to their own conjectures: Scholia from other MSS. were not unfrequently incorporated with the first; so that nothing but a collation of every successive edition would enable us to detect the additions which had been made from time to time. Brunck was aware of the altered and interpolated state to which the Roman Scholia were reduced; and in his own edition of Sophocles, which appeared in 1786, he had recourse to the original one of 1518, and, in many instances, he has corrected the errors very judiciously. Brunck was certainly deserving of praise for thus reverting to the original edition; but Dr. Elmsley has now proved, that the first publisher of the Scholia took as many liberties, in departing from his copy, as any of the numerous editors who have followed him; so that though Brunck has for the most part followed Lascar's edition, he has by no means printed the Scholia such as they appear in the Florence MS.

We are not aware that any scholar had taken the trouble of copying them from the original MS. since the time of their being first published. Dr. Elmsley, with that unwearied diligence which was so remarkable in him as being coupled with so much elegance of mind, accomplished this task; and the transcript which he made has been laid up, where, we trust, that it will for ever be preserved, in the Bodleian library at Oxford. The fruits of this labour have now been given to the world; and in the volume before us we possess the Roman Scholia in a much more perfect form than they have ever yet assumed in print. No one, in-

deed, who at all knew the accuracy of Dr. Elmsley, can doubt but that the printed book is as faithful a copy of the original MS. as could be ever expected to be made.

The short preface to this edition, which is written by Professor Gaisford, informs us of the circumstances under which it was published. Dr. Elmsley, upon his return to England, did not immediately prepare to print the Scholia. His health, which soon began rapidly to decline, made him still more unfit for such a troublesome office; and it was not till a few weeks before his death, when he enjoyed a short but delusive respite from his illness, and began again to apply to his favourite pursuits, that Mr. Gaisford renewed the subject of the Roman Scholia. It was important that they should at least be begun under his auspices; and with a most commendable zeal for the cause of literature, as well as from a sincere regard for his suffering friend, Mr. Gaisford undertook to correct the sheets himself, as they passed through the press. The offer was immediately accepted; the work was sent to the press without delay; and Dr. Elmsley, though then rapidly sinking, had the satisfaction to see some of the sheets completed before his death. When that melancholy event happened, about sixty-four pages were printed; and from thence to the end of the volume the whole care of superintending the edition was sustained by Mr. Gaisford. We have thus the greatest security for the work being faithfully and accurately performed. Seldom perhaps have two scholars of equal celebrity been united in the same task; and it is seldom also, that two men, so eminent in the same department of literature, have lived in the same circle, not only without jealousy, but in habits of close and intimate friendship.

It might be expected from what has been said above, that this edition of the Scholia would differ very widely from all which have preceded it. We have also stated that the original MS. is by no means free from errors. Some of the Scholia are so abbreviated or corrupted as to be wholly unintelligible: in many cases it is easy to correct the grammatical blunders of the transcriber; but in others we must have recourse to conjecture alone in eliciting the true reading. The reader therefore is not to suppose, that the present edition is an exact copy, *verbatim* and *literatim*, of the Florence MS. To have printed it in this way would have been of little use, except to allow critical scholars to exercise their own ingenuity and sagacity. But the general readers of Sophocles will be much better pleased to find the text of the Scholia exhibited in that form, which at least presents an intelligible sense; grammatical errors are corrected; and where the writer, from ignorance or carelessness, put in a wrong word, another is substituted, which is either demonstrably the true one, or agrees with the context. In most cases the real reading of the MS. is given in a note; and the variations introduced by the Roman editor and by Brunck, as well as the peculiar readings of Triclinius, are also carefully marked. The collation of these various readings must have been a very tedious and laborious work: and without dwelling any longer upon the plan

pursued by the editor, we will state one material benefit resulting from an examination having been made of the original MS. If we look to Brunck's edition of the Scholia, we find that every explanation of a passage has the words prefixed to it, printed in capital letters, which it professes to explain. Brunck informs us, that he had faithfully copied these words, which are placed at the head of each scholium, from the original edition of 1518; for since Lascar must have taken these words from the MS. in which the Scholia were written, by having them accurately copied from Lascar's edition we gain so many genuine readings of the Florence MS. All this sounds very well; and any person would imagine, that these *lemmata*, as they are called, which Brunck printed in capital letters, are so many genuine readings of the Florence MS. But Brunck might have spared himself this trouble. Dr. Elmsley's collation of the original MS. has made us acquainted with the fact, that the Roman editor did not always print these *lemmata* from the words which he found in the text, but often adopted other readings, either from conjecture, or which he has taken from other copies. Thus the conclusions of learned editors, who have founded their interpretations or corrections of the text of Sophocles upon these *lemmata*, as supposing them to be taken from an ancient MS., are in some cases entirely destroyed. It appears that the Scholia have not always any *lemmata* prefixed to them, but the reader is to judge from the terms of the commentary to what particular words of the text it applies. In most cases this application is very evident; but sometimes it is not so easy to refer the Scholia to their proper place. In the edition now before us, a method is adopted of prefixing the *lemmata*, which prevents any misconception in this particular. Where they existed in the MS. the editor has separated them from the explanation by a colon; but where he had to supply them from conjecture, he has placed a bracket] immediately after them. In these latter instances the *lemmata* will frequently be found to differ from those which were printed by Lascar and by Brunck; but as far as we have observed, these alterations have not been made without sufficient reason; and an inspection of the original MS. has naturally led to the removal of many errors, which could not have been detected while the Scholia were in their former corrupt and interpolated state.

From what has been said, it will appear plain that this edition of the Roman Scholia greatly excels every other in value. It is in fact the only faithful and accurate edition which ever has been made: for the first editor, as stated above, introduced many alterations of his own; and nearly all his successors have thought themselves at liberty to do the same. We do not however wish to deprive Brunck of the merit which is due to him. It must be acknowledged, that he published a much more critical edition of the Scholia than any person who had gone before him; and not having the original MS. to consult, he perhaps could not have done better. His corrections and substitutions are frequently very judicious, and in the present edition they are sometimes adopted

in preference to the reading which was found in the MS. It appears also from Dr. Elmsley's transcript, that the Roman editor not only made alterations, but omitted several of the Scholia. In the present edition they are all faithfully restored; and there is scarcely a page in which the notes do not inform us of some of these omissions. It is true that in many cases the commentary is of little or no use; but no scholar would allow this to be a reason for not inserting them all; and in those instances where the lemmata are prefixed, it is very essential that they should be printed, because they give us the genuine reading of an ancient MS.

We must now notice the other work, the title of which is placed at the head of the present article. It is an edition of Sophocles, printed at Oxford, the execution of which does particular credit to the Clarendon press. The first thing which attracted our attention upon opening the book, was a new type: and, if we are not mistaken, this is the first work printed at the Clarendon press, to which this new type has been applied. The character is rather larger than that which was before in use; and though it bears a considerable resemblance to the Porsonian type, used at Cambridge, it has, to our eye, a more elegant and pleasing form. When we look back to Wyttenbach's Plutarch, which issued from the same press not more than twenty-six years ago, and in which such extraordinary pains were taken to disfigure the page with ligatures and contractions, we rejoice in thinking that both our universities have at length entirely cast off these perplexing deformities. The art of printing is surely an improvement upon the art of writing: and to imitate in printing the contrivances which were adopted by men who wrote for their bread, and who studied abbreviations that they might save trouble and gain time, is a kind of retrograde process in literature; and upon the same principle we might take to print without points, and with no separations between the words, because the ancients followed this plan in their MSS. Every thing which expedites the passing of the eye from the beginning of a line to the end, must be pronounced a gain; and the more rapidly we can understand the words of a sentence without pausing to think of their construction, the more pleasure we shall find in reading. Upon this principle we should perhaps be at issue with those scholars who have almost succeeded in banishing accents and marks of every kind from Latin books. It is unscholar-like, we are told, to point out the ablative case by a peculiar mark: and it is insulting to suppose, that readers cannot distinguish the adverb *probe* from the vocative *probe*. But the fact is, that in this, which may be called the mechanical part of reading, the persons to be consulted are not the brilliant, but the stupid portion of mankind: and let a person be ever so learned, it must frequently happen that he is obliged to carry on his eye to the end of a sentence, before he can tell to what parts of speech the words at the beginning of it are to be assigned. This suspense might, in many cases, be avoided, if the printer was permitted to remedy the equivocations of the Latin language. But we must return to Sophocles.

The edition before us comprises more in two

volumes than any other which has preceded it. The notes of Brunck are inserted almost entire, together with many from Schaefer, Erfurdt, and other modern critics. The passages from Suidas and Eustathius, which refer to Sophocles, are also added; and from the use which has been made of the best MSS. in preparing these quotations, we think we can trace the valuable hand of Professor Gaisford in lending some assistance to this edition. The work is certainly not unworthy of being prepared under his auspices; and we are happy in again finding the labours of his lamented friend, Dr. Elmsley, applied to the illustration of his favourite tragedian. The MSS. which were collated by that accurate scholar at Florence, Rome, and Naples, (the collations of which are now the property of the Clarendon Press,) have been made use of in the present edition; and when, beside these various *subsida*, we see the beauty and (as far as we have observed) the accuracy of the typography, we hail with particular pleasure the appearance of what may truly be called the first Variorum edition of a Greek tragedian.

Our readers, who are admirers of Sophocles, will perhaps not be displeased if, after having taken some pains in ascertaining the different editions and best MSS. of Sophocles, we lay before them, in as few words as we can, the result of our inquiries.

Whether the MSS. which were used by the earliest editors of Greek classics are still preserved, is a problem, which will perhaps never be satisfactorily solved. Of many of the works which were printed by Aldus, nothing certain is known concerning the copies from which they were taken. Hence the Aldine classics have a real value far beyond that which the anti-bibliomaniasts suppose them to possess. If the MSS. from which they were printed are now lost, the printed edition stands in the place of a MS. of the fifteenth or sixteenth century; and when we consider the quarters from which MSS. were brought in the time of Aldus, there is every reason to think that many of them must have been much more ancient. It was this which caused Dr. Elmsley, in most of his editions of Greek plays, to print a separate collation of the Aldine readings. Scholars are not agreed as to the MSS. which Aldus used in his edition of Sophocles. It has been observed that his edition of Euripides bears a considerable resemblance to the Vatican MS.; and since the same document also contains four plays of Sophocles, he would naturally consult it in editing both tragedians. But there is also reason for conjecturing that he used the best of the Florence MSS., or one from which that MS. was copied; since he speaks of intending shortly to publish some Scholia which had been lately discovered; and there can be little doubt that these were the same Scholia which we have described above. Whoever will take the trouble to compare the Aldine readings with those which Dr. Elmsley has given from the collation of the Laurentian MS., (Laur. A.) will find that, upon the whole, they have a striking affinity to each other.

Without attempting however to ascertain the libraries which were visited by the first editors of Sophocles, we will proceed to give

an account of the best and most ancient MSS. of that author, which have hitherto been consulted; and we shall arrange them according to the countries in which they are to be found, beginning with Italy.

FLORENCE.

We give the first place to this city, because it contains the oldest and most valuable of all the MSS. of Sophocles. Whoever wishes to acquaint himself with the stores of the Laurentian library, must consult the ponderous catalogue of Bandini; but Dr. Elmsley, in his edition of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, tells us nearly all that we want to know of it with reference to Sophocles. The Laurentian library contains two MSS. of Sophocles, mentioned by Elmsley, which he calls Laur. A. and Laur. B. The first of these is the oldest and best of any which is known to exist; and it is that which has been mentioned above as containing the Roman Scholia. Apollonius Rhodius, and the seven plays of *Æschylus*, are also in it. Bandini assigns it to the tenth century.

Laur. B. is very inferior to the former. Elmsley pronounces it to be full of faults, and frequently interpolated by the person who transcribed it. It was apparently written in the fourteenth century.

Bandini mentions several other MSS. of Sophocles in the Laurentian library; but none of them are older than the fourteenth century, and all of them probably belong to the same family with Laur. B. We need not therefore mention them in detail.

Dr. Elmsley also collated two MSS. of this tragedian in the Riccardi library at Florence. The first of them is the best, but is of no great value. It resembles a MS. in the King's library at Paris, which Brunck called Par. A.; but it is more modern, and not so correct. In the *Œdipus Coloneus* it has been observed to contain some of the peculiar Aldine readings; but the play is imperfect. Herman obtained some collations from it for the Chorruses of Sophocles. The second Riccardi MS. is extremely inaccurate.

ROME.

The Vatican MS. contains four plays of Sophocles, (the *Œdipus Coloneus*, *Antigone*, *Trachiniae*, and *Philoctetes*,) thirteen of Euripides, (including the *Rhesus*), and three of *Æschylus*. It agrees with the second of Brunck's Paris MSS., but is not so good. D'Orville had it collated for the *Œdipus Coloneus* and *Trachiniae*, and his collation was published in the edition of Sophocles printed at Oxford in 1812; but Elmsley obtained a much better collation of it, which was made by Amati. The person who consulted it for D'Orville assigned it to the eleventh century; but Elmsley diminished its value very much by bringing it down as low as the fourteenth.

Dr. Elmsley also collated another Vatican MS., containing part of the *Ajax*, the *Antigone*, *Electra*, and *Œdipus Tyrannus*; but he inspected it very hastily, on account of the numerous errors and inaccuracies which it contains.

Herman, in his reprint of Erfurd's *Œdipus Tyrannus*, mentions a Codex Chigianus, which probably exists in the library of the Chigi family, in Rome.

In No. XIV. of the *Classical Journal*, p. 423, there is a collection of various readings of two MSS., taken from the margin of an Aldine Sophocles. They appear to have been collected at Rome by John Livineius, an eminent critic of the sixteenth century, who assisted Canter in collating Greek MSS. at Rome, for the Antwerp Polyglott. Since Canter himself published an edition of Sophocles in 1579, it might be expected that he made some use of these collations. If we compare them with the readings quoted by Elmsley from the Vatican MSS., it seems most probable that Livineius himself took them from the Vatican.

NAPLES.

Elmsley mentions one MS. at Naples, which formerly belonged to the Farnese library at Rome: but it is not a good one; it resembles that which Brunck called Par. T. but is not so correct.

PARIS.

The King's library at Paris is rich in MSS. of Sophocles. Brunck collected various readings from six, which had been collated before, but not accurately, by Musgrave. Elmsley informs us that Brunck's collation was also imperfect. The names by which they are generally known, are Par. A. B. C. D. E. and F. Of these Par. A. is considered the best: it contains the seven plays, and is probably of the thirteenth century. Par. B. is spoken of by Elmsley as a good MS., but it only contains four plays, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Trachiniae*, *Philoctetes*, and *Œdipus Coloneus*: it is not so old as Par. A., but has been supposed to contain readings of some grammarian who lived earlier than the thirteenth century. C. D. and E. are all of them more modern, and contain only three plays, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Electra*, and *Ajax*. Par. T. contains all the seven plays; and, in the opinion of Elmsley, it is the MS. which Turnebus consulted, and from which the Triclinian recension has been so generally adopted by later editors. Brunck however considered Turnebus to have used, not this MS. but some other which was not so good. The fact probably was, that Turnebus made use of Par. T. but neglected some of its readings. However this may be, the value of the MS. is considerable, and it contains some readings peculiar to itself.

Of these Paris MSS. Elmsley collated A. B. and T., together with another which he calls F., and which Brunck did not see. Elmsley does not speak favourably of it; and it appears to be an indifferent copy of Laur. A. All these MSS. including F., were also collated by Faehsius, and the readings were published by him in *Sylloge Lectionum Græcarum*.

Bekker also collated two MSS. at Paris, which we must suppose to be different from any of the former. Herman made use of the collations in his reprints of Erfurd's plays; and for some reason, which he does not assign, he designated them by the name of Venet. The readings appear to agree with those of the Vatican MS., but the collation was not accurately made.

ENGLAND.

Elmsley, in his preface to the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, speaks of having consulted four MSS. of Sophocles in England, and gives it as his

opinion that no more are to be found. He alluded to three in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and one in that of Trinity College, Cambridge. But there is a fourth in the Bodleian library, of which he takes no notice. Three of them contain only two plays, the *Ajax* and *Electra*: the fourth (which is marked *Laud.*) contains these two and also the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. All these four MSS. were collated for Johnson's edition of Sophocles, which appeared in 1705; and some Scholia, which are contained in them, were also printed at the same time. Burton either collated them afresh, or made use of Johnson's collation, for his *Pentalogia*; but Elmsley condemns the carelessness with which the readings are given. Erfurdt and Herman both made use of Burton's collation; but the MSS. were probably never so carefully inspected as by Elmsley.

The Cambridge MS. is said to resemble Laur. A.

There are also three MSS. in the British Museum (see *Class. Journal*, No. xxi. p. 91.) of which collations are given in Porson's *Adversaria*, p. 177, &c.

GERMANY.

The more recent editors of Sophocles have consulted several MSS. which exist in public libraries in Germany, of which no use had hitherto been made. None of them however appear to be older than the fourteenth century.

Leipsic contains two MSS. which resemble each other, and which are not on the Triclinian recension. Some account is given of them by Herman in his preface to the *Ajax*; and the various readings are added in the republication of Elmsley's *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which was printed at Leipsic. One of them contains only the *Ajax*, *Electra*, and *Œdipus Tyrannus*; and this is probably the case with the other.

Dresden also furnishes two MSS., which are stated to have been brought from Mount Athos. They both are upon the Triclinian recension, and contain the *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and *Antigone*. One of them is of the fourteenth century; the other of the fifteenth. They were consulted by Erfurdt.

Augsburgh contains two MSS. One of them, which has the *Ajax*, *Antigone*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and *Electra*, was collated by Schweighæuser for Bruck's edition. Erfurdt pronounces this collation to have been carelessly made; and he obtained a better for his own edition from Herman. The other MS. was also collated for Erfurdt's edition, and is stated to resemble that in the library of Trinity College: consequently it must be classed with Laur. A.

Jena contains one MS. of the *Ajax* and *Electra*. Erfurdt made use of it, and considered it of the fourteenth century. It is certainly not upon the Triclinian recension, but furnishes an additional proof that all the readings, which Bruck attributed to Triclinius, were not peculiar to him. An account of this MS. was published by Heusinger in 1745, and by Purgoldus in 1802.

MOSCOW.

Matthæi collated two MSS. at Moscow with Johnson's edition; and the collations are preserved in the library at Dresden. Erfurdt and Herman made use of them. One of them con-

tains the *Ajax*, *Electra*, and *Œdipus Tyrannus*; and is of the fourteenth century; the other has only the two former plays, and is of the fifteenth century.

From the sketch thus briefly and (we are afraid) imperfectly given of the MSS. of Sophocles, it will be seen that very few contain all the seven plays. We have not been able in each case to ascertain their exact contents. Florence and Paris certainly possess MSS. in which all the plays are written; and in this respect we conceive that these libraries stand alone. Our readers will perhaps have observed, that the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Ajax*, and *Electra*, were by far the most popular tragedies; at least in the enumeration given above, the two latter occur in fourteen MSS., and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* in ten; independent of those which contain all the plays. It is somewhat singular, that the arrangement of the plays in the early editions (we believe in all of them previous to that of Johnson) exactly followed the estimation in which they appear respectively to have been held by the readers of MSS. We find them arranged by Aldus and his successors in the following order: *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Antigone*, *Trachiniae*, and *Philoctetes*; and this is precisely the precedence which would be given them, if we were guided by the number of MSS. in which each of them occur.

Elmsley speaks of Laur. A. and Par. A. B. T. as having been of great assistance to him.—They are certainly the best of all the MSS. of Sophocles; and with the exception of a few innovations, which perhaps every scribe introduced in a greater or less degree, nearly all the readings of other MSS. are to be found in some one of these four. The simplest division, which the MSS. of Sophocles admit of, is into those which follow the recension of Triclinius, and those which have nothing to do with it. We shall say more of this recension, when treating of the editions of Sophocles; and it is sufficient to state at present, that though what may be called the Triclinian MSS. are by far the most numerous, the others are the most valuable. Par. T. is to be placed at the head of those which follow Triclinius; but Laur. A., which leads the other division, is unquestionably the best.

When we proceed to class the editions of Sophocles, we must also make two of our divisions relate to the Triclinian recension. The editions of Sophocles should, in fact, be divided into three classes. The first would comprehend all that were printed between the times of Aldus and Turnebus, i. e. from 1502 to 1552: the second class would extend from 1552 to Bruck's edition in 1786; which would include what might be called the Triclinian age of Sophocles: and the third class would extend from Bruck's time to our own. It might perhaps not be incorrect to subdivide the second of these classes, and make Johnson's edition, which appeared in 1705, the commencement of a separate division. This edition made a new arrangement of the plays, and introduced some unpublished Scholia together with the readings of the Oxford MSS., and it has been republished several times in different places. But Johnson scarcely did enough for his author

to have his book placed at the head of a new division; and Brunk may fairly be said to have produced a greater revolution among the editors of Sophocles, than any person since the time of Turnebus. The Brunckian age of Sophocles must perhaps be said in its turn to have come to an end, and the age of anarchy to have begun. Herman is himself looked upon as a demi-god by the Germans, and neither Erfurdt nor Bothe have thought it necessary to adhere to the plan of any former editor. Elmsley has thrown such light upon Sophocles by the aid of his Italian collations, that the labours of Brunk are thrown considerably into the shade: and though the edition now before us professes to be constructed upon the basis of that of Brunk, yet the additional matter is fully equal to the former in value; and no future editor can ever think of reprinting Brunk's edition without incorporating some of the labours of later critics.

The editio princeps of Sophocles was printed at Venice in 1502, by Aldus, and was the first of the three Greek tragedians which issued from that celebrated press. It forms a small octavo volume of 192 leaves, and the title page announces, that it was to be accompanied with some commentaries. These however never appeared. Aldus probably alluded to the Scholia which had been lately discovered, and which, in the dedication to John Lascar, he speaks of intending shortly to publish. He also mentions some materials for the better arrangement of the chorusses, which he hoped to print with the Scholia, and the absence of which had made his edition not so perfect in that respect as he could have wished. Lascar was at this time in Venice, as ambassador from Louis XII. to the Republic. We have already mentioned, that this formed the basis of all the editions till the time of Turnebus, and that the plays were arranged in the following order, Ajax, Electra, Œdipus Tyrannus, Antigone, Œdipus, Coloneus, Trachiniae, and Philoctetes.

1522. This edition is known by the name of the first Junta, having been printed at the press which then belonged to the heirs of Filippo Giunti, at Florence. The editor was Antonio Francini: and in the second Junta, which appeared in 1547, it is said, that great pains were taken in this first edition to remove even the smallest faults. The three first plays were stated to have received particular attention, and the readings of some old and valuable MSS. were collated. Since the publication of the Aldine edition, the Scholia had been published at Rome; and this was the first edition in which they appeared together with the text: but they were considerably interpolated with Scholia from other MSS.

1528. This edition was printed at Paris in 8vo., by Simon Colineus, without the Scholia. It is formed upon the Aldine edition, from which, according to Elmsley, it scarcely ever varies, except in the correction of typographical errors. Some copies have at the end three leaves which contain various readings taken from an old MS.

1534. This edition may be considered the first which contained any notes of the editor. It was printed at Haguenau (Haganoë) in octavo, under the direction of Joachim Camera-

rius. The family name of this celebrated scholar was Leibhard; but some of their ancestors having held the office of chamberlain at the Imperial court, they changed it to Cammermeister, which was Latinized into Camerarius. He was a Protestant, and attended the diet at Augsburg in 1530. In this edition the notes of Camerarius only extended to the Œdipus Tyrannus, Coloneus, and Antigone; but in 1556, he published at Basle a commentary upon all the tragedies of Sophocles. The Scholia accompanied the edition of 1534.

1543. If the account which we have seen is correct, the first Latin translation of Sophocles was printed in this year at Venice, having been made by J. B. Gabia, of Verona: but never having seen the volume, we shall reserve what we have to say of the early Latin translations, till we come to the year 1548.

1544. This edition was printed at Frankfort, in large octavo, by Peter Brubachius, and contains the Scholia. It is said to follow the first Junta edition; and whoever examines it, will find a singular instance of disarrangement of numbers between pages 129 and 137, though the matter contained in the pages is all right. This edition was reprinted at Frankfort in 1550, 1555, and 1567.

1547. Florence. Junta: large 8vo. This is the second Junta edition, which has been much more referred to by scholars than the first. The printer was Bernardo Giunti, and the editor, P. Victorius. The preface speaks of excellent and ancient MSS. having been used, which enabled them to remove several errors and corruptions, particularly in the Œdipus Tyrannus, Coloneus, and Trachiniae, as well as to add some Scholia. Dr. Elmsley however informs us, that an examination of the book by no means confirms these professions of improvement. The Aldine text was evidently the basis, from which this differs in about fifty places; but the typographical errors are so many, that sometimes it is difficult to distinguish them from intentional various readings. It is the opinion of Elmsley, that the editor made use of the Laurentian MS., which we have called A., and no other; but that he sometimes corrected the text from the Roman Scholia; and in other places his alterations agree with no known MS. whatever. The Roman Scholia are printed in the same page with the text.

1548. We have mentioned under the date 1543, that J. B. Gabia, of Verona, published a Latin translation of Sophocles in that year; but we have not been so fortunate as to see the volume. The translation cannot have excited much notice: for we afterwards find two other persons, G. Ratallerus, of Louvain, and Joannes Lalamentius, each of them putting forth what they called the first Latin translation of Sophocles. We have not seen the volume which Ratallerus printed in 1548; but from a second edition, which he published in 1576, we learn, that in 1548 a translation of three tragedies of Sophocles had been printed by him at Leyden; and in the second edition, which contained all the seven plays, he mentions the year in which some of the translations were composed: thus the Ajax was translated in 1545, the Antigone in 1549, the Œdipus Colo-

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neus in 1552, the *Trachiniae* and *Philoctetes* in 1553. The reason is plain, why the dates are given with this precision. In 1557, J. Lalamantius, a physician of Autun, published at Paris, what he termed the *first* Latin translation of Sophocles: and in the preface to the second edition of Rattallerus's translation it is asserted, that Lalamantius borrowed very largely from Rattallerus, even so much as to copy whole pages. Rattallerus therefore affixed the dates to his own translations, that his claim to being the first translator might thus be demonstrated. The question, in fact, can admit of no dispute. Rattallerus certainly printed his first edition at Leyden before Lalamantius published his translation at Paris; and it is equally certain, that Lalamantius borrowed from Rattallerus, though he does occasionally mention his name. We have dwelt longer than we intended upon this point, because it is interesting to ascertain who were the earliest translators of Sophocles into Latin; and the order of priority seems to have been as follows:—

1543. J. B. Gabia, Venice.

1548. G. Rattallerus, Leyden, three plays.

1557. J. Lalamantius, Paris.

1576. G. Rattallerus, second edition.

1584. ——— third edition.

1550. This was a reprint, in small octavo, of the Frankfort edition, without the Scholia. See above at 1544.

1553. Paris. Turnebi. 4to. This is the edition which began a new era in the history of Sophocles. Up to this time all former editors had followed Aldus, with only a few deviations from his text: but henceforth the edition of Turnebus was held in such high estimation, that Stephens and Canter and other great scholars thought it unlawful to depart from it. Brunck has abused Turnebus as being unfit for the office which he undertook; and certainly the changes which he introduced must be considered, on the whole, to have been very unfortunate; but Brunck was rather too severe in his censure. The history of Turnebus and his editorial labours is briefly this. He was a native of France, though Scotland puts a claim to him, and asserts that his family name, *Tournebois*, was nothing more than *Turnbull*, and that he was the son of a Scotch gentleman, who settled in Normandy. Be this as it may, he was considered to be a most profound Greek scholar in his day, and combined the two offices, which have not often been united in the same person, of king's printer and king's professor of Greek. Among other learned works he brought out an edition of Sophocles in 1553. In the copy which we have seen, the date at the end is 1552, but in the title-page 1553, which probably led Harwood into the error of naming two different editions. We believe, that in some copies the date in the title-page is also 1552. He informs us himself, that he had possession of a MS. given him by Emarus Ranconetus, which contained the tragedies of Sophocles, arranged, corrected, and commented upon by Triclinius. Of this Triclinius little is known. He was a monk of the 14th century, and wrote Scholia upon the text and the metres of Sophocles. If he did not introduce many arbitrary alterations of his own (for which he seems hardly to have been

competent) the copies which he used must have differed very materially from those which were consulted by Aldus and his successors: hence the Triclinian recension has been adopted as the name of a certain class or family of MSS. The order of the plays is however the same. It was the fashion formerly to accuse Triclinius of having altered the text of Sophocles without any authority: but it has been proved by Elmsley and other critics, that many of his peculiar readings are contained in MSS. which are older than the time of Triclinius. Laur. A., for instance, agrees with some of them. Elmsley was of opinion, that the MS. which Turnebus used was that which Brunck called T. in the king's library at Paris: he also introduced some readings which are peculiar to Par. B. The Scholia upon Sophocles were also considerably augmented from the Triclinian MS., for it contained some which were totally different from the Roman; and henceforward the distinction was adopted of old and new Scholia. Turnebus printed both; and he is charged by Stephens with having sent them out full of errors: he observes also that the Scholia, which Turnebus published upon the three last plays under the name of Triclinius, had been edited before. In this edition some various readings are noted in the margin.

1555. The Frankfort edition was printed a third time in this year. See above at 1544 and 1550.

1558. Fabricius mentions an edition printed by Turnebus in this year at Paris without the Scholia. We have not seen a copy of it.

1558. In this same year another Latin translation was published at Basle, which is the last that we shall notice. The author was Thomas Naogeorgius. The book also contained annotations; and we mention it, because it was much sought for in its day on account of these notes. Naogeorgius was a satirical writer against the court of Rome, and published *Regnum Papisticum*, and other similar works.

1567. A fourth edition was printed this year at Frankfort: and since the editor of this, of which we have seen a copy, was the same who had edited the first, viz. Peter Brubachius, we may suppose that he also superintended the second and third editions. See above at 1544, 1550, 1555.

1568. Paris. H. Stephani. 4to. In the preceding year Stephens had printed a small volume called *Tragœdiæ selectæ Æschyli, Sophoclis et Euripidis*, which contained of Sophocles the *Ajax*, *Electra*, and *Antigone* in Greek, and also translations of them by Rattallerus. In the present year he printed an edition of all the plays of Sophocles. It was formed on the basis of Turnebus, and contains the new and old Scholia, which Stephens professes to have printed much more accurately. It is plain that he was extremely pleased with this edition: for he had already edited *Æschylus* in such a manner, that he considered little more remained to be done, and yet the following distich appears in the title-page of his Sophocles:

“*Æschylon edideram, Sophocles invidit, at idem,
Cur ab eo posthac invidetur, habet.*”

The title-page also announced that his annotations upon Sophocles and Euripides would be published in that same year. We have already mentioned that the commentary of Camerarius upon all the seven plays had been printed at Basle in 1556. This commentary was added by Stephens to his own edition. The great fame of Stephens has gained him more credit for the benefit conferred by him upon Sophocles than he appears to deserve. Elmsley considered the text to be not so good as that which Turnebus printed: he conceived also that Stephens had consulted but few former editions, and no new MSS.: and the annotations, which were published separately in that same year, do not contain much which is of any value.

1578. Fabricius mentions an edition of Sophocles published this year at Wittenberg by Mat. Welacuss.

1579. Antverpiæ. Canteri. 8vo. This volume forms one of a set of the Tragedians, printed at the press of Christopher Plantin; but it is a small and ugly book. William Canter, the editor, was a native of Utrecht, and died at the early age of thirty-three. He altered the text of Stephens in a few places, and professed to have done a great deal towards arranging the chorusses in a better and clearer manner. We cannot however see that he did much beyond placing the words *ιαμφοι*, *ἀναπαυστοι*, *ἀντιστροφικά*, &c. in their respective places. He also added some notes, which he took principally from Stephens; but they do not occupy more than seven pages in all.

1585. Fabricius mentions another edition printed in this year at Wittenberg. See above at 1578.

1593. It is always said that Canter's edition was reprinted in this year at Leyden. We have compared the two copies, and certainly there are some marks which would seem to point out two separate editions. But the contents of each page exactly agree in both; and at the end of what is called the second edition, there is the same notice which was printed in the first, "Antverpiæ excudebat Christophorus Plantinus Archetypographus Regius Anno MDLXXX."

1597. This is also a republication of Canter's edition made at Heidelberg, and printed by Commelin. It is called Canter's edition, because it contained his notes, and the chorusses were arranged upon his plan: but there was also added a literal Latin translation, made by Vitus Winsemius, which is printed on the opposite page to the Greek; and this is the first edition which contained a version of the text arranged in this way.

We have thus seen that the sixteenth century furnished seventeen editions of Sophocles, beside the Latin translations, which were published separately; and there may perhaps be others which we have omitted. The following century was not nearly so prolific, for in the whole course of it we have not heard of more than four different editions.

1603. Paul Stephens printed an edition in 4to. this year, and Geneva is generally mentioned as the place of publication. The copy which we have seen has no mention of any place, and this probably has led some persons to say that it was printed at Paris. The text

is taken from H. Stephens's edition of 1568; but each page contains, below the text, the Latin translation made by Winsemius. The new and old Scholia are also printed at the top and bottom of the page. At the end are the metrical Scholia of Triclinius, the annotations of H. Stephens, and the commentary of Camerarius: so that this volume, though not much noticed by later critics, comprised nearly every thing that had hitherto been done for the illustration of Sophocles.

1608. We find notice of an edition in 8vo., printed at Ingolstadt with the Scholia, but we have not seen a copy of it.

1614. It may be mentioned also that the plays of Sophocles will be found in the first volume of a *Corpus Poetarum Græcorum*, printed in folio at Geneva in this year.

1665. Cantabrigiæ, 8vo. We are not able to give any detailed account of an edition said to be printed at Cambridge in this year, with a Latin version, and all the Scholia. Some copies are stated to have the date of 1673.

1705-8. The eighteenth century was ushered in with a new edition of Sophocles, which long bore a considerable character, and has been often reprinted. We mean that of Johnson. The first volume was published at Oxford in 1705, and the second in 1708: the third, which was printed in London, did not appear till 1746, making in all a complete edition in three volumes 8vo. Our readers will have observed, that through the course of the seventeenth century little or nothing was done toward throwing new light upon the tragedies of Sophocles. Turnebus was in fact the last editor, of whom we can say with certainty, that he made use of any new MSS. The praise therefore which was bestowed upon Johnson's edition, was not given without reason. Thomas Johnson does not appear to have been a man of any remarkable attainments; but he was diligent and accurate; and if his own country had furnished more materials, he would probably have availed himself of them. He was a native of Oxfordshire, and educated at Cambridge. The only MSS. which he consulted, were the four which are now in the Bodleian: but three of these only contain the *Ajax* and *Electra*, and the fourth, in addition to those two plays, has the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Accordingly we find no various readings in Johnson's edition, except in these three plays. He added however some unpublished Scholia from the Oxford MSS.: he reprinted the Roman, or old Scholia, as well as those of Triclinius; he composed a new Latin translation, and added some notes. These notes are but few: in the first and second volumes they appear to have been Johnson's own; but in the third they are mostly selected from other editors. The first volume contains the *Ajax* and *Electra*; the second has the *Antigone* and *Trachiniae*; the third has the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Philoctetes* and *Œdipus Coloneus*.

1722. In this year a small edition was published in two volumes 12mo. containing the Scholia. The editor was Michael Mattaire, who was well known at that period for several classical works. It has been said that the preface was written by Tonson; but Tonson disowned it.

1745. Johnson's edition was reprinted at Glasgow by Foulis, in one volume 4to. and two volumes 8vo. The latter edition is said to be extremely inaccurate.

1746-7. Elmsley, in his preface to the *Œd. Tyrannus*, speaks of an anonymous edition of Sophocles published in London in 1746, and in his preface to the *Œd. Coloneus* he mentions another, likewise anonymous, published in 1747. We conceive that he meant the same edition, which consisted of two duodecimo volumes, in which not only the text of Stephens, but nearly all his typographical errors were faithfully copied.

1758. Johnson's edition was reprinted in London by Bowyer, in two volumes, 8vo. Bowyer however only superintended the *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Trachiniae*, and *Antigone*; and in preparing the two first of these plays he had the assistance of Palair. Vauvilliers states, in the preface to his own edition of 1781, that Johnson's was reprinted in London exactly in the same form, and so precisely similar, that even the typographical errors were the same, and every little defect or failure of the press might be traced in both, and yet that they were certainly two different editions. We imagine Vauvilliers to have alluded to this reprint of 1758; but not having seen a copy of it, we have not been able to compare it with the original edition of 1705.

1774. This also is a reprint of Johnson's edition, in two volumes 8vo., published at Eton. The editor was J. Tweedie.

1781. Paris. Capperonmeri, two volumes 4to. The first preparations for this edition were made by John Capperonier, professor of Greek, and librarian to the king of France; but upon his death in 1777 the work was carried on by John Francis Vauvilliers, who succeeded him as professor. He printed all the *Scholia*, including those of Johnson, which he corrected in several places; and made some alterations in the Latin translation, and added some notes as well as an index. In a critical point of view, Vauvilliers did little or nothing for the text, having been prevented from consulting the MSS. in the king's library, which Brunck had just obtained permission to carry to Strasburg. Brunck published a volume in 1779, containing the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Andromache* of Euripides. Vauvilliers had the opportunity of seeing this volume before his own edition of Sophocles came out; and he states in his preface, that Brunck had anticipated him in many conjectures. The notes are not numerous, and, on the whole, the edition is more remarkable for the beauty of its appearance than any real addition which it makes to the elucidation of Sophocles.

1785. Argentorati. Brunckii. 4to. and 8vo. 2 vols. We are now arrived at what we fixed as the third era in the history of the editions of Sophocles. The Triclinian recension had been followed by every editor since the year 1552; and with the exception of Johnson, in 1705, no person had consulted any new MSS. Richard Francis Philip Brunck, who was born at Strasburg in 1729, and who applied himself to Greek literature as an amusement, undertook an edition of Sophocles upon an en-

tirely new plan. He saw the defects which Turnebus had been the means of introducing into the text; and in the censures which he passes upon Triclinius he perhaps goes a little too far; but we must always be greatly indebted to him for recurring once more to the Aldine readings, which had been so long neglected. He tells us that he made the Aldine edition the basis of his own, and that he never departed from it without acquainting his reader with the fact. His principal merit however, and that which justly entitles him to stand at the head of a new school, is the collation of MSS. In order to ascertain the true readings of the text, he consulted eight MSS., of which we have already given some account; six were in the King's library at Paris, one came from Augsburg, and one belonged to himself. By the help of these MSS., and sometimes by his own conjectures, he reduced the text to a much greater state of purity than it had hitherto assumed. He added a Latin translation, which is inconvenient to refer to, from not having the verses marked by the side. His notes are more critical than explanatory; and he speaks of having received some observations of Tyrwhitt and Hubert Van Eldik. The arrangement of the plays was altered by him; and he was the first editor who took the trouble of making a verbal index of Sophocles. This index, though by no means perfect, and in some respects inconvenient, is a great advantage to every reader. The edition was followed, in 1789, by a third volume, containing the *Scholia*. Brunck was well aware of the numerous interpolations which the *Scholia* had received; and we have already mentioned that he thought to restore them to their purity by following the Roman edition of 1518. With this view he printed the Roman *Scholia* by themselves; which were followed by other *Scholia*, taken from former editions or from MSS.; and lastly, he printed the *Scholia* of Triclinius, omitting those which concern the metres, as being trifling and useless. This third volume also contains the fragments of Sophocles, which no former editor had collected; and a lexicon of those Sophoclean words which are quoted by the old grammarians. Our readers will have perceived by this hasty sketch, that the benefits rendered to Sophocles by Brunck were important, and the original matter which his edition contains is considerable. He was perhaps not a profound scholar, and his collation of MSS. may not have been made with great care; but the example which he so spiritedly set has been ably followed; and experience has shown, that the critical apparatus which he collected for Sophocles has materially abridged the labours of all subsequent editors.

1785. The same year which saw Brunck's edition issue from the press, also called forth another, which was printed at Eton in quarto. The superior merit of Brunck's edition has thrown this into the shade; but as a critical work it was well deserving of notice. The Greek text was said to be corrected by Harwood; at the end of which are some short notes, and then a most copious and excellent index by Morell; various readings are also added, from the editions of Aldus and Turnebus; so that, in the same year, two editions, in

two very distant places, agreed in the propriety of recurring once more to the Aldine edition.

1789. In this year Brunck again printed his edition, in three volumes octavo; but the impression did not extend beyond 250 copies. Some new notes were added, the text was occasionally altered, more liberties were taken in correcting the Roman Scholia, and those of Triclinius were omitted.

1800. Oxonii. 2 vols. 8vo. This edition was prepared from the papers which Musgrave left behind him at his death. Dr. Samuel Musgrave was a physician at Exeter, and after having taken part in political disputes in 1761, distinguished himself by an edition of Euripides and other classical works. He had made considerable preparations for publishing *Sophocles*, and some time before his death he caused a sheet to be printed, which contained the text according to Johnson's edition, and his own notes below. He died in 1782; and in 1800 the Delegates of the Clarendon Press caused his papers which were prepared for this edition to be published. It is evident that the work was not left by him in a finished state; but he had been at great pains in collating former editions, and his notes, though containing many very improbable conjectures, are useful to the student, and display considerable acquaintance with the classics. It does not appear that he had consulted any new MSS. There was found among his papers an index of the passages of *Sophocles* which are quoted by Suidas; and this is printed in the second volume. The persons who superintended the edition have also thrown in some very useful additions. Between the text and the notes the various readings are marked of the Aldine edition, both the Florentine, and those of Colinaeus, Turnebus, and Brunck; in which respect this edition possesses an advantage over every one that preceded it. The fragments of the lost plays are added from Brunck's edition, and the index is also taken from the same; but upon comparing them, we observe that several words were introduced which Brunck had not noticed, so that the index in Musgrave's edition is better than that of Brunck. The Scholia were afterwards printed at Oxford, to match this edition.

1802-11. The editor who has taken the most pains with *Sophocles*, since the time of Brunck, is Erfurdt; but he died before the work which he had undertaken was completed. His intention was to publish each play separately, in quarto and octavo, so that each would occupy a volume. To make his edition more perfect, he consulted six MSS., of which only two had been collated before. Two of these MSS. came from Dresden, two from Augsburg, one from Jena, and one from Moscow. One of the Augsburg MSS. had been collated imperfectly by Brunck, and the various readings of the Jena MS. had been twice published; the rest were new. Erfurdt also received annotations from many German scholars, particularly Herman, whose talents and assistance he rated very highly. Under the text he printed various readings from Aldus, Brubachius, Turnebus, H. Stephens, Canter, and Brunck; but he states that he had not seen either of the Junta editions. He printed the old Scholia from the

first edition of 1518, copying even the errors, to which he added all the other Scholia which Brunck had printed. Erfurdt lived to publish six of the plays, which appeared in the following order:—1802, the *Trachiniae*; 1803, *Electra*; 1805, *Philoctetes*; 1806, *Antigone*; 1809, *Œdipus Tyrannus*; 1811, *Ajax*. He gave notice of intending to publish a lexicon of *Sophocles*, and a very full verbal index. It is to be regretted that he did not live to complete this part of his plan, since he gave proofs of great industry in his collection of various readings, and of much learning as well as judgment in his notes, which are by far the most copious of any which have yet appeared upon *Sophocles*. In 1825 a seventh volume was published, containing the *Œdipus Coloneus*, which was edited, on the same plan, by Heller and Doederlein: and since Erfurdt's death, Herman has printed an abridgment of his edition, in seven volumes duodecimo, some of which have already gone to a second edition.

1806. Lipsiæ. Bothii. 2 vols. 8vo. This edition is not much known in England, nor is it desirable that it should, if Elmsley's account of Bothe be correct, that he surpassed all the editors of all the poets in the rashness and exuberance of his criticism, and scarcely left any passage of *Sophocles* unaltered. The edition contains a Latin version, all Brunck's notes as well as those of other scholars, a lexicon *Sophocleum*, and an index.

1808. Brunck's edition has been often reprinted in England. The present edition was printed at Oxford, by Bliss, in two volumes octavo.

1812. Another edition was printed at Oxford, by Parker and Bliss, in three volumes octavo, which was taken from the third edition published by Brunck in 1789.

1816. The *Classical Journal* for this year announces an edition of *Sophocles*, in two volumes quarto, to be published at Leipsic, by Beck. It contains a Latin version, the old Scholia and those of Triclinius, selections from the notes of Stephens, Johnson, Heath, Brunck, Musgrave, &c. and Beck himself. We have never seen this edition; but, from the known industry of Beck, it is likely to be an useful work, though not perhaps bearing marks of deep erudition or original genius.

1819. London. 3 vols. 8vo. Priestley. This is not merely a reprint of Brunck's edition; but besides every thing which that editor contributed, it contains a selection of the various readings from Erfurdt's edition, and some unpublished notes of Dr. C. Burney.

1820. Oxford. 3 vols. 8vo. Parker and Bliss. This is also a reprint of Brunck, with additions, some notes of Schafer and Erfurdt being incorporated with the rest.

1822. Herman, in his own edition of the *Trachiniae*, mentions an edition of *Sophocles* which was published about this time, by Martin, at Hall. We have not seen the work.

In the same year, Whittaker published the plays, in a single volume, in London. The text and notes were taken from a comparison of both of Brunck's editions.

1824. Paris. Boissonade. 2 vols. 12mo. This is a pretty little edition, and forms the ninth volume of a series of Greek poets. A very few notes are added at the end.

1825. Lipsic. Dindorf. 12mo. This edition was printed at Lipsic, though some of the title-pages profess that it was published in London. The editor consulted three MSS. in the Laurentian library at Florence; but Elmsley had already extracted every thing that was valuable in that collection.

1826. We have mentioned above that Herman published an abridgment of Erfurdt's edition, in seven volumes duodecimo; the contents of these seven volumes have now been published in two volumes octavo in London; and like every thing else that comes from Herman, the notes are well worth the attention of scholars.

We have thus finished our review of the editions of Sophocles; and if we complained of the little which had been done for this author in the seventeenth century, and in the eighteenth till the time of Brunck, it appears that the critics and publishers of the nineteenth century are determined not to be remiss. There are probably many more editions, which we have omitted; and we have been obliged to take no notice of the publications of single plays; but the reader, who is interested in the works of Sophocles, will perhaps not be sorry to have this somewhat tedious summary of editorial labours. Elmsley, in his preface to the *Edipus*, speaks of the six following editions as *nobilissimæ*: the Aldine, the second Junta, those of Turnebus, H. Stephens, Brunck's third edition, and that of Erfurdt. The great name of H. Stephens has perhaps alone caused him to be placed in this list; and if we were to make any addition to it, we should put in a word in favour of Johnson, who reigned almost alone in this country and on the continent for the former half of the last century, and of whom Elmsley scarcely makes any mention in his numerous publications.

We feel that little room remains for us to speak of the Oxford Variorum edition, which is now before us. We have said above, that it comprises more in two volumes than any other edition which has preceded it. If this remark were limited to the quantity of annotation, it would not be strictly true; for Erfurdt's notes are much more voluminous, as might be expected, when he made each play occupy a separate volume. Erfurdt also added the *Scholia*: and this is not done in the Oxford edition, because the volume, which we have already noticed at the beginning of this article, forms the most accurate edition of the Roman *Scholia*, and may be considered as a companion to the other two. The fragments of the lost plays, the lexicon *Sophocleum* and the verbal index, which appeared for the first time in Brunck's edition, are added at the end of the second volume; but it would have been better if the index had been copied from Musgrave's edition, which, as we stated above, is more copious than that of Brunck.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BLACK WATCH.

AIR—"The Forty-Second's March."

This is our own, our native shore—
It ne'er shall be the Stranger's!

May Heaven preserve it evermore,
In Discord's hour and Danger's!
These hills have seen our banner spread,
And o'er the dead and dying—
O'er gallant hearts and broadsword red,
Our Unicorn still flying!

We on the thistle pour our love,
In our free soil we strike it;
On plains below, or rocks above,
There blooms no emblem like it.
To every sterling Scottish heart
It tells a kindling story;
It bids us spurn at modish art,
And think of ancient glory.

Old Scotland's spear shall never turn,
When Faith and Honour lead 'em;
At Roslin and at Bannockburn,
Our Fathers drew for freedom;
And that their sons are valiant too,
Let History on her pages
Write Egypt, Spain, and Waterloo,
In blood, to coming ages.

Land of our love—our native land!
Dear is each stream that dashes
In whiteness from thy rocky strand,
Dear ocean's wave that washes;
Dear are thy forests, dear thy plains,
Dear are thy hills of heather;
Dear are thy daughters, and their swains,
Dear art thou altogether!

And beats from Thule to the Tweed
One heart that dares to slight thee—
One craven heart that would not bleed
Rejoicing to right thee?
No; thou art Freedom's choicest seat,
Religion's chosen centre;
And life in us must cease to beat
Ere foreign foot shall enter!

Δ

From the London Magazine.

BUCKINGHAM'S MESOPOTAMIA.*

THIS is a book exceedingly rich in almost every topic that can gratify public curiosity. There are personal adventures, description of singular manners and extraordinary countries, geographical information, industrious historical research, with full accounts of numerous places of the greatest classical and scriptural interest. We were much interested with the perusal of the former portions of Mr. Buckingham's voyage; this, however, decidedly surpasses its elder brethren, both in the variety of

* Travels in Mesopotamia; including a Journey from Aleppo across the Euphrates to Orfah, (the Ur of the Chaldees,) through the Plains of the Turcomans to Diarbekr in Asia Minor, from thence to Mardin on the borders of the Great Desert, and by the Tigris to Mosul and Bagdad: with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of Travels in Palestine and the countries East of the Jordan; Travels among the Arab Tribes, &c. London, Colburn, 1827, 1 vol. 4to.

its contents, and the talent displayed in the narration. We think we cannot do better than by going regularly through it, and condensing into as small a space as we can not only a collection of the more striking passages, but a general enumeration of the objects, places, and scenes which the traveller encountered.

Chapter I. contains Mr. Buckingham's journey from Aleppo to the banks of the Euphrates. He did not proceed by the ordinary route to Bagdad, across the desert, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. The Wahabee Arabs were in great commotion, in consequence of the abduction of a beautiful virgin from a neighbouring camp, by Mohanna, the great chief of the Anazies, who assumes the title of sultan of the desert. To avoid the hostile movements of the Arabs, a small caravan was about to travel by a circuitous route to Mardin and Mousul on the Tigris. Mr. Buckingham joined the train of a wealthy old merchant, Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhaman, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He thus describes his own dress, accoutrements, and preparations, for the arduous and hazardous expedition he was about to enter upon.

"My dress and arms were like those of his nephew, Hadjee Abdel Ateef, a young man of twenty-five who had accompanied his venerable uncle on the pilgrimage. The former consisted of the blue-cloth sherval, jubla, and kemish, of the Arab costume; a large overhanging tarboosh, or red cap, falling over the neck and shoulders behind; a white muslin turban, and a red silk sash: the latter, of a Damascus sabre, a Turkish musket, small carbine, and pistols, with ammunition for each. The conveniences borne on my own horse were, a pipe and tobacco bag, a metal drinking cup, a pocket compass, memorandum books and inkstand on one side of a pair of small khovidj, or Eastern travelling bags; and on the other, the maraboot, or chain-fastenings, and irons for securing the horse, by spiking him at night to the earth, on plains where there are no shrubs or trees. A small Turkey carpet, which was to serve for bed, for table and for prayers; and a woollen cloak for a coverlid during the cold nights, in which we should have to repose on the ground, without covering or shelter, were rolled up behind the seat of the saddle with straps; and my equipment for any length of route was thus thought to be complete. The supplies I had taken with me for the journey, included a bill of exchange for six hundred piastres (then about 100*l.* sterling) on a merchant at Bagdad; and nearly two thousand piastres in small gold coin, which, with such papers as I considered of importance to me, I carried concealed in one girdle round my waist, called, by the people, a khummir, and generally used for this purpose, as it cannot be lost or taken from a traveller, without his being absolutely stripped."

On leaving Aleppo, Mr. Buckingham and his party proceeded northwards, and at the end of a day's journey joined the main body of the caravan at its first station. On the 28th of May, the station was broken up at sunrise, and advanced on its route across. The caravan consisted of about four hundred camels, which

is thought a small one; the asses and mules might amount to another hundred, and the number of persons three hundred at least. The course lay now to the north-east: the first village they arrived at was Oktoreen. All the villages hitherto had the air of being ruined once. The style of building in Oktoreen is singular, each separate dwelling having a high pointed dome of unburnt bricks, raised on a square fabric of stone; so that at a little distance they resembled a cluster of bee-hives on square pedestals. The vessels here used for carrying water from the wells are curious; they are not of earthenware, but all of copper, tinued without and within, are broad at bottom, narrow at top, and about two feet high, with a thick handle on each side. In an hour they arrived at another village called Oktoreen, where the mode of churning was observed: the milk is first put into a goat's skin, which is suspended on pegs in the walls, or on poles inclining together and forming a conical rest, like a gypsy's spit or pot holder; it is then pushed to and fro, until the butter is separated from the watery part, which is then thrown off. The tents were pitched about noon on a wide plain, on which were encamped a horde of Turcomans. The range of Taurus was visible to the west-north-west, distant about fifty miles; its highest part covered with snow. A lamb was killed for supper, and a fine fat sheep, bought for a gold roobeah, about half-a-crown. The tents were struck at night, to be ready to depart at sunrise, and all slept in "the open air, beneath a starry canopy of unusual brilliance; and the purity of the atmosphere, with the sweet odour of the fresh young grass, was such as to make even perfumed halls and downy couches, inferior by the contrast."

May 29th.—They depart at sunrise, and proceed nearly east over the plain. At nine the caravan reached Shahaboor.

"The men at this place were dressed nearly as in those through which we had already passed. The women wore on their heads the large red Syrian tarboosh, the loose part overhanging before, while the men permit it to fall behind. These Turcoman females were much better dressed than the Arab women ever are, some of them having red, and others white trowsers; striped silk upper robes, gold ornaments about their heads, their hair hanging in long tresses as in the towns; and their whole appearance neat and interesting. The language used here was Turkish; and, indeed, scarcely any other was heard in the caravan, as the Arabs speak Turkish much more frequently than the Turks do Arabic, from the superior ranks of the military and the government being filled by Turks, who are too proud and too indolent to learn; while the necessities of the others compel them to acquire the language of their masters."

About an hour after leaving Shahaboor, the caravan was attacked by about fifty Turcomans, all well mounted, and armed with a short lance, musket, pistols, and sabre. They were frightened away, rather than repelled, by the noisy travellers of the caravan.

"We had scarcely left Shahaboor an hour behind us, before we were alarmed by a troop of horsemen making towards the caravan, in

full speed from the southward. The camels were widely scattered, so much so, that there seemed to be a distance of nearly two miles between their extremes. The design of the enemy being to attack and cut off the rear, all who were mounted rushed towards that quarter, leaving only the men on foot, who were armed, to protect the other parts. The enemy checked their horses, advanced, retreated, wheeled, and manœuvred on the plain, with great skill; and, as they were all mounted on very beautiful animals, it formed as fine a display of horsemanship as I had ever witnessed.

"On the other hand, nothing could exceed the confusion and disorder which prevailed in our train. As there was no acknowledged leader, a hundred voices were heard at once, all angry at not being attended to; the women and children shrieked, the asses brayed at the noise of other animals, and the men set up the wildest shouts of defiance. When our enemies, however, betrayed fear, it was the moment chosen by those attacked, to affect courage; and accordingly, all who were dismounted, young and old, came out from among the camels, behind which they had before taken shelter; and those who had muskets without powder, of which there were several, borrowed a charge or two of their neighbours, and idly wasted it in the air. There were at least two hundred balls discharged in this way, in the course of the hour that the Turcomans harassed us by changing their apparent point of attack, and flying round us with the velocity of the wind."

The caravan proceeded—when it halted for a moment to water, and to collect the animals in close order; on the opposite side of the stream most of the people gave loose to their joy, and triumphed in their late escape.

"In the expression of these feelings, some danced with their naked swords and khandjars, or dirks, in their hands, singing the wildest songs at the time, like the guards of the dolas, or chiefs of the Arab towns in the Yemen, when they precede their governors in their march; and others discharged their pieces in the air. This display of warlike disposition at length terminated in occasioning two or three frays in the caravans, by exciting disputes, as to who had been the foremost and the bravest among them in repelling the late attack; the consequences were serious, for not less than five persons were more or less hurt or wounded in this affair among friends, though not one had received any injury in the attack of the enemy."

May 30th.—The travellers still proceeding across the extensive and fertile plain, halt at a village of huts and houses, and visit the sheikh.

"The tent occupied a space of about thirty feet square, and was formed by one large awning, supported by twenty-four small poles, in four rows, of six each, the ends of the awning being drawn out by cords, fastened to pegs in the ground. Each of these poles giving a promoted form to the part of the awning which it supported, the outside looked like a number of umbrella tops, or small Chinese spires. The half of this square was open in front and at the sides, having two rows of poles clear, and the third was closed by a reeded partition, behind which was the apartments for the fe-

males, surrounded entirely by the same kind of matting.

"It thus gave a perfect outline of the most ancient temples; and as these tents were certainly still more ancient as dwellings of men, if not as places of worship to gods, than any buildings of stone, it struck me forcibly on the spot, as a probable model from which the first architectural works of these countries were taken. We had here an open portico of an oblong form, with two rows of columns, of six each, in front, and the third engaged in the wall that enclosed the body of the tent all around; the first corresponding to the porticos of temples; and the last as well in its design as in the sacredness of its appropriations, to the sanctuaries of the most remote antiquity."

"The sheikh, whose name was Ramastan, was an old man of eighty, of fine features, combining the characteristics of the Turkish and Arabic race, with large expressive eyes. His complexion was darker than that of the people of Yemen, though somewhat less so than that of the common order of Abyssinians, and this was strongly contrasted by a long beard of silvery white. His divan was spread out with mats and cushions, covered with silk; his dress and arms were plain, yet of the best qualities of their kind; before his tent were two fine mares, well caparisoned, and every thing about his establishment wore an appearance of wealth and comfort."

Some of the customs and prejudices of the Turcomans who inhabit this plain, are curious.

"Their horror of a certain indiscretion is said to be so great, that the most violent pains, occasioned by a suppression of it, will not induce them to commit so heinous an offence. Mr. Maseyk, formerly the Dutch consul of Aleppo, related to me, that being once on a journey with another Frank of the same city, they halted at a Turcoman's tent. The latter, from fatigue, a hearty meal, and a cramped attitude, had the misfortune to be unable to prevent the sudden escape of a noise loud enough to be heard. Every one looked with astonishment on each other, and from that moment shunned communication with the offender. About four years after this event, one of the men who were of this party coming to Aleppo on business, called on Mr. Maseyk, when, by accident his friend was with him. The Turcoman blushed on recognising this disgraced individual, when Mr. Maseyk, asking him if he had known him before, he replied, with indignation, 'Yes; is it not the wretch who defiled our tent?'"

Of the jealousy of their honour, the most remarkable stories are told. Mr. Buckingham relates an anecdote of these people which is a complete Eastern romance.

"Two young persons of the same tribe, loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage: their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents: they stopped a moment to

* See the representations of the primitive huts in Vitruvius.

speak to each other; and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl, perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket-wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart; and when she fell, they abandoned her carcase to the dogs!

"The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this? They replied, that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, 'What, is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death;—and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered.

"During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, 'No! No! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love.' This really happened; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children."—pp. 21, 22.

These Turcomans appear to be on the borders of Turkey what the Bedouin Arabs are on the borders of Syria. They dwell chiefly on the plains south of the range of Mount Taurus, and extend from the sea coast near Antioch, to the borders of the Euphrates.

Chapter II. Passage of the river Euphrates at Beer.—The travellers continuing their route over a fertile plain, came in full view of the Euphrates, winding in its course to the southward. Ascending the stream about half an hour, on the west bank of the river, they came opposite Beer. The transport of the caravan from one side of the Euphrates to the other, was long and tedious. The stream is rapid, and whirling the boats four or five times in their passage over, occasioned them to fall at least a quarter of a mile below the point immediately opposite to that at which they started. The Euphrates here is at least as broad as the Thames at Blackfriars, but in its greatest depth seemed to be not more than ten or twelve feet. The current in the centre is

about three miles an hour, and on the east bank considerably more. The waters are turbid, and of a dark yellowish colour. Just below the town of Beer the stream divides itself into twenty smaller channels, running between low grassy inlets. The banks on both sides, where steep, are of a chalky nature, and where flat, they are fertile, and covered with trees and verdure. The town of Beer—the Birtha of antiquity, contains from three to four thousand inhabitants. It stands on the side of a very steep hill, and there are perpendicular cliffs within and around it, in different directions. It is under the dominion of the pacha of Orfah, and is governed by an aga.

Chapter III. From Beer across the plains of the Turcomans to Orfah.—On the caravan's breaking up to quit Beer, Mr. Buckingham was seized by a party sent from the aga, under the pretence of his being a Janissary making his escape from Aleppo. Mr. Buckingham represented himself as a Mugrebbin trader. He thinks his story was believed; but as the purpose of his arrest was extortion, it made no difference. It was decided, at length, that the most prudent way was to confess the truth of the charge, and administer a bribe.

"I accordingly returned, agreeably to his advice, and no longer denied the charge of being really a Janissary, who had lately entered the service, and had come from Cairo, where Turkish is but little spoken. As they had concluded that, for some mutinous conduct there, I had been obliged to seek my safety in flight, I now threw myself upon the clemency of the governor, as a brother soldier—pleaded poverty from my being obliged to escape in haste, but thrust twenty-five gold roobeahs, or about sixty shillings sterling, into his hand at the time of my kneeling to kiss it, and this in so secret a manner, that no one could see the gift, or claim a share. I was then ordered to be set at liberty immediately, and distributing a few piastres among the servants, was quickly mounted, and soon rejoined the caravan."

The aspect of the plains of Mesopotamia is dull and uninteresting; the traveller bears testimony to the accuracy of Xenophon's description.

"The country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood; if any other kind of shrubs or weeds grew there, they have all an aromatic smell; but no trees appeared. Of wild creatures, the most numerous were wild asses, and not a few ostriches, besides bustards, and roe-deer, (antelopes,) which our horsemen sometimes chased."

At this period the caravan was reduced to depend upon itself for supplies. Mr. Buckingham gives this account of their fare.

"Our supper consisted of boiled wheat, warm bread, baked on a fire of camel's dung, and steeped in clean melted butter, and some wild herbs, gathered from among the grass around us. This was followed by a pipe and a cup of coffee, and afterwards about an ounce of brown sugar, made into a round hard cake, was served to us out of a little tin case. This was the travelling fare of one of the richest merchants of Mousul, who had property to the amount of ten or fifteen thousand pounds sterling, in money and goods, embarked in the pre-

sent caravan, and who every night fed, from his own table, not less than twenty poor pilgrims, besides his own immediate dependants."

The caravan arrives (June 2d) at a Turcoman tent. This race is well contrasted with the Arab, in the following passage:—

"The men of this camp, as I had noted elsewhere, were fairer, cleaner, better dressed, and more at their ease, than Arabs of the same class; and all of them wore turbans, which were generally of white cloth in broad folds. In most of the countenances that I have yet seen, there seemed to me to exist traces of resemblance to the Tartar physiognomy. The face is short, broad, and flat, with high cheek bones, small sunken eyes, flat nose, broad mouth, and short neck, with a full black bushy beard. The Malay and the Chinese face are but exaggerated examples of the same cast of countenances seen here, and form perhaps the extreme, of which this is the first marked commencement. In the Arab race, the face is long, narrow, and sharp; the cheek bones flat and low; and all have large expressive eyes, a prominent and aquiline nose, small, but full-lipped mouth, long graceful neck, and generally a scanty beard. As a race or caste, the Turcomans are therefore widely different from the Arabs; though the same habits of life have brought them, from the north and the south, to border upon each other.

"The women of this tribe were quite as well dressed as those we had seen before. We noticed one, said to be newly married, who was driving goats to her tent, dressed with red shalloon trowsers, and yellow boots, a clean white upper garment, a red tarboosh on her head, overhanging in front, and three rows of gold Venetian sequins, bound round her brow. She was fair, ruddy, and her skin was not disfigured by stains; but, above all, she was remarkably clean, and perfectly unveiled, two marks of more distinctive difference from the Bedouin women than even those which are noted as separating the male race."

June 3d.—Mr. Buckingham begins to feel the irksomeness of caravan travelling. The rate of going scarcely exceeded twelve miles a-day, and the time consumed in performing this was from four to six hours.

"In walking my horse a gentle pace, if I mounted the last in the caravan, I could gain the head of it in two hours, though our line extended nearly two miles in length; when, as was the practice of most of the other horsemen of the party, we dismounted on the grass, suffered our horses to feed there, and either laid down or smoked a pipe for nearly an hour, until the caravan had all passed us again. This was repeated at every similar interval; so that, in an uninteresting tract of country, where there was no picturesque landscape to charm the sight, not a tree to relieve the monotonous outline of the hills, nor sufficient verdure to clothe their rocky sides,—where either we were lighted only by the stars, or scorched by the sun an hour after its rising,—its tediousness may be easily conceived."

The only counterbalancing advantage is, comparative security. The greater number, however, makes it more difficult to procure supplies. It is the practice of the richer mem-

bers to cook an ample supper at night, so that sufficient may be left for their poorer companions. Mr. Buckingham's friend and patron, the Hadjee, fed every night about twenty such, besides fifteen or twenty more immediate dependants, who sat down to table with him.

The heat had been gradually increasing: at this time at noon the thermometer stood at 102° in the sun, and 96° in the shade of the tent. The fresh winds from the lofty snow-clad ridge of Taurus preserve the air both agreeable and healthy.

Part of the caravan had pushed on to Orfah, and left the heavier baggage behind them. They sent out the Hadjee, who remained with the merchandise, a sumptuous supper composed of at least fifty dishes, besides two mules laden with ice for making iced sherbet, with white mulberries, quinces, and other fruits.

"We continued up late, in the enjoyment of as much festivity as our means would afford, by hearing the rude music and songs of some, and clapping our hands to the dances of others of our camel drivers around a blazing fire. We surrounded this circle, formed by the animals themselves, who, on being driven in from the hills where they feed, are made to kneel down, and generally arranged in a circular form round the horses, the merchandise, and the people of the caravan, as an outer barrier for general security. Here, though our guards were set on the outposts of the camp, and we had each to relieve the watch in our turn, we sang and danced away our cares, and were as happy as the most sumptuous banquets or gorgeous palaces could have made us."

Chapter IV. Entry of the caravan into the city of Orfah.—On the 4th of June, the rear of the caravan took up their station in the suburbs of the ancient city of Orfah. The Hadjee had numerous friends in the town, who flocked out to see him, and congratulate him on his return from the hadj, or pilgrimage. He and his company received such numerous invitations to take up their residence in different houses, that it became necessary to accept none. They were accordingly lodged in a large building, called the custom-house khan.

"Here, indeed, we were quite as well accommodated, and as much at liberty, as we could possibly have been in any private dwelling, having each of us a chamber apart, and a small one besides, in which to meet our friends, though the congratulations were so many, that it was necessary to receive them on the outside.

"This khan consisted of an open court, which was at least a hundred feet square, and was paved throughout. On two of its sides were doors of outlet into covered bazars; on the third was a range of stables and cloaca; and all around, on the ground floor, the intervals were filled up by small rooms; flights of steps there led to an upper story, in front of which were open galleries all around, and chambers in which were carried on manufactories of cotton, as well as the process of printing them. Through the court below ran a fine broad stream of transparent water, crossing it diagonally from corner to corner; and as

it was descended to by long steps, it served for watering the horses, for the ablutions of the pious, and for the washing of the manufacturers above, as they came from the workman's hands, before they were laid out on the flat terrace of the roof to bleach."

In the evening the Hadjee and his friends joined a supper-party, given in honour of them. As our readers may be curious to know the manners of an evening party in Orfah, the Ur of the Chaldees, we shall extract the description of it. It appears to have been a very rational and agreeable affair.

"It was before sunset that we assembled at the house of a green-turbaned descendant of the Prophet, to the number of about thirty persons. We were received into a very handsome room, with gilded ceiling, carpeted divans furnished with silk cushions, and other marks of the occupier's wealth. Among our party were the two Indian fakirs, who knew their interest too well ever to desert their patron, so that they constantly hung about his person. These men, clad in a bundle of loose rags, scarcely holding together, though bound with many cords and threads, and swarming with vermin, from their never having changed their garments, or perhaps washed their bodies, for the last three years, were seated among the rest along the sofa, and served with exactly the same attention as others of the company.

"This practice of admitting the ragged and dirty to an equal place with the well-clad and clean,—as well as that of suffering the servants of the house to sleep on the divan at night, which equally prevails among the Turks,—occasions the houses of the rich to be almost as subject to vermin as those of the poor. It is thus by no means rare to see the most wealthy and polite among them arrest the crawling intruder in his march over their benishes; and, rather than defile their nails by killing it on them, as is the practice of the poor in Spain and Portugal, they usually blow it off into the middle of the room. They say that they themselves thus remain clean, and there is but a chance at least of the little crawler's ever reaching them again: whereas, though the practice of killing it at once renders that impossible, yet, in their estimation, this act is in itself too grossly shocking to decency to be permitted.

"Our supper was served on a large metal salver, highly ornamented with Arabic devices and inscriptions, and containing at least forty dishes: the central one of which was, as usual, a pilau, and the surrounding ones stewed meats, fruits, and various made dishes. Among our drinks were, iced milk and lebben; a fine iced sherbet, made with honey, cinnamon-water, and spices; and the iced juice of pomegranates of the last year, diluted with water of roses; so that one could not regret the want of wine to crown the banquet. The napkin which surrounded the salver, so as to leave a portion large enough to cover the knees of all who sat before it, was of fine silk gauze, embroidered at the edges and ends, and was in one piece of six or eight yards long by a yard broad. Water was served to us in a silver cup, called, in Arabic, "tasec;" and we washed afterwards over silver ewers. Our evening

pipes and coffee were taken on the terrace of the house; which, being lofty, and seated nearly in the centre of the town, gave us a panoramic view of great extent and beauty.

"After sunset, we retired to the Khan Khoola-Oghlee, without the town, as the Hadjee still persisted in refusing to give the marked preference of a permanent abode with any of his friends. They all accompanied us, however, to the gate of the khan itself, where we separated. Here, too, we found a party formed for our entertainment, by the servants and charitable dependants of the worthy pilgrim; and, though of a humbler kind than that which we just quitted, it was much more vivacious, and equally entertaining.

"The chief personages who figured in this assembly were two Christians, returning from the Easter festival at Jerusalem, to Mardin, called, by the Turks, Mokhoddey, and not Hadjee; these titles being derivative from the respective places visited. The names of these pilgrims were Eesa, or Jesus; and Abdallah, or the Slave of God. The name of Jesus and Mohammed are borne only by the followers of their respective prophets; but Abdallah is common both to Moslems and Christians, though less frequent among the latter, where it is sometimes replaced by the name of Abd-el-Messeah, or the Slave of the Messiah.

"Eesa was crowned with a high-pointed bonnet, fringed at the edge, gilded on the sides, and adorned at the top with a bunch of small tinkling bells. Abdallah made a still more grotesque figure, as he was naked to the waist, and had contrived to decorate his head with coloured feathers and cotton wool, which, added to the blue stains, (the symbols of the holy pilgrimage,) with which his body and arms were covered, gave him an appearance somewhat between that of a savage Indian and an ancient Briton, as they are generally represented to us. To complete the resemblance, these men threw themselves into the wildest attitudes, like those of the aboriginal war-dance of America, and to as rude a music.

"The band was composed of a drummer, who beat with the palm and fingers of his hands on a large copper pan, turned bottom upwards, and a sifer, who blew into the upper end of a long cane, holding it as a clarinet, and using six stops, as in a flute. These produced, as may be imagined, no sweet or seductive sounds, though they were sufficiently musical to charm most of the party, who kept time by clapping their hands, as is commonly done in Egypt.

"Besides these, there was a little slave boy of the Hadjee's born in his house, of Abyssinian parents, who, though not yet eight years old, had accompanied his master to Mecca, and was addressed by the honorary title of all who visit the Caaba. This child, and one of the camel boys, a lad of fifteen, sang to each other in responsive verses, which were again repeated, at stated intervals, by the harsh chorus of all the voices of the assembly.

"The dance then sunk from savage wildness into the most lascivious movements: the men approached each other, by progressive and mutual advances, and, after an imitation of the warmest union, embraced more firmly, and

cried aloud in an ecstasy of pleasure. The song and music followed this change, by more characteristic tones; so that the whole was rather like a Thesmophorian exhibition in honour of Ceres, than what one might conceive to be the sober amusements of a grave Moslem pilgrim, returning from the Temple of his Prophet; or the pious practices of Christians, still more recently come from the Tomb of their Saviour, and from witnessing the scenes of persecution and suffering which preceded the death of their God."

Mr. Buckingham appears to have been extremely fortunate in his friend the Hadjee, who invariably proved himself a good-natured, hospitable, and liberal old man. The instance of the Hadjee's liberality which Mr. B. gives is, however, very curious.

"There was a liberality of conduct displayed towards me by my kind protector, that deserves to be mentioned as peculiar to him. It has been observed, that the term Hadjee is reserved for the true believers in the Koran only; and that Christians, although they have performed their pilgrimage to Jerusalem, are called Mokhoddey, from El Khods, or the Holy, the Arabic translation of the ancient Hebrew, and present modern name. The salute of 'Salam Alaikom,' and its answer, 'Alaikom Salam,' or, 'Peace be upon you,' and, 'Upon you be peace,' is permitted to be given and received by Moslems only; as well as the formula before commencing any action, however trifling, 'Bismillah el Rakhman el Rakh-beem.' In the name of God, the great and the merciful. My friend, however, permitted me to be addressed as, 'Hadjee Aga,' or, as we should say, 'Sir Pilgrim,' by all those who did not know my name, and as 'Hadjee Abdallah,' by those who did; the latter being the name under which I travelled. When I ate or drank, or washed, or filled my pipe, I constantly repeated the Mahommedan formula; and, on closing the operation, whatever it might be, ended by the grace 'Al humd elillah,' or, 'To God be praise.' This was so far from being thought an infringement on sacred privileges, that I never failed to have the usual blessings of 'Aneeah,' after drinking; 'El Hawaf,' after washing; or 'Naimain,' after rising from sleep; which was given to me by every one of the party, individually, and returned to them by the usual answers in the same way."

At Orfah there is a lake which is stocked with an immense number of carp: as the lake is consecrated to the patriarch, (Abraham) the fish are never destroyed, and have accumulated in a most extraordinary manner.

"Like the one of El Bedawee at Tripoly, on the coast of Syria, this is filled with an incredible number of fine carp, some of which are two feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. As the water in which they float is beautifully transparent, they are seen to great advantage; and it is an act of charity, as well as of diversion, for the visitors there to purchase vegetable leaves and scatter them on the surface, by which the fish are collected literally in heaps. As they are forbidden to be caught or molested, they multiply exceedingly; and I certainly do not exaggerate in estimating their present number throughout the whole

of the canal, and the smaller stream, at twenty thousand at least; and their numbers are constantly on the increase, it being regarded as a sacrilege of the most unpardonable kind, for any one to use them as food."

The Christian Patriarch of Orfah having heard of Mr. Buckingham's arrival, sent for him, saying that he had heard of him by letters from Aleppo. The Patriarch proved a most ignorant Arab: he asked about China, the New World, and the country of the Franks, all in a breath, and was more in the dark with respect to them than any other Arab Mr. Buckingham had ever met with. He was treated with amazing reverence by his followers, among whom appeared one of the Mahommedan governor's guards. This, and a similar instance at Tripoli in Syria, are the only ones that have come to Mr. B.'s knowledge of Christians being allowed the same privileges of dress as Mahommedans, even when in the actual service of the government. At the house of the Patriarch Mr. Buckingham remained the night, and gives this account of his entertainment.

"I had been so pressed to remain the night here, that it would have been an ill return for my host's kindness to refuse, so that I sat down with the rest to supper. Previous to the meal, a small plate of fried fish (stolen, it was admitted, from the Birket el Ibrahim,) was placed before us, of which all partook. Rakhbee, or brandy distilled from dates, was then served from a rude image of a bird moulded in clay, the stream being made to issue from its mouth, and each of the guests drank from ten to twelve china coffee-cups of this strong spirit, before supper began. In serving the Patriarch, the same reverence was shown to him as had been done below. When the cup was given to him, or when it was taken away, when his pipe was presented, or when he wiped his mouth with a napkin after drinking, his hand was invariably kissed by the priests who attended him.

"Our supper was composed of several good dishes, and a bright moon was the lamp by which we ate. Towards its close, a cannon was discharged to announce the execution of a janissary, that mode of proclaiming their death being an honour reserved for their class, as beheading is for the nobility in England, while inferior persons, not belonging to this class, are here sent out of life without such a formality. One of the priests having unfeelingly exclaimed, 'Ah! there is another child of the devil gone to his father's bosom,' was followed by several others, saying, 'Al humd ulillah,' or, 'Thanks be to God;' and all prayed rather for the destruction, and utter rooting out of the Turks, than for their conversion to a purer faith. In this the Patriarch did not actually join, nor did he, on the other hand, at all rebuke it. It led to a conversation of the most fanatic and blood-breathing kind, in which they seemed to pant only for an occasion to persecute their oppressors with more than tenfold return for injuries received.

"From the library of the Patriarch, a sort of General History was then produced, describing in one volume the leading events of the world, from Adam down to the first taking of

Jerusalem by the Mahomedans. This was written in the Arabic language, with the Syriac character, and called therefore, 'Gurshoonnee'; as the Arabic and Syriac are distinct languages, having each a distinct character, while in this dialect they are both mixed together. From this book, some horrid details were read of the cruelties practised on the Christians, and it was then asked, 'What! if the occasion offers shall we not revenge ourselves?' I answered that the head of that religion himself had said to his followers, 'Bless them that persecute you, pray for them that despitefully you;' and, 'if thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other, or if he take away thy cloak from thee, give unto him thy coat also.' All of them knew these passages of Scripture well enough, but said they applied only to personal injuries, and not to those inflicted on the cause of their holy faith; an interpretation which, however ingenious, served only to prove how pre-eminent are the feelings of our nature over doctrines and precepts intended to counteract them.

"The remainder of our evening was passed in theological disputes, as bitter as they could well be, though between members of the same church, and on points held to be unimportant, merely appertaining to faith and doctrine, uniformity in which is considered far less essential than in ceremonial rites; for all were considered by this party to be orthodox Christians, who made the cross and took the sacrament in the same manner with themselves, however much they might differ from them in other respects."

Chapter V. contains a History and Description of Orfah.—Orfah is generally understood to have been the Ur of the Chaldees, from whence Abraham went forth to dwell in Haran, previous to his being called from thence, by God, to go into Canaan, the land promised to himself and to his seed for ever. Edessa is the name given to it by the Macedonians. Before the conquest of this city by the Romans, it was the capital of Oschene, an independent kingdom, which occupied the northern and most fertile part of Mesopotamia, and whose inhabitants, in the time of Alexander, were a ruined race of Greeks, Arabs, Syrians, and Armenians. Mr. Buckingham gives a sketch of its history from that time to the present, and a very good geographical view of its present state. It is a considerable town, and possesses nearly all the luxuries of Oriental life. The population is about fifty thousand, among whom are about ten thousand Christians, and five hundred Jews.

"The view of the city from the walls of the castle, spread out, as it were, at the observer's feet, is extensively commanding, and exceedingly beautiful. The minarets of the mosques, the tall cypresses, the domes, the courts of the khans, all have an air of grandeur from hence, which they do not possess on a nearer view; while the lake of Ain el Zilkah, the fountain of Callirhoe, and the canal of Abraham, seen amid the bowers which surround them, close to the foot of the rock, with the Corinthian columns and ruined walls and arches above, add, to the general beauty of the scene, a number of objects, all equally classic and pictu-

resque. The town looks, from hence, to be larger than Aleppo can be made to appear from any one point of view; and is, I should conceive, in truth, nearly two-thirds of its size. In general character, it bears a nearer resemblance to Damascus, as seen from the heights of Salheah, than to any other eastern town that I remember: like it, the site appears from hence to be nearly a level plain, with slight elevations and depressions, and, on the south-east, it has a long range of trees and gardens, extending for nearly two miles in length, with but little wood in any other direction."

The fashionables of Orfah are as anxious to avoid a vulgar dinner hour as the inhabitants of Portman-square; but in Mesopotamia they distinguish themselves by getting the start of the operatives.

"Our afternoon was passed at another Mahomedan house, in a large party, until sunset, as it is the fashion among the higher ranks here to sup early, soon after El Assr, or about four o'clock, in order to distinguish themselves from the vulgar, who cannot enjoy that meal until after Muggrib, or dark, when their labours of the day are over; so different are their notions of fashion, as to hours, from those which prevail in Europe."

Chapter VI. is entitled, Further Detention at Orfah: Interior of the City and Gardens, and Entertainments.—The caravan was about to leave Orfah, when such formidable accounts reached it of the Wahabees, who were said to be encamped by the way, that it was thought proper to send to ask the protection of an Arab chief, encamped about fifty miles, on the plains, from Orfah.

"This chief, from having under his command about twenty thousand horse, received regular tribute from all the caravans which passed near his domains, and was, in every sense, a very powerful man. When, therefore, a letter was addressed, imploring, in the most humble terms, his august protection through the camp of the robbers, his own justice and magnanimity were extolled, while the marauding character of the intruders on his dominion was painted in the darkest colours,—and yet the only real difference between them seemed to be, that the one was a stationary robber, and the others roving ones; for in this very application, for his protection against the stronger enemy, it was carefully added, that an ample compensation would be given to his followers for their convoy."

It was some time before the answer arrived; and in the mean while Mr. Buckingham pursued his examination of the town. His remarks on the general intelligence of the children of the country are interesting.

"In the court of this mosque of the vizier, a venerable sheikh was teaching certain children of the town to read the Koran, and the most proficient among these were again teaching others beneath them, according to the Lancasterian mode, now so common in Europe. It is only to be regretted, that their labours are not followed up by the introduction among them of other useful books, containing the elements of general knowledge, as most Turkish children are taught to read and write, and if their curiosity were excited at an early

age, they have all of them the brilliant capacity, which their climate favours, to learn whatever might be laid before them.

"One cannot, indeed, but be struck with the remarkable intelligence of the youths of this country, whose understandings seem to be matured before the age at which it first unfolds itself in more northern regions.—Their acuteness of perception is often followed up by a corresponding power of reasoning, which very soon fits them for the society of their elders, so that, notwithstanding they are kept at a very humble distance by their own immediate parents, they are admitted to a great equality with grown up strangers. When men salute them, a proper answer is always sure to be returned; and if they in their turn address a stranger, it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the stranger not to return them some complimentary expression. It is thus, that they become early habituated to social intercourse, and I scarcely remember an instance of what we call '*mauvaise honte*' among them, though this is so common among the children of our own country."

Every thing at Orfah is Turkish, and what that is, Mr. Buckingham tells us in a picturesque manner.

"Beards are so general at Orfah, that there were only two of our whole party who were shaved, and these were both young men. Turkish was the only language spoken; and except the Hindoo dervish, our camel-driver Mohammed, and myself, the features of all the company were more or less Turkish also. The distinguishing marks of these are a full round face, a wide mouth, a straight nose, thick eyebrows, a full beard curling down the sides in long locks, and a remarkably thick neck, which is often deeply furrowed behind, in cross lines, like that of a young bull."

At length the intelligence came that the Arabs, whose hostility was dreaded, had removed to the east, and Mr. Buckingham prepared for his journey by a bath. He gives a luxurious description of the enjoyment and the economy of a bath at Orfah. It concludes thus:—

"As we continued to be perfectly uninterrupted by the visit of a single person, during the whole of my stay, I remained a full hour under the hands of the operator, had every joint cracked, every muscle moulded, and the hair entirely removed, excepting only from the eyebrows and beard, which were carefully trimmed and set in order by the same person, according to the fashion of the country.* An hour's repose upon a clean bed in the outer room, where coffee, nargeels, and iced sherbets of raisins were brought me, and after-

* It is one of the many remarkable contrasts between European and Asiatic usages, that, on the parts which Europeans most carefully shave, Asiatics suffer the hair to grow, and as carefully preserve it; while on those where the former suffer it to remain, the latter as studiously remove it—on all occasions of their visiting the bath. It has been thought that depilatory powders are sometimes used for this purpose, but I have never known any thing to supersede the common razor.

wards a dinner of minced meat patties and salad, taken also in the bath before dressing, completed a course of considerable pleasure; the whole expense of which was only fifty paras, or scarcely an English shilling."

Chapter VII. From Orfah to the encampment of El Mazar.—The caravan advances in its route, the travellers constantly alarmed by the appearance of horsemen as they crossed the plains, who however retire without doing mischief. These plains are navigated like seas.

"In these extensive plains, minute objects are seen at quite as great a distance as on the ocean, and the smallest eminences are discovered, (or '*made*,' as the sea phrase is,) by degrees, just as islands and capes are at sea, first perceiving their tops, and then raising them gradually above the horizon, till their bases appear on the level of the observer. Many of these, like rocks and headlands to sailors, become, among the Desert Arabs, so many fixed marks of observation, and fresh points of departure. The bearings and distances of wells are noted and remembered from such objects; and they are seen by caravans, going slowly across the Great Desert, for many days in succession, as they approach to and recede from them."

On the 17th June, the caravan gradually ascending, reached the brow of an eminence which overlooked a boundless prospect. This was the Great Eastern Plain, which presented an horizon like the sea, broken only in two or three places by little mounds, arising like rocks or islets out of the water. Soon afterwards two horsemen were seen riding to the caravan across the plain; they were Arabs of the Beni-Meilan, under Abn-Aioohe-Ibin-Temer Pasha, who were on the look-out on behalf of their tribe, with orders to let no caravans pass without payment of the regular demand of tribute.

"These men were mounted on fine mares, though very wretchedly caparisoned; and their dress was rather like that of the Fellahs or cultivators of the country, than like the Bedouins I had been accustomed to see. They wore the large overhanging tarboosh, and white muslin turbans, with a serge cloak, resembling in colour, form, and substance, the white Muggrebin burnoosh, used in the west of Africa; except that this had large sleeves, and, instead of being woven like the former without seam, it was joined in the middle, like the Syrian Arab cloak, by a red cord, going horizontally across the back.

"Their arms were, a sword, a brace of pistols, and a long light lance, of twelve or thirteen feet in length. Both of these men were shaved, wearing only mustachios, and one of them had light blue eyes, a fair complexion, with yellow hair and eyebrows; but neither of them had a single feature at all resembling those I had been accustomed to see in the pure Arab race, from the southern extremity of the Yemen to this the most northern limit of Arabia."

To these persons actual homage was done by the caravan travellers, who surrendered themselves to their guidance, and were led to the encampment of El Mazar. The scenes at

the camp of the robber chief are very curious, and though long, they are worth extracting.

"The first tent was scarcely raised, before we were visited by three of the chief's dependants, mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the best manner of Turkish military officers, with their cloth garments highly embroidered, and their swords, pistols, and khandjars, such as Pashas themselves might be proud to wear. Every one arose at their entry, and the carpets and cushions of the Hadjee, which had been laid out with more care than usual, were offered to the chief visiter, while the rest seated themselves beside him. All those of the caravan who were present, not excepting the Hadjee himself, assumed the humiliating position of kneeling and sitting backward on their heels, which is done only to great and acknowledged superiors.

"This is one of the most painful of the Mohammedan attitudes, and exceedingly difficult to be acquired, as it is performed by first kneeling on both knees, then turning the soles of the feet upward, and lastly, sitting back on these in such a manner, as that they receive the whole weight of the body, while the knees still remain pressed to the ground. I at first assumed this attitude with the rest, but an incapacity to continue it for any great length of time, obliged me to rise and go out of the tent, on pretence of drinking; which simple incident, though I returned in a very few minutes afterwards to resume my seat, from its being thought a disrespectful liberty to rise at all in the presence of so great a man, without a general movement of the whole party, gave rise to very earnest inquiries regarding a person of manners so untutored.

"The answers to these inquiries were highly contradictory. Some asserted that I was an Egyptian of Georgian parents, and of the race of the Mamlouks of Cairo, from their knowing me to be really from Egypt, and from my speaking the Arabic with the accent of that country, where I had first acquired it, while they attributed my fairer complexion than that of the natives to the same cause. Others said that I was a doctor from Damascus, and suggested that I had probably been in the service of the Pasha there, as I had given some medicines to a little slave-boy of my protector, by which he had recovered from an attack of fever; coupled with which, they had heard me talk much of Damascus as a beautiful and delightful city, and therefore concluded this to be the attachment of a native. Some again insisted that I was a Muggrebin, or Arab of Morocco, acquainted with all sorts of magical charms and arts, and added, that I was certainly going to India to explore hidden treasures, to open mines of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; to fathom seas of pearls, and hew down forests of aloes-wood and cinnamon, since I was the most inquisitive being they had ever met with, and had been several times observed to write much in a small book, and in an unknown tongue; so that, as it was even avowed by myself that I was going to India, and had neither merchandise nor baggage with me of any kind, it could be for no other purposes than these that I could have undertaken

so long a journey. Lastly, some gave out that I was a man of whom nobody knew the real religion; for, although I was protected under the tent of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, and treated as an equal with himself, I was certainly not a Moslem of the true kind; because, at the hours of prayer, I had always been observed to retire to some other spot, as if to perform my devotions in secret, and never had yet prayed publicly with my companions. A Christian they were sure I was not, because I ate meat, and milk, and butter, on Wednesdays and Fridays, as well as on other days; and a Jew I could not be, because I wore no side locks, and trimmed the upper edge of my beard, after the manner of the Turks, which the Israelites or Yahoosis are forbidden to do. As I had been seen, however, at every place of our halt, to retire to a secluded spot and wash my whole body with water, to change my inner garments frequently, to have an aversion to vermin which was quite unnatural, and a feeling of disgust towards certain kinds of them, amounting to something like horror, as well as carefully to avoid being touched or lain upon by dirty people, and at night to sleep always aloof from, and on the outskirts of the caravan, they concluded, that I was a priest of some of those idolatrous nations of whom they had heard there were many in India, the country to which I was going, and who, they had also understood, had many of these singular aversions, so constantly exhibited by myself.

"All this being openly declared, by one mouth or another, from individuals of the caravan, who had crowded round our tent, and in the hearing of the Hadjee himself, he found it necessary to clear me from all these imputations, by declaring me at once to be an Englishman, whom he had taken under his protection. These Arabs had never heard of such a people; but when it was said a Franjee (or a Frank,) 'Oh!' said one of them, 'they are the people who come from Ajam, and I know how to prove or try them.' A cup of water was then at this man's request brought to me, and I was requested to drink out of it, being first told that the cup belonged to a Jew of the caravan. I drank, as requested, and then the man declared, with a loud voice, that I was an impostor, since the Franjee were all Ajami, and the Ajami would rather die than drink out of the cup of a Yahoosi, or Jew.

"I know not how so strange an assemblage of ideas had been formed in this man's brain, but it was such as to produce on the minds of all who heard him, the firmest conviction of my having deceived even my companions. I was then questioned about the country of the English, and that of India, and my answer to these questions only made the matter still worse. As they believe the world to be a perfect plain, surrounded by a great sea, so as to be like a square mass floating in water, the Mohammedans generally inquire how the countries lie in succession, one *within* another, in the different quarters, taking their own for nearly the centre of all. My replies to such questions were directed by truth, for the sake of avoiding self-contradiction, to which I should have been very liable if I had been cross-examined, and had endeavoured to shape my an-

swers to their absurd theory. I admitted, however, in conformity to their own notions, that the eastern world ended at the Great Sea beyond China, the western world in the Pacific Ocean, the southern in the Sea of Yemen, and the northern in the Frozen Ocean. The details of dog-headed nations, of women growing on trees and falling off when ripe for marriage, of men forty yards high, and other equally absurd matters of Eastern fable and belief, were then all inquired about, and my answers to these being less satisfactory than even those to preceding questions, the opinion of my being an impostor was confirmed, more particularly as some one had mischievously mentioned my having been already detained at Beer, as a chief of Janissaries, who had committed some crime, and was therefore flying from Aleppo.

"While all this was going on beneath the tent, a scene of a different description was passing without. The two horsemen whom we had first met were employed in arranging all the goods and baggage, according to their respective owners, in separating the Christians from the Moslems, and in making the necessary preparations for the levy of their tribute from the caravan. A paper was then brought, containing a written statement, drawn up by one of our party, at the command of their surveyors, and by him read to the chief; for neither himself, nor any of his attendants, appeared to be able to read or write. While all the rest humbly knelt around him, this chief stretched himself, with an affectation of contempt, along the carpet on the ground, and threw his legs occasionally in the air. It was neither the attitude of weariness, nor the rude carelessness of unpolished life; but a barbarian or savage notion of dignity, which consisted only in showing to those around him how much he despised them.

"It was just at this moment that Hadjee contrived to lay before this chief, with his own hands, and with an attitude of the greatest humility, a box of presents, containing a rich Cashmeer shawl, some female ornaments, an amber mouth-piece for a Turkish pipe, and other articles, amounting in value to at least fifteen hundred piastres, or fifty pounds sterling. These the brutal despot turned over, with a look of as much indifference as he had assumed from the beginning, and neither deigned to praise them, nor to seem even pleased with the gift. The list of our goods being then read to him, a certain sum was commanded to be affixed to each name, and, to judge from his manner of naming it, the amount of this was entirely arbitrary. The owners of the merchandise were then ordered to pay twenty piastres for each camel-load, fifteen for each horse or mule, and ten for every ass. The leader of the caravan was to pay a thousand piastres, to be levied by him in any way he thought proper on the persons composing it; the merchants were to give a thousand Spanish dollars for the members of their class; the Mokhodessey, or pilgrims from Jerusalem, were to raise fifteen hundred piastres among themselves, which was a still harder condition than the preceding; and I was condemned to pay one thousand piastres, instead of five thousand, which it was contend-

ed would have been demanded of me, if I had not been under the protection of Hadjee Abdel-Rakhaman, who had smoothed his way by his presents to the chief.

"The sums named for the merchandise were instantly agreed to be paid; but the other assessments were not so easily to be obtained; as their amount was not only exorbitant, but the persons named were really unable to raise it. The leader of the caravan reduced his tribute to five hundred piastres, of which he paid the half himself, and raised the other half by subscription. The merchants compromised for two thousand, which was furnished by about ten of the principal ones; and the pilgrims could not raise altogether five hundred piastres, though they formed, in number, nearly two-thirds of the caravan.

"The two men who exercised the duty of collectors, and who, being on the look-out on that day, were perhaps interested by a specific share of the prize-money, behaved with the greatest insolence and cruelty. They ransacked the private baggage of such as they suspected to have any thing worth taking, and selected from amongst it whatever they pleased. When they came to mine, I trembled for the result, as, though consisting only of a pair of small khoordj or saddle-bags, and a portmanteau, these contained all that was necessary, not merely for my journey, but for the success of my views in the East. In them were the money with which Mr. Barker had furnished me for my journey, a gold watch, all my Indian letters and papers, which if seen would have made them think me a greater man than they had yet imagined me to be, and induced them to augment their demand; a thermometer, compass, and other instruments, all now crowded, by the advice of the Hadjee, into this small space, to escape observation, from the fear that if seen they would occasion my being taken for a magician, and this idea would be confirmed by their finding among the rest of the things some few medicines, and broken specimens of mineralogy, of which no one would have known or even imagined the use.

"I made all the efforts in my power to prevent the portmanteau from being opened, but, whenever I advanced to interfere, I was driven back by blows and insults, until seeing them proceed to loosen the straps, I entreated the Hadjee to intercede for me, saying, that it had cost me much trouble to get the things there into a small space, and begging that they might not be ransacked. The motive was suspected, and occasion was taken of it to say, that if I chose to pay the thousand piastres demanded of me, nothing should be disturbed. I had before declared, that I had no more money with me than the few piastres shown to them in my purse, and said that, as I was poor, I hoped to get along by the help of the faithful, and by such sum as should be produced by the sale of my horse at the journey's end. All the money that I had, indeed, except these few piastres, which were necessary for the current wants of the road, was really within the khoordj, the greater amount being in a bill on a merchant of Bagdad, and the remainder in gold coin, carefully secured, and I could not pay it, if

disposed to do so, without opening this package. I was allowed a moment to consult with the Hadjee, to whom I stated my wish rather to accede to these terms, hard as they were, than to have my baggage opened, which might perhaps lead to still worse consequences, as in it money would be found, which would betray my having deceived them, and other articles of still greater value, which would be, perhaps, taken from me altogether. He then, after fruitless efforts to reduce it lower, agreed to pay the sum required, on condition that my effects should not be disturbed; and it was of course understood, that I was to return this sum to him either on the road, or on our arrival at Mardin."

After the duty of exacting and paying the tribute, the travellers were commanded to go up to the camp to supper.

"We found in this tent two persons, superior even to the chief who had visited us below. These were seated on fine divans, lolling on rich cushions; and one of them, a corpulent man, with a long white beard, was dressed in silk cloths and furs, with a high cap, of a kind between that of a Delhi and a Tatar. We knelt humbly around on the earth, and were barked at by large dogs, stared at by dirty and ill-dressed children, and eyed by the women from the openings in the partitions of the tent; the whole presenting a greater mixture of the rudeness of Arab manners with the luxurious indolence of the Turkish, than I had ever before seen.

"Supper was served almost instantly after the first cup of coffee had been taken. This consisted of a whole sheep, two lambs, and two kids; the former set before us with its limbs unsevered, the four latter in separate dishes of a large size, cut into pieces, and boiled with wheat in the husk. We had warm bread, and an abundance of *lebben* or sour milk, for which last only spoons were used, the boiled wheat being eaten by handfuls. The whole was despatched with the haste of beasts devouring their prey, and fearing to lose it by delay; and as every one, after washing his hands and mouth, poured out the water on the ground before him, without using a towel or a basin, the whole space within the tent was speedily inundated. The earth at length, however, absorbed it; but so rudely was every thing done amidst this abundance, and even luxury, that hands and faces were wiped in the sleeves of shirts, or skirts of cloaks, or else left to dry in the air. Coffee was again served, and as the sun was declining we prepared to return.

"We were detained, however, by an affray that was likely to have proved fatal to many, and did indeed end in the wounding a considerable number on each side of the combatants. During the supposed moment of security, while we sat beneath the tent of the chief, we observed a party of Turcoman horse, belonging, it was afterwards said, to another tribe, passing through the camp, leading with them several camels and their lading, taken from our caravan. Immediately, the whole camp became a scene of warfare. Our legitimate pillagers, roused with indignation at the interference of other intruders on their sacred ground, rushed to horse and to arms. All the

members of the caravan who had come up here by command, some mounted, and some on foot, rushed out to join them. A battle ensued: the horsemen, with their spears and sword, the men on foot with their muskets, pistols, and daggers, were previously engaged, hand to hand. Many were run through and through, with the long lances of the cavaliers, and afterwards trampled under their horses' hoofs; several others were wounded with sabre cuts, and still more had severe contusions and bruises. All were hotly engaged, at close quarters, for half an hour at least, and it fell to my lot to come into grappling contact with three individuals in succession, neither of whom escaped unhurt from the struggle. It ended, however, in victory declaring on our side, in the recovery of the plundered property, and the chasing the intruders from the camp.

"It was faint twilight when this contest ended, and as it was desirable to get to our tents before it became dark, those who had ridden up to the camp, mounted the same horses to go back; but as I was on foot, a saddled mare was presented to me. I declined to ride, and begged to be permitted to walk. It was answered, that it would be a great breach of politeness to suffer one like me to depart from the tent of the chief on foot, and, in short, my riding was insisted on. I was obliged to yield; and, when mounting, my sword, which after the affray I had still continued to conceal, as before, was, as I expected, discovered. As the people of the country never see arms of any kind without examining them, it was in vain to resist their inspection of this. I was accordingly taken in to the sheikh, who expressed himself pleased with it. He asked how much it had cost me: I was afraid to say any sum; because, if I told him justly, he would have concluded that I was rich; if I stated its value at a low estimate, he would have excused himself for taking it from me as a thing of little value. I therefore said it had been given to me by a friend whom I respected; and added, that I valued it so highly on that account, that I would suffer my life to be taken from me rather than part with it. This was uttered in a very determined tone, as the only method which presented itself to my mind, of escaping from extortion. It had, in part, the desired effect; but to compensate to the sheikh for his relinquishing all further claim to it, on account of the motive of my estimating it so highly, I was obliged to give him another sword, belonging to the nephew of my host, for which I engaged to pay this young man two hundred and fifty piastres, or return him one of equal value at Mardin.

"After being thus literally fleeced, we returned to our camp, fatigued as much by the vexations of the day, as by the privation of our usual noon-sleep, and the bustle we had undergone in the mid-day sun."

Chapter VIII. From the Arab camp at El Mazar to Mardin.—In this route they arrive among the Koords, a peculiar people, boasting of no very high character in the East. This is Mr. Buckingham's sketch of a Koord.

"In our way we had seen some of these Koords from the northern hills, or those called generally *Jebel Mardin*, and the dress of these—

was nearly that of the Bedouin Arabs, the chief garments being a long and ample shirt, and an outer goombaz or caftan, of coarse white cotton cloth. The girdle of the waist was of thick leather, tightly buckled on. On the head, instead of the kaffeah, was worn a small red tarboosh, bound round by a thin blue cotton handkerchief. They wore also a white cloak of coarse and open serge, which, being thrown over their head and shoulders, sheltered them from the sun in the heat of the day, and served for a sufficient covering at night, in a climate where we had yet found no dews, and where the atmosphere after sunset was mild and agreeable in the extreme. Their arms were merely a sword and shield. The sword was slung by a belt, depending from the broad zennar, or girdle, with its edge downwards, in the European fashion, and not with the curve of the blade turned upwards, after the manner of the Arabs and Turks. The shield was formed of a semi-globular piece of brass, with carved devices in the centre; and this surrounded by a broad fringe of black silk, which waved in the air, the outer part being made of a close basket-work of coloured reeds, and the whole forming a handsome appendage to the wearer.

"As these Koords walked beside our caravan, singing and driving their cattle before them, with their shields slung over their shoulders, their loose robes and light cloaks blown out by the storm, and thus trudging along, with their naked and brawny legs covered about the ankle only with sandals of thongs, they formed an interesting group, and in the hands of a skilful artist would have furnished an admirable subject for a picture of costume."

Chapter IX. contains the entry into and stay at Mardin.—Mr. Buckingham does not enter Mardin immediately, but turns aside to the east of the town to visit the Syrian patriarch, at his convent.

"On our arrival at the convent, my letter procured me a favourable reception from the patriarch, who was a handsome and polite young man, and had been advanced unusually early to the dignity he enjoyed, as he was but little beyond thirty years of age. Our evening was passed in a large party, consisting chiefly of pilgrims belonging to Mardin, who had returned from Jerusalem, and had come from Aleppo in their own caravan. The supper served to them consisted of the choicest dishes; and not less than twenty jars of arrack were drank by about as many persons,—all of them, too, before the meal, as a stimulant, and not a single cup after it. The party was continued until a late hour, and our enjoyment was then terminated by the delicious luxury of clean linen and a clean bed."

These convents appear to be very singular institutions—the priests, who inhabit this one, which is called *Deer Zafferany*, consist of three orders—the patriarch, six matrans, and twelve catzees; the catzees are permitted to marry, and they and their wives and children all live in the convent together.

The population of Mardin is about twenty thousand: two-thirds are Mahomedans, and the remainder Jews and Christians. Mardin is built chiefly on the side of a lofty hill, and

the houses rise in ranges above each other, like the seats of a Roman theatre.

Near Mardin the caravan remains so long, that Mr. Buckingham, disgusted with the delay, determines upon leaving it; and on going to Diarbekr to find, if he could, Tartars or government messengers, under whose protection he might proceed at a more rapid rate. Diarbekr is the seat of government, and the chief central town in the passage from Constantinople to Bagdad.

Chapter X. Journey from Mardin to Diarbekr.—This journey is considered particularly dangerous—the robberies are constant, and the inhabitants by the way notorious thieves. In the character of guide and protector, Mr. Buckingham hired, as his companion, a man named Hassein, one of the most notorious robbers among the Koord horsemen. Hassein's habitation was on the road—here they alighted at sunset, and Mr. Buckingham was taken to visit his chief. In the true spirit of the country, says Mr. Buckingham, the aga first exacted an arbitrary contribution, as a tribute to his local authority, and then entertained me with the liberality of a friend of long standing. By sunset next day the travellers saw the Tigris—the next morning the travellers cross the river, and arrive at Diarbekr.

"The aspect of Diarbekr, at this first view, is that of a walled and fortified city, seated on a commanding eminence, appearing to be strongly defended by its position as well as its works without, and splendid, and wearing an air of great stateliness and opulence, in its mosques and towers within. The country amid which it is seated, is every where fertile and productive. Lofty mountains in the distance, while looking eastwards toward Koordistan, give an outline of great grandeur; in that direction, gardens and bridges, and pleasant summer-houses, seen nearer at hand, add softer beauties to the scene; while the passage of the Tigris, at the foot of the hill on which the town is seated, offers a combination of picturesque beauty, agricultural wealth, domestic convenience, and rural enjoyment.

"After passing the Tigris a second time, we went up a steep road on the side of the hill, having gardens below us on our right, and extensive cemeteries, in more abrupt valleys, on our left, till we approached the gate called, by the Turks, *Mardin Kaupusee*, and by the Arabs, *Bab el Mardin*, from its being the gate leading to and from that town."

Chapters XI. and XII. contain a description of Diarbekr and of the journey back to Mardin, Dara, and Nisibis.—Diarbekr is a very considerable town, and the population is estimated at fifty thousand at least. There are upwards of twenty baths in the town, and about fifteen khans or caravanserais.

"The Khan Hassan Pasha is particularly fine, and superior to any of those at Orfah. In its lower court, the corn-market is usually held. Its magazines, within the piazza, which runs around this, are generally filled with goods. In the upper galleries are carried on several trades and manufactures. The rooms around form the lodgings of the travellers who halt here; and above all is an upper story, with apartments for the harems or families of those

who may sojourn here, with kitchens, fire-places, and other domestic conveniences."

Diarbekr seems to be in the enjoyment of considerable wealth and some little commerce.

"The bazars are not so regularly laid out, or so well covered in, as in the large towns of Turkey generally. They are narrow, often crooked, and mostly roofed over with wood. They are, however, well supplied with goods of all descriptions that are in request here, and during the regular hours of business, are thronged with people. The manufactures of the town are chiefly silk and cotton stuffs, similar to those made at Damascus; printed muslin shawls and handkerchiefs, morocco leather in skins of all colours, smith's work in hardware, and pipes for smoking made of the jasmín branch, covered with muslin and embroidered with gold and silver thread. There are thought to be no less than fifteen hundred looms employed in weaving of stuffs; about five hundred printers of cotton, who perform their labours in the Khan Hassan Pasha, after the same manner as before described at Orfah; three hundred manufacturers of leather in the skin, besides those who work it into shoes, saddlery, and other branches of its consumption; a hundred smiths; and a hundred and fifty makers of ornamented pipe-stems only, besides those who make the clay balls, amber mouth-pieces, &c. The cloths consumed here are obtained from Europe, through Aleppo, as well as most of the glass ware, which is German; and fine muslins, Cashmere shawls, spices, and drugs, come to them from India, through Bagdad, but most of the articles of domestic necessity can be procured in the place from its own resources, as every species of fruit and provisions are abundant and cheap, and the common manufactures of the town are sufficient to supply the wants of the great mass of the population.

"The present governor of the Pashalick and city of Diarbekr, whose name is Kullender Pasha, has the dignity of three tails, and is therefore immediately dependent on the Sublime Porte only, without acknowledging any intermediate chief. His force within the city is said to consist of about a thousand soldiers, of whom more than half are Turkish cavalry, and the remainder Turkish and Albanian foot. In the remote part of his territory, however, there are always petty chiefs, both among the Turks and the Koords, who, in case of need, do him military service with their followers, on condition of certain privileges and exceptions granted them in return. Even among the people here, in the heart of the Turkish empire, where despotism is so familiar to all, the government of Kullender Pasha is thought to be severe; though, judging from external appearances, there are few towns in which there seem to be more of personal liberty, competence, and comfort among all classes of people."

Mr. Buckingham was disappointed in finding here any government messenger, and determined upon returning. His guide, however, had been seized for a debt; Mr. B. himself and his horse were likewise detained on the complaint of his guide's creditor, and it was with difficulty that he got out of the town. He set off on his dangerous journey without a guide,

and appears to have galloped away until his journey was ended by his arrival at Mardin. Here he found that the caravan had departed. In his endeavours to overtake it, Mr. B. is himself overtaken by two Tartars, on their way from Constantinople to Bagdad.

At Nisibeen Mr. Buckingham and his companions found the caravan employed as usual in resisting the exorbitant demands of a chief in extorting tribute, and in paying some mitigated sum. Nisibis was anciently one of the most important places in Mesopotamia; it is now fallen into great decline, it contains scarcely more than three hundred families of Arabs and Koords; in 1173 it contained no less than a thousand Jews—now there are none.

Chapter XIII. describes the journey from Nisibeen across the plain of Sinjar.—No sooner had the caravan encamped at the end of the first day's journey, than a body of fifty horsemen, "all mounted on beautiful animals, and armed with long lances," poured down upon it. "There were among this party two little boys, not more than ten years old, who rode with as much firmness and ease, and wielded their lances, and discharged their pistols, with as much dexterity as any of the rest, and had, if possible, more boldness in their behaviour to strangers." These were followers of the most powerful chief between Orfah and Mousul, who is said to have under his orders twenty thousand horse. They did not leave the encampment till they received 125*l.* in coin, and had pilfered every thing to which they took a fancy. Over the remaining part of the plain the caravan adopted the expedient of hiring an escort from the sheikh of a tribe near the place of their encampment. The guards kept the members of the caravan awake all night by their incessant shouts; sometimes their alarm was well founded, and nothing but a general muster and display of their force kept off the assailants.

Chapter XIV. carries the traveller from the plain of Sinjar, by Romoila to Mousul.—During this journey the caravan was afflicted with a dreadful drought. Its arrival at water gives rise to a most animated scene, which is very well described, both by Mr. Buckingham and by the artist who has drawn the spirited vignette which heads the chapter.

"It was near midnight when we reached a marshy ground, in which a clear stream was flowing along, through beds of tall and thick rushes, but so hidden by these, that the noise of its flow was heard long before the stream itself could be seen. From the length of the march, and the exhausting heat of the atmosphere, even at night, the horses were exceedingly thirsty. Their impatient restlessness, evinced by their tramping, neighing, and eager impatience to rush all to one particular point, gave us, indeed, the first indications of our approach to water, which was perceptible to their stronger scent long before it was even heard by us. On reaching the brink of this stream, for which purpose we had been forcibly turned aside, by the ungovernable fury of the animals, to the southward of our route, the banks were found to be so high above the surface of the water, that the horses could not reach it to drink. Some, more impatient than the rest,

plunged themselves and their riders at once into the current, and, after being led swimming to a less elevated part of the bank, over which they could mount, were extricated with considerable difficulty; while two of the horses of the caravan, who were more heavily laden than the others, by carrying the baggage as well as the persons of their riders, were drowned. The stream was narrow, but deep, and had a soft muddy bottom, in which another of the horses became so fastly stuck, that he was suffocated in a few minutes. The camels marched patiently along the edge of the bank, as well as those persons of the caravan who were provided with skins and other vessels containing small supplies of water; but the horses could not, by all the power of their riders, be kept from the stream, any more than the crowd of thirsty pilgrims, who, many of them having no small vessels to dip up the water from the brook, followed the example of the impatient horses, and plunged at once into the current. For myself I experienced more difficulty than I can well describe, in keeping my own horse from breaking down the loose earth of the bank on which he stood, and plunging in with the others; it being as much as all my strength of arm could accomplish to keep him back from the brink, while he tramped, and snorted, and neighed, and reared himself erect on his hinder legs, to express the intensity of his suffering from thirst. An Indian fakir, who was of the hadjee's party, being near me at this moment of my difficulty, and when I was deliberating in my mind whether I should not risk less in throwing myself off my horse and letting him follow the bent of his desires, as I began to despair of mastering him much longer, took from me my tin drinking cup, which was a kind of circular and shallow basin, capable of holding only about a pint; this having two small holes in the sides for the purpose of slinging it over the shoulder on the march, longer pieces of cord were fastened to the short ones before affixed to it, and having now dismounted, by letting go the bridle, and sliding back over the haunches of the horse while he was in one of his erect positions from rearing, we succeeded in coaxing him into a momentary tranquillity by the caresses and tender expressions which all Arab horses understand so well; and with this shallow basin, thus slung in cords, we drew up from the stream as much as the vessel would hold, and in as quick succession as practicable. But even when full, the cup would hardly contain sufficient to moisten the horse's mouth; and as, at some times, it came up only half full, and at others was entirely emptied by the impatience of the horse knocking it out of the giver's hand, we let it down and drew it up, I am certain, more than a hundred times, till our arms were tired; and even then we had but barely satisfied our own thirst, and done nothing, comparatively, to allay that of the poor animal, whose sufferings, in common with nearly all the others of the caravan, were really painful to witness. This scene, which, amidst the obscurity of the night, the cries of the animals, the shouting and quarrelling of the people, and the indistinct and perhaps exaggerated apprehensions of danger, from a totally unexpected

cause, had assumed an almost awful character, lasted for upwards of an hour; and so intense was the first impulse of self-preservation, to allay the burning rage of thirst, that, during all this time, the Yezedis were entirely forgotten, and as absent from our thoughts as if they had never once been even heard of."

At length, on the 5th July, Mr. Buckingham arrived at Mousul, which may be considered the end of his dangers, if not of his toils. He was received with great honour, as an English traveller, by the pacha, who appointed two of his silver-sticks to show him the town.

Chapter XV. is a description of Mousul.—It is a considerable place, and possesses baths, bazaars, and coffee-houses, the great public buildings of the east, in great number and splendour. It is supposed by Gibbon, to have been the western suburb of Ninus, the city which succeeded Nineveh. The ruins of Nineveh lie along the eastern and opposite bank of the Tigris. The present population of Mousul is about one hundred thousand.

Mr. Buckingham had pushed on to the town before the arrival of the caravan. When it entered Mousul, its final destination, he was witness of the demonstrations of affection and respect with which his old friend, the hadjee, was received by his towns' and kinsmen.

"In the evening, the caravan which I accompanied from Aleppo, made its entry into Mousul, and so great was the consideration-enjoyed here by the Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, that a crowd of his friends and dependants went out beyond the walls of the city to greet his arrival, and to bring him into his own house, amid their acclamations of welcome. As we met these on our return from an excursion round the town, I dispensed with the further attendance of the pasha's eawasses, and joined the party who were going to the Hadjee's house.

"On our reaching this, we were all received with great respect by the servants and slaves in waiting; but the Hadjee and his nephew were almost worshipped by them; having their knees embraced, and the hems of their garments kissed by the crowds who pressed around them as they entered the court of their dwelling.

"The house itself, which was now quite new, was esteemed to be inferior to none in the city, excepting the residence of the Pasha, and, indeed, its interior decorations were as costly as those of any private abode that I had seen in the East, excepting only those of the rich Jews of Damascus. This house had been begun by the Hadjee just before his setting out on his pilgrimage, and, during the two years of his absence, it had been completed by the confidential slave or chief steward of his household. While the host and his nephew retired to receive the welcome of the females of the family, all the strangers were shown over the dwelling, and every thing was found to be in the most perfect order for the lord's reception. The Hadjee and his nephew soon returned to us, both dressed in garments of white, all perfectly new, and prepared during their absence, to clothe them on the day of their return."

Chapter XVI. is entitled, Visit to the Ruins of Nineveh, and Journey from Mousul to the

river Lycus. The Tigris is crossed by a bridge of boats.

"Descending through the town to the river, we crossed it, over a bridge of boats, which was just one hundred and fifty horse paces in length. The boats were badly constructed, and not being fastened together in the most secure manner, the whole bridge was set in motion by the least agitation of the water. They were moored head and stern by iron chains, and were sharp at each end. The rate of the current in mid-channel seemed at present not to exceed two miles an hour; but it was said by all, that this was the slowest rate at which it ran, and that it sometimes possessed three times its present rapidity. The water was no where deeper than from three to four fathoms, and it was of a yellow muddy colour throughout; though it soon became clear by being suffered to rest, and was at all seasons fine and sweet to the taste."

The remains of Nineveh, the "exceeding great city of three days' journey" in length, seem to be nothing more than a few mounds and scattered ruins, extending along the banks of the river.

"Nineveh is said to have been surrounded by walls that were a hundred feet in height, and of a sufficient breadth for three chariots to pass along it together abreast, as well as to have been defended by fifteen hundred towers along these walls, which were each of them two hundred feet high. If the walls of Babylon, however, which were comparatively of so much more modern erection, are thought to have left no trace remaining, those of Nineveh may well have totally disappeared.

"From the height on which we stood, extending our view to a considerable distance in every direction, we could not certainly perceive any marked delineation of one great outline; but mounds and smaller heaps of ruins were scattered widely, over the plain, sufficient to prove that the site of the original city occupied a vast extent, notwithstanding that some of the latest visitors to this place have thought that the remains were confined to the few mounds of the centre only."

From Mousul Mr. Buckingham rode post with the Tatars. They crossed the celebrated plain where the fatal battle of Gaugamela was fought, between Alexander and Darius. The Lycus was crossed on rafts, sustained in the water by inflated skins.—(See Xenophon *Anab.* b. i. p. 60, in Spelman.)

Chapter XVII. describes the course from Ain Koura, by the ancient Arbela, to Kerkook. The couriers whom Mr. Buckingham accompanied, are noisy riotous people, who give themselves great airs, and treat the poor people who are compelled by the government order to serve them, with the utmost insolence, and frequently violence. This is a description of the behaviour of one of Mr. Buckingham's companions at Ain Koura:—

"While fresh horses were saddling, the Tatars and myself sat down to a breakfast of roasted fowls, cream, honey, and sweetmeats; while a man stood at each of our elbows with a bottle of strong arrack, and a cup to supply us at our pleasure. It is difficult to describe how much these villagers, who were all Syrian

Christians, seemed to stand in awe of the Turkish letter-carriers, on whom they waited. There stood around us not less than forty persons, some bearing full and others empty dishes; some having water-pots and basins ready for washing—one holding the soap, and another the towel—the humbler ones among them being content to have the boots of the riders ready for them when they rose from the carpet; and all, indeed, seeming anxious to make themselves in some way or other subservient to the pleasure of these lordly tyrants.

"Large doses of arrack were swallowed, both by Jonas and Ali, though the former seemed to pride himself on his pre-eminence in this, as well as in all other respects; and, even at this early hour of the morning, he emptied two full bottles for his share. I was myself obliged to drink, almost to intoxication, though a much less quantity than that swallowed by them would have disabled me from proceeding; but the haughty Turk honoured me with his permission to drink in his presence, and this was granted as a favour, which it would have been an affront of the highest kind to refuse.

"We had no sooner descended into the court, than the effects of these exhilarating draughts began to manifest themselves pretty unequivocally. Jonas found fault with the horse that had been saddled for him, and insisted on its being the worst of the stud, though it was an enviable fine creature, and worth any three of the others put together. Ali, not to be behind his comrade, had all the baggage-horses loaded afresh, and changed his own saddle to two or three different horses in succession, until he condemned them all as the worst group of animals that God had ever assembled together since the brute creation were first named by Adam.

"The poor Syrians bore these vexations with so much patience, that they might be said literally to have fulfilled the injunction, "If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also." The very want of some resistance to this treatment was, however, a cause of fresh vexation to the Tartars; since they inferred from it, that their tyranny had not been felt as an annoyance; so that, handling their whips, one of them exclaimed, "What! you will not be angry, then. By God, but we will make ye so!" and laid about him with the fury of a maniac. Ali contented himself with the use of the whip only, saying, that as they were bullocks, and mules, and asses, and brute beasts, this was the only punishment fit for them; but Jonas, having received some indignity from a young lad, who spit in his face, and ran off faster than the other could pursue him, drew his yatagan, and chased those near him with this naked dagger in his hand, till they flew in every direction; and he, at last, in the rage of disappointment, threw it with all his force amidst a group of three or four who were near him, and shivered its ivory handle by the fall into twenty pieces. The only regret that he expressed was, that the blade had not buried itself in some of their hearts, instead of the weapon thus falling uselessly to the ground. After such conduct, none of the people could be prevailed on to approach us, though at least a hundred villagers stood aloof gazing at these

two enraged Turks, and flying at the least symptom of pursuit. We were, therefore, obliged to finish the saddling of our own horses, and to mount, and leave the leaders of the baggage-horses to follow us when their fears had subsided."

Chapter XVIII. takes us to Kerkook, by Kiffree, to Kara Tuppe, or the Black Hill.—From Mousul to Bagdad the route lays pretty nearly parallel with the Tigris in its descent. On reaching the town of Kiffree, Mr. Buckingham and one of the couriers were deserted by the principal and noisiest of the Tatars, who went off before the others had risen, with the only horse that could be procured.

While waiting at Kiffree for some means of conveyance, another Tatar arrived, accompanied by two Europeans, one of them the most extraordinary of travellers that ever set out in search of adventures.

"Over our afternoon pipes, and while the Turks beside us were sleeping away the heat of the day, I began to learn more of my companions, who had thus suddenly come upon us, and who now very agreeably relieved the tedium of our detention. Both of them were Italians; the eldest, named Padre Camilla di Jesu, was a friar of the Carmelite order, who had been many years resident at Bagdad, and was now returning to Rome, by way of Constantinople; the other was a young man who had gone originally from Italy to Constantinople, where he had resided some time with his father, a merchant of that city. Having heard, from some of the distant traders with whom his father corresponded, of the fame of Damascus, he solicited permission to make a journey to that city, and it was granted to him, under the hope of his being able to transact some useful business there, at the same time that he gratified his curiosity. The most singular part of the history of this young man's travels was, however, that he went from Constantinople to Alexandria in Egypt, believing that to be the straightest and shortest road to Damascus; and, after landing there, he went up to Cairo by the Nile, under the impression that that city was also in the direct road to the place of his destination. When he had at length reached Damascus, by this circuitous route, having gone from Cairo to Jerusalem by the desert of Suez, one would have thought that the recollection of this error would have taught him to make more careful inquiries regarding the relative positions of places he might have to visit in future. But it appears he never did discover that he had not come by the nearest way, believing always, on the contrary, that his voyage to Alexandria by sea, and his journey from Cairo to Damascus by land, had been in nearly a straight line. It was thus, that when he was about to leave Damascus, on his return to Constantinople, having heard of great caravans going from the former place to Bagdad every year, and being aware of others coming also from Bagdad to Constantinople in about the same period of time, he conceived that these caravans must be the same; and concluding from this that Bagdad lay in his direct road home, he had actually journeyed from Damascus to that place over the Syrian Desert, in the hottest season of the year, without ever once

asking, during the whole forty days of his route, in which direction Constantinople lay!

"The whole of this was narrated to me with such an apparent unconsciousness of its absurdity, that, incredulous as I was at first, as to such ignorance being possible, I was at length compelled to believe it really to have happened as described, especially when I heard this young man affirm his conviction, that the distance from Constantinople to Bagdad, by the way of Cairo and Damascus, could not be less than fifty thousand miles; while that between Bagdad and Constantinople, by the way he was now returning, could not exceed five hundred; adding that, for his part, he could not conceive why the longer route was ever taken, since it was as disagreeable as it was distant; but, at the same time, shrewdly suggesting that there might be reasons for this course, known only to Him from whom no secrets are hid."

Chapter XIX. from Kara Tuppe takes Mr. Buckingham to the storied city of Bagdad. The remaining part of the journey is effected by the assistance of a merchant, returning to Bagdad. Mr. Buckingham is sometimes accommodated with a horse, and sometimes with a laden mule; and the latter animal causes him several awkward overthrows, and doleful adventures. The final one is, that being left behind by the party, he arrives at the gate of Bagdad alone, where he is stopped, and subjected to very grievous humiliations.

"Being arrested at the gate by the public officers stationed there to guard against the entrance or exit of contraband commodities, I was made to dismount, for the purpose of their examining the lading of my mule; but having said that neither the animal nor the goods belonged to me, I was detained till the owner of the beast should come to answer for himself. This was the Hadjee Habeeb, who I had reason to believe had pushed in among the earliest of the crowd, probably himself carrying contraband articles, and thus forcing their entrance. My belief that he had preceded me was not admitted, however, as a sufficient reason for my being suffered to proceed; neither would the officers at the gate examine the lading in my presence, as I had admitted it was not my own, nor would they suffer me to abandon the animal to the care of another, and go my way.

"I continued to wait, therefore, very humbly at the gate of this great city, sitting cross-legged on the dusty ground, and holding the halter of my mule, who continued to be too refractory and ungovernable to the last to be left quietly to himself; and had lighted my pipe, to lessen the tedium of this detention; when a Turkish soldier impudently snatched it from me, and extinguished it, asking me, at the same time, how I dared be guilty of such a breach of decorum just as the Pasha was about to pass.

"Presently, this distinguished personage entered, preceded by a troop of his Georgian mamlouk guards, all gaily dressed, and mounted on fine and well-furnished horses. A troop of foot soldiers followed, all of them having English muskets, and many of them English military coats, which they purchase with the other worn-out garments of the British resi-

dent's guards; but their head-dress was a huge fur cap, of a semi-globular form and savage appearance, and their whole deportment exhibited the total absence of discipline or uniformity. A few drums and reed-pipes were the only instruments of music, and the sounds of these were far from dignified or agreeable.

"Nothing, however, could surpass the awe which the passing-by of the Pasha seemed to inspire in all who witnessed it, though this is no doubt a frequent occurrence. There were two large coffee-houses near the gate, the benches of which were filled with hundreds of spectators; yet not a pipe was lighted, not a cup of coffee served, and not a word spoken, during this awful moment. Every one rose, and either made an inclination of the body, or lifted his hands to his lips, his forehead, and his heart, in token of respect. The Pasha, though he seemed scarcely to turn his head or his eyes from a straight-forward view, nevertheless returned these salutations with great grace, and every thing was conducted with the utmost gravity and decorum.

"At the close of this procession, Dr. Hine and Mr. Bellino, the physician and secretary of the British resident at Bagdad, passed close by me, on horseback, as I sat smothered in the very dust of their horses' hoofs; but though I knew them at the moment to be the persons they were, from their dresses, and from hearing them converse in English as they passed, and though I felt the humiliation to which I was reduced as extremely galling, yet I forbore to make myself known to them under such circumstances and in such a crowd.

"When the cavalcade had entirely passed by, and every one returned again to the care of his own concerns, I pressed hard to be released from the unreasonable and hopeless bondage in which I was thus held; but entreaty procured me only abuse, and the satisfaction of being thought an idle vagabond who wished to abandon the property of the man on whose beast I rode, with a view, no doubt, to escape from paying him for its hire. Altercations, hard words, and, at last, on my part also, threats and abuse succeeded, however, in effecting what I believe gentler terms would never have done; till, at length, being able to bear with it no longer, I drew my pistol from my girdle, and daring any one at the peril of his life to molest me, I led off my mule in triumph, amid the execrations of the guards, for my insolence, but cheered by the shouts and applause of the rabble, for my defiance of a class on whom they look with the hatred of an oppressed race towards their tyrants.

"I took the animal to the Konauk Tartar Agasi, or head quarters of the couriers, where, on representing myself to be an Englishman, (of which the guards at the gate knew nothing,) I was treated with great respect, and suffered to leave the beast, to be delivered to its owner, without any further care of mine. As I waited here until the Tartar Jonas, who had deserted us on the road, was sent for—coffee, pipes, and sherbert were served to me, and I was entertained with the most extravagant praises, which these men bestowed on the character of the English generally, and of their illustrious representative at Bagdad in particular."

This is, in fact, the term of Mr. Buckingham's adventures, and here we shall take our leave of him. There are several subsequent chapters, describing the city of Bagdad, already tolerably well known to us, but principally occupied with the search after, and dissertations on, the ruins of Babylon. This portion has rather an antiquarian and historical interest, than that of an ordinary book of travels. It is, however, elaborate and ingenious; and though we forbear either to make any extracts from, or analysis of it, we recommend it, as well as the whole volume, to the perusal of the reader.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

VERNAL STANZAS.

"Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair."—MILTON.

Bright shone the sun, blue was the day,
The noontide air was very clear;

The Highland mountains round our bay,
And all far things seem'd near:

I rested on a primrose bank;
An April softness bathed the breeze,

As 'twere new life my spirit drank
From out the budding trees.

The sportive sea-gull voyaged by,
Turning his white sails to the sun;

The little birds sang merrily
That Spring was now begun:

The snowdrops all had ta'en farewell,
But yet some crocus-flowers were bright;

The hyacinth, to nurse its bell,
Drank in the purple light.

Methought to childhood's bloomy track
Life's vagrant footsteps were restored;

And blessings manifold came back,
Long lost, and deep deplored:

The perish'd and the past arose;—
I saw the sunny tresses wave,

And heard the silver tongues of those
Cold, cold within the grave!

But yet for them no grief awoke,—
They seem'd a part of Nature still;

Smelt the young flowers, gazed from the rock,
And listen'd to the rill:—

All was so silent, so serene,
So sweetly calm, so gently gay,

Methought even Death no ill had been,
On that pure vernal day.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE TWINS OF LAMERTON.

'Twas pleasant to behold them, side by side
Sunk in soft slumber, with their arms enlaced

Around each other's ivory neck,—a smile
Playing upon the angel cheek, as swam

Delicious fancies through the brain—
young
joys

Renew'd in golden dreams; while now and
then

The snow-white coverlid, by Love's dear hand
Spread o'er them carefully, was flung aside

By a fair graceful foot, disclosing half
The form of a young Hercules. How sweet,
How beautiful in rest, the seraph pair
To all who mark'd them thus! but oh, to her—
The mother that bent over them—how full
Of Heav'n the raptur'd gaze! And then the
morn,

When, sleep's light visions flown, upon her ear
Broke their first welcome voices, and her lip
Revell'd on theirs, insatiate! The earth,
Through all her millions, such another twain
Possess'd not—one in feature, and unknown
Apart, but that affection on the arm
Of the dear younger playfully entwined
An azure chaplet. Nor alone in form;
In stature, lineaments, wore they the same
Perplexing, undistinguishable semblance,—*one*
In soul they lived; a sympathy divine
Mix'd in their wondrous being, and they loved,
Dislik'd, fear'd, hated, languish'd, as at once
A common spirit sway'd. E'en distance had
(*'Tis said*) no power to part them, for they
felt—

Asunder and remote—the self same moods—
Felt mutual hopes, joys, fears,—and ever held
Invisible communion!

Thus they grew
To their strange manhood; for they rose to
man
Unchanged in mien, and oft perplexing still
The charm'd beholder,—baffling e'en the glance
Parental: thus they grew, and inly moved
By the mysterious feeling which had away'd
Their infancy. Twin roses were they, nursed
"From bud to beauty" by the summer gale
And summer sun! Alas, that fate should
blight

Those flowers—the ornament, delight, love,
hope,
Of their fair native bower!

But fiercely swept
The unexpected gale! The storm of life
Burst loud and terribly, as calmly flew
The love-winged moments of the sacred band*

* "Nicholas and Andrew remain were twins, and younger sons of Thomas Tremain, of Cullacumbe, in this county, Esq.; they were so like in all their lineaments, so equal in stature, so coloured in hair, and of such resemblance in face and gesture, that they could not be known the one from the other, not by their parents, brethren, or sisters, but privately by some secret mark, or openly by wearing some several coloured riband, or the like, which in sport they would sometimes change, to make trial of their friends' judgments, which often occasioned many mirthful mistakes. Yet somewhat more strange it was, that they agreed in mind and affections as much as in body; for what one loved, the other desired; so, on the contrary, the loathing of the one was the dislike of the other. Yea, such a confederation of inbred power and sympathy was in their natures, that if Nicholas was sick and grieved, Andrew felt the like pain, though they were far distant and remote in their persons; and this without any intelligence given unto either party. And what is farther observable, if Andrew was merry, Nicholas was so affected, although in different places, which long they could not endure to be, for they even

Of brethren, and of sisters, who look'd on,
And, wond'ring, gazed to ecstasy. Their home
Was as a quiet nest, embosom'd deep
In woods of some soft valley, where the hand
Of plunderer comes not, and the sudden gale
But seldom shrieks, and silence sweetly spreads
O'er all her downy wing.

Loud blew the blast
Of war, and shook the nations. France un-
roll'd

Her lili'd flag, and England in the breeze
Waved her dread lion banner. Then the cot,
The palace, sent its children forth, to fall
By thousands, at Ambition's startling voice,
And man his brother man infuriate met
In the death-grapple,—shedding oft his blood
Unmark'd in battle fields, that but to few
Give e'en the dear-bought recompense to live
In stories of the future!

From the arms
Of sweet affection—from the dear caress—
The agonising and enduring clasp
Of home's beloved circle—forth they came
The inseparable brethren, soon to prove
Far other scenes than in the rural shade
Had bless'd their rare existence. Soon amid
The shock of combat, side by side they stood,
That matchless pair—the beautiful, the brave—
Winning all hearts: and, as the two of old,—
"Lovely and pleasant in their lives"—they
were

"In death not separated," for they met
(So it should be) one common fate, and sank
Together to a soldier's grave.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

From the *Monthly and European Magazine*.

GENERAL CAULAINCOURT.

ARMAND AUGUSTINE LOUIS CAULAINCOURT, the descendant of an ancient family, was born in Picardy, in the year 1772. Devoted to the profession of arms, he was, at the commence-

desired to eat, drink, sleep, and wake together; yea, so they lived and so they died. In the year 1564, they both served in the wars at New Haven, in France, (now better known by the name of Havre de Grace), where in this they something differed (though it being in that which was without them, was not much to them), that the one was the captain of a troop of horse, the other a private soldier, but still with the same sympathy of affection. Being both, to the last degree, brave, they put themselves into posts of the greatest hazard.—At length, one of them was slain, and the other instantly stepped into his place, and there, in the midst of danger, no persuasions being able to remove him, he was also slain. * * * * But we have no occasion to borrow an epitaph for them, when in the parish church of Lamer-ton is a noble memorial erected, not only to these two brothers, but to several others of them, whose images also are there lively represented.—*Worthies of Devon*.

* Eight sons and eight daughters, of whom six were twins.

ment of the revolution, an officer of cavalry. He did not emigrate, but served under the revolutionary standard; and, after making several campaigns as a colonel of dragoons, he became aid-de-camp to Buonaparte, when first consul. Having obtained the confidence of his aspiring master, he was regarded as a suitable agent for the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien; an honourable mission, which several officers, of more squeamish principles, had refused. In the course of the same year, he was named Grand Ecuyer of France, made general of division, and presented with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour. He subsequently received various orders of knighthood from Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. At the time when Buonaparte was carrying on his plans against Austria, Caulaincourt was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg. He was four years ambassador at the Russian court, where he received from the Emperor Alexander the cross of the order of St. Ann of the first class. Regarded, however, with dislike by the Russian nobility, he was subjected to various mortifications; and, at length, under the well understood pretext of ill health, he solicited and obtained his recall. He returned to France in 1811. In Buonaparte's mad and infamous expedition against Russia in the year 1812, Caulaincourt was his chosen aid-du-camp and companion; and, after a narrow escape from fire and sword, and frost, he returned with his crest-fallen master in a sledge.

After the desperate battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, in 1813, Caulaincourt was appointed to negotiate with the Russian and Prussian plenipotentiaries. The armistice, to which he was a party, was soon broken; and the defeat of Buonaparte, at Leipsic, ensued. After hostilities had been removed from Germany to France, Caulaincourt, who had been elevated to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, was sent to negotiate with the allies at Chatillon; but, on some temporary success, achieved by Buonaparte, he was instructed to raise his claims. The consequence of which was, that the allies broke off the conferences, and marched to Paris.

On the abdication of Buonaparte at Fontainebleau, Caulaincourt, then Duke of Vicenza, was the abdicator's chief negotiator; and he signed the treaty of the 11th of April between the ex-ruler and the allies.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Caulaincourt became a private man; and, before a month was at an end, he made an attempt to justify himself respecting the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. On this subject he published a letter from the Emperor Alexander; his object in this was to show, that when the arrest took place, he was employed at Strasburgh on other business—that General Ordanner was the officer who arrested the Prince—and that Ordanner alone was employed in that affair. Soon afterwards, however, a pamphlet appeared, with the title—"On the Assassination of Monseigneur the Duke d'Enghien, and of the Justification of M. de Caulaincourt." The pamphlet was anonymous; but it was forcibly written; and, by references to diplomatic documents, it formed a decisive refutation of Caulaincourt's assertions.

Caulaincourt, about the same time, married Madame de Canisy, a lady who had been divorced; and, with her he retired into the country till Buonaparte returned from Elba. He was then (March 21) made Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was extremely active in his endeavours to re-establish the Corsican dynasty; and he was incessant in his assurances to all the foreign ministers—whose missions were, in fact, at an end—that Buonaparte had renounced all projects of conquest, and that his only desire was peace. He addressed circular letters, of the same tendency, to all foreign courts, but equally without effect. One of those circulars came afterwards, with a letter from Buonaparte, to his present Majesty, who was at that time Prince Regent. These curious documents were both laid before Parliament. A conciliating and even humble letter was sent by Caulaincourt to the Emperor of Austria; but, like the others, it received no answer.

On the 2d of June, Caulaincourt was named by Buonaparte, as a Member of the Chamber of Peers. On the 17th, he announced to that body, that hostilities were on the point of commencing. He was again employed as one of the commissioners on the final deposition of his master.

When Louis XVIII. was reinstated, Caulaincourt quitted France, and, for some time, resided in England. He at length returned to his native country, where he died at his hotel, No. 57, Rue St. Lazare, on the 20th of February. He endured a long illness with great fortitude. His funeral took place on the 28th February, in the church of Our Lady of Loretto.

Miscellaneous Selections.

French Coal-Mines.—The coal mines of Anzin are very extensive, and employ a large capital. They have been worked about a hundred and twenty years, and are connected with the coal mines of Fréme and Vieux-Cordé. At the present moment there are forty-one shafts in these mines; twenty-nine of extraction, nine of draining, and three of ventilation; and nine shafts are digging. The deepest shafts are those of Beaujardin. The draining shafts are worked by five of Watt and Bolton's steam-engines of seventy horse power, and four of Newcomen's steam-engines of fifty horse power. Twelve of Perier's, and fifteen of Edwards's engines are employed in the extraction of the coals; amounting to two hundred and twenty-four horse power. A population of about five thousand people subsists in these subterraneous works. The number of working miners is nearly three thousand; about a third of whom consists of children, from ten to eighteen years of age. There are five medical men to attend the sick; and the superannuated miners retire with a pension. Their widows and orphans are also taken care of; and for the education of the latter there are three schools of mutual instruction. The introduction of Davy's safety-lamps has greatly diminished the number of accidents. The mines are also provided with rail-ways: the iron composing them is, generally speaking,

wrought, which is considered much preferable to cast-iron for that purpose. The consumption of coals in France is increasing daily, which may be deemed one of the most unequivocal proofs of the growing prosperity of a country. The mines of Anzin furnish annually from five to six millions of livres' worth of this valuable fuel.

The Colossus at Rhodes.—Colonel Rottiers, of Antwerp, on his late visit to Rhodes, composed an essay on the place on which the celebrated Colossus formerly stood. It has been hitherto supposed that the Colossus stood upon two rocks which were at the entrance of the port. The colonel demonstrates that this opinion is erroneous. He proves this in a very simple manner. The statue, according to the most authentic accounts, was sixty-two cubits in height; now a man six feet high generally stepping out three feet, how far would a man of sixty-two cubits step? The answer to this question puts an end to all further dispute; for the distance between the legs of this statue would be thirty-two cubits, which does not at all agree with the distance between the two rocks of the port. There is at Rhodes a second port adjoining the first; according to the colonel, it was at the entrance of this that the Colossus stood; and his observation seems to be the less liable to objection, as he has discovered there fragments of pedestals.—Besides the views of the remains of antiquities connected with the Order of Malta, which Colonel R. intends to publish, he will also publish a volume by way of Supplement to Vertot's History of the Order.

Ancient Burial Place, Carlsruhe.—Very remarkable antique graves, 137 in number, have been discovered on the mountain Schonberg, near Freiburg, on the Brisgau. Skulls, ornaments, daggers, spears, swords, &c. of very ancient appearance, have been found in them. The arrows and spears are of iron, the swords half iron, half steel, the daggers of the finest steel, which resists the file. The most remarkable, however, is the coloured glass, which is frequently set in silver, especially a sky blue, such as, perhaps, was never before seen. There are also red and purple beads, and large pieces of amber. All the graves are turned towards the East. It is estimated that these burying grounds contain 500 tombs formed of large flat stones. An account of these curiosities, with lithographic plates, will be published by Mr. Schneiber of Freiburg.

Spanish Biography.—M. José Gomez de la Corsina, and several other Spanish writers, have been commissioned by the King of Spain to prepare for publication a Biographical Dictionary, containing memoirs of all Spaniards who have rendered themselves distinguished, from the earliest times down to the end of the year 1819. Orders have been sent from Madrid to throw open all the archives and libraries of the kingdom to the editors of this grand national work; and the various authorities in the country are directed to contribute whatever documents they may have in their possession.

The assistance of learned foreigners has also been requested.

Literary Intelligence.

In a few days will appear, in foolscap 8vo. Olgiati Tragedia di Giovanni Battista Testadi Trino.

Godfrey Higgins, Esq. Author of a Treatise entitled *Home Sabbatica*, has nearly ready for publication a work called the *Celtic Druids*. It will consist of one volume, 4to., and be elucidated by upwards of fifty highly finished Lithographic Prints of the most curious Druidical Monuments of Europe and Asia.

H. T. de la Beche, Esq. has in the press, a *Tabular and Proportional View of the Superior, Supermedial, and Medical (Tertiary and Secondary) Rocks*. To contain a list of the rocks composing each formation; a proportional section of each; its general characters, organic remains, and characteristic fossils—on one large sheet.

The *Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism* are in the press; exhibiting an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Circuits in its connexion, the names of the Preachers who have travelled in them, and the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time: accompanied by interesting plates of Autographs, &c., and numerous pleasing memorials connected with the Origin and Progress of Methodism. By John Stephens.—Also, a *Comprehensive Statement of its principal Doctrines, Laws, and Regulations*: carefully compiled, expressly for this work, from the most authentic sources, by Samuel Warren, LL. D.

The *Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufagus*; being a faithful Narrative of the Author's real Life, and containing a series of remarkable Adventures of no ordinary kind, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a volume of *Dramatic Tales for Children*, intended as an additional volume of Parent's Assistant.

The *Book-Collector's Manual*; or, a Guide to the knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful Books; either printed in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time.

Preparing for publication, the *History and Antiquities of the Town and Honour of Woodstock*; including Biographical Anecdotes, &c. By J. Graves, Esq.

Sir Hudson Lowe, it is stated, has sent for publication to this country, a Memoir of all the Transactions at St. Helena, while he was Governor of that Island, and the Custodian of Buonaparte.

The Rev. Greville Ewing, has completed a new edition of his *Scripture Lexicon*, considerably enlarged, and adapted to the general reading of the Greek Classics.

No. II. of Robson's *Picturesque Views of all the English Cities*, is nearly ready.

The first number of a work, to be entitled

The Quarterly Juvenile Review; or, a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their selection of new Books, is announced.

Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, &c., in 4to. By Thomas Willement, Author of *Regal Heraldry*, is nearly ready.

Nearly ready, Absurdities, in prose and verse; with humorous Designs.

The Castle of Villeroy; or, the Bandit Chief. By Anne, of Kent; Authoress of *The Rose of Clermont*.

In the press, in two volumes, octavo, *The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester*, from the first Bishop, down to the present time. By the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A. M., Author of *The Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury*. The work will contain a verbatim reprint of an exceedingly scarce volume, known as *Sale's History of Winchester*, though chiefly written by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

Mr. Gilchrist, of Newington Green, is preparing for the press a work, to be entitled, *Unitarianism Abandoned*; or, *Reasons assigned for ceasing to be connected with that Description of Religious Professors who designate themselves Unitarians*.

Mr. Gutch, of Bristol, has in the press a very interesting vol. entitled, *Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ; on Human Sin; and, on the Atonement*; containing Reasons for the Author's secession from the Unitarian Communion, and his adherence to that of the Established Church. By Charles Abraham Elton, Esq.

Captain Andrews, who went out as a commissioner from the Chilian Peruvian Mining Company, to engage mines in South America, has prepared a Narrative of his Journey from the Rio de la Plata, by the United Provinces, into Upper Peru; thence by the deserts of Coranjan, to the Pacific, which will shortly appear.

The Historical and Biographical Commentaries, on which the Author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, has been so many years engaged, will be completed (unless other engagements imperiously interfere) some time next autumn. They will occupy three closely printed octavo volumes.

Mr. Colnaghi will publish, in a few days, a highly-finished engraving, by Cochran, from a beautiful portrait by Ross, of the Rt. Hon. Lady Chetwynde; being the 25th of a series of portraits of the Female Nobility.

A Print of Fishermen on the Look-out, from a picture in the possession of the Earl of Liverpool, painted by W. Collins, R. A. and engraved in the line manner by Joseph Phelps, will be published in the spring.

A Treatise on the Natural History, Physiology, and Management of the Honey Bee, by Dr. Bevan, will be published this month.

The Author of "*Head Pieces and Tail Pieces*," a series of Tales, by a Travelling Artist," is preparing for publication a moral tale, in one volume, to be entitled "*A Peep at the World, or the Rule of Life*."

Nearly ready, a Historical, Antiquarian, and

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A new work, by G. Poulet Scrope, Esq. F. R. and G. S. S. on the Geology of Central France, and particularly the Volcanic Formations of Auvergne, the Velay, and Viviray, in 4to. accompanied by an Atlas, containing numerous coloured plates, and two large maps, will be published in a few days.

The copious Greek Grammar of Dr. Philip Buttmann, is nearly ready for publication; faithfully translated from the German by a distinguished scholar.

Theology; or, an Attempt towards a Consistent View of the Whole Counsel of God; with a Preliminary Essay on the Practicability and Importance of this Attainment. By the Rev. J. H. Hinton, A. M. of Reading.

Immediately will be published, in two volumes, 8vo., *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, written by Himself, comprising a complete Journal of his Negotiations to procure the aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland, with Selections from his Diaries, whilst Agent to the Irish Catholics. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone.

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